Saturday Review

JUNE 16, 1962 / 25¢

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Noah and his children in the Balanchine-Stravinsky "The Flood," on CBS-TV (see Recordings)

EDUCATION

McGUFFEY AND HIS READERS
By Henry Steele Commager

WHAT AMERIC
Report on a Young
By Stuart Chase

MRS ELLA B GROVES
608 SE 5TH
COLLEGE PLACE WASH
SH81245?-1 305-356

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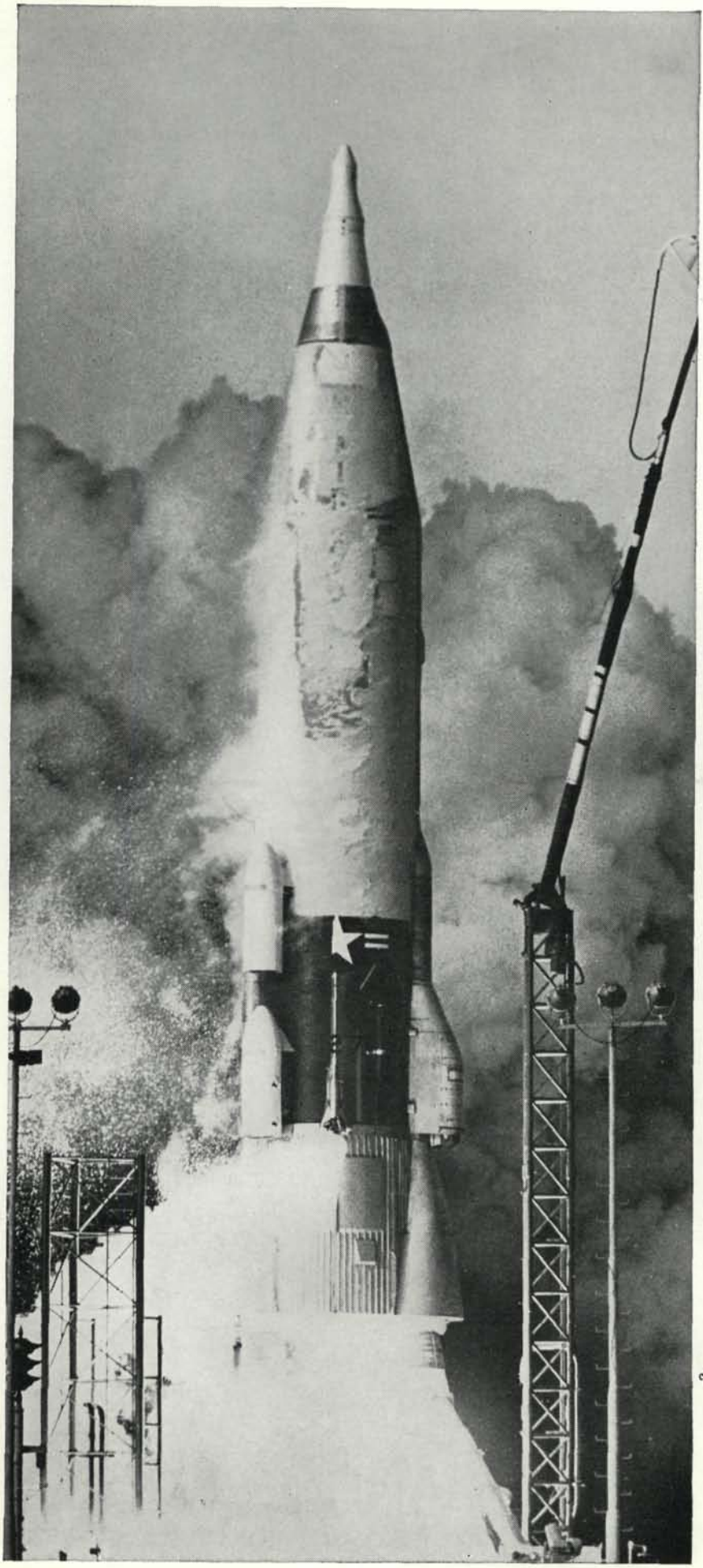
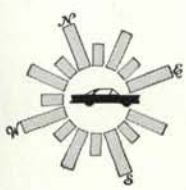


Cities Service on the move

Essential to scientific progress is a unique element from the sun . . . helium! It is used in missile fuel systems. It is used to cool atomic reactors while preventing them from becoming radioactive. Helium also makes it possible for engineers to simulate speeds up to 17,000 miles an hour in miniature wind tunnels.

These, however, are only a few of the many uses of this invaluable element. Cities Service recently signed a 22-year contract to supply the United States Government with up to 2,000,000 cubic feet of helium a day. Construction of the helium extraction plant is now under way near Ulysses, Kansas.

Cities Service is proud of the expanding role it will play in supplying the free world with this vital element. In everything, from fueling your car to lofting a giant rocket . . . Cities Service is on the move!



Get close to America . . . close to home—by car!

There are many interesting things for the entire family to see and do just a pleasant drive from wherever you live. This weekend, treat the family to a day's outing—the convenient, economical way—by car!

CITIES SERVICE

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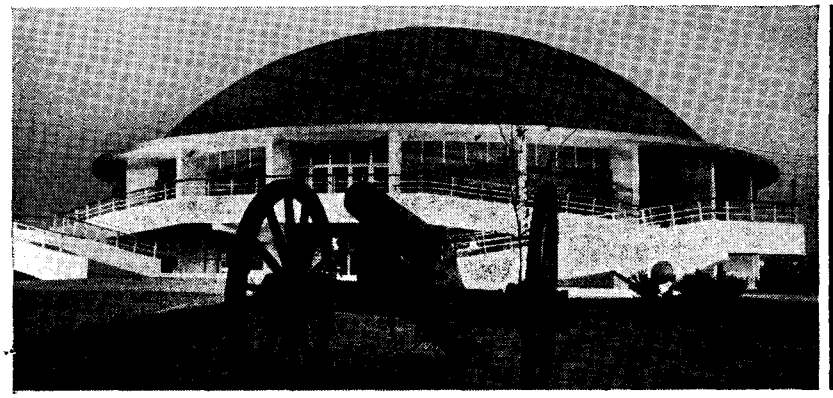
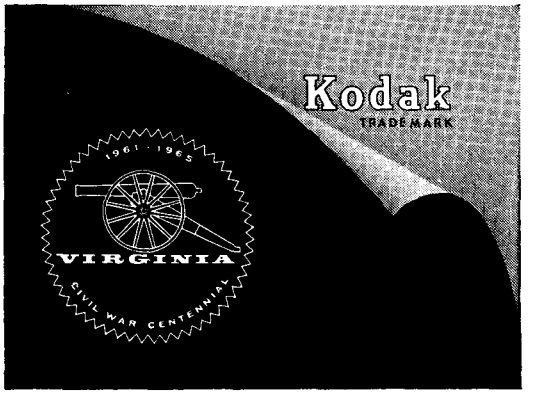
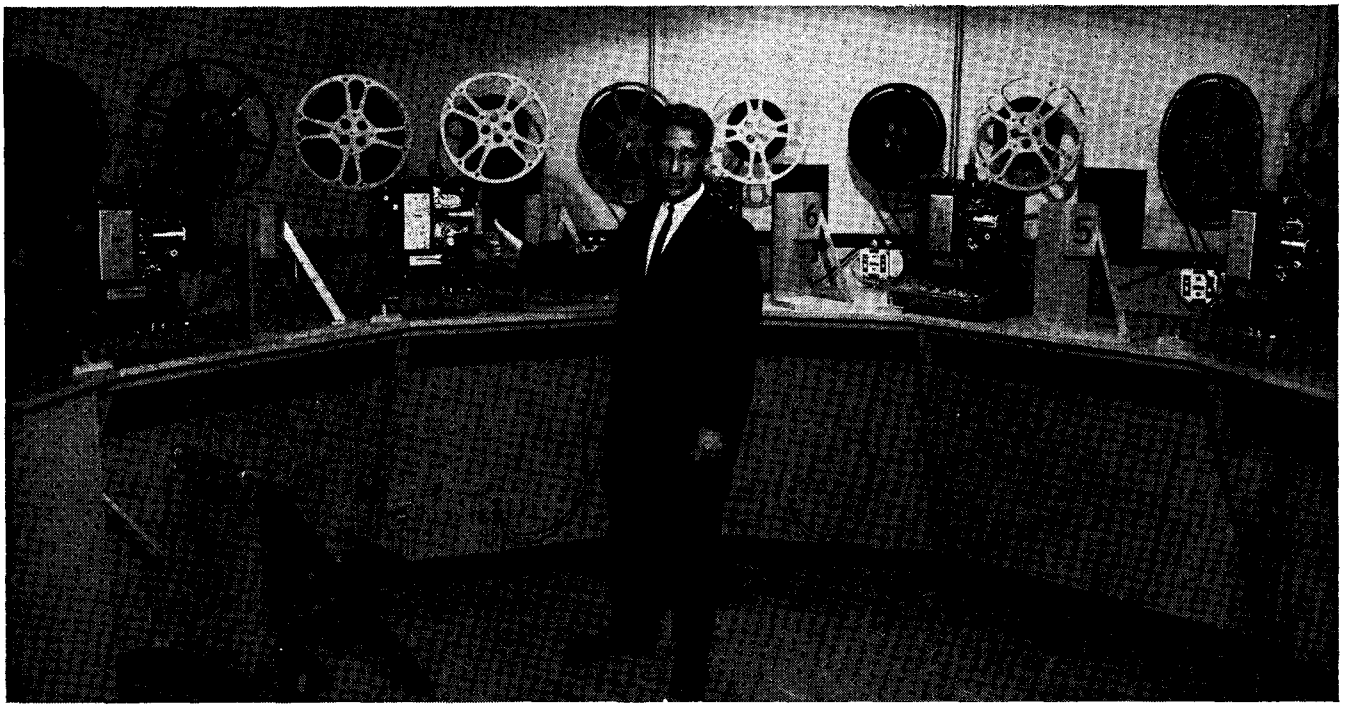






"Using 8 KODAK PAGEANT Sound Projectors, we're showing the Civil War in-the-round"

Says Mr. James J. Geary, Executive Director, The Virginia Civil War Commission.

"The Virginia Civil War Centennial Center, in Richmond, is a round building *designed around a movie*.

"The entire balcony of the building is devoted to the showing of an eight-part $70,000 movie called *Manassas to Appomattox*. The film is divided into four-minute sections, each complete within itself, but related to the other parts. The movies are shown on rear-projection screens from a central projection booth just under the dome of the building.

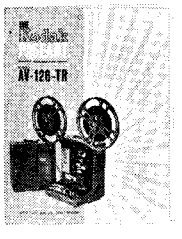
"As one motion picture segment ends, the audience moves on to the next screen, just as the next part begins. The result is a continuous flow of visitors, progressing smoothly around the balcony. Downstairs, they see a $100,000 exhibit which includes lifelike mannequins, animated maps, dioramas, and a display of Civil War relics on loan from museums.

"One of the big problems involved in making our Centennial Center work was, of course, the projection setup. This movie is to have a *four-year* run with continuous showings every day of the week, so the equipment had to be the most dependable available. The latest model KODAK PAGEANT Sound Projectors, with transistorized sound systems, were installed, and are doing the job wonderfully.

"We plan regular preventive maintenance for the projectors, but expect little trouble, because of the small number of moving parts in these new Kodak models."

While your company or school probably does not run its projectors as long or as hard as the Virginia Civil War Centennial Center, the new KODAK PAGEANT Sound Projector AV-126-TR offers advantages to you, too.

The all-transistorized amplifier is maintenance-free, ready to go the instant you turn it on. There is no distracting background noise. While easily capable for auditorium use, the entire range of sounds is crisply reproduced at small-room levels, too. The projector is so simple to operate the inexperienced can do it with little practice.



Your Kodak Audio-Visual Dealer will demonstrate this new Kodak projector for you, or you can write us for Bulletin V3-65, which gives more details.

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Saturday Review

JUNE 16, 1962

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T.S. MATTHEWS

gives you a fresh look at America in "swift, sharp paragraphs of Instant Observation"

O My America, just published, is a fascinating coast-to-coast conversation — a tour of the U. S. in superb company.

Mr. Matthews — the former *Time* editor whose autobiography, *Name and Address,* created a furor — drives, planes, and trains across the continent with his wife, Martha Gellhorn, and her mother, whom Lewis Gannett describes as the Eleanor Roosevelt of St. Louis.

They look, they marvel, they comment, they argue — about everything and everybody from motels and milkshakes to Un-American Activities, from the panhandler on Park Avenue to the Petrified Forest, from the latest in-joke going the rounds in Hollywood, the new problems of the Chinese social worker in San Francisco, and the cost of vicuna coats in Dallas, to what it means to be an American today.

A provocative book. "Always stimulating" says Orville Prescott in the New York Times review from which we borrowed the headline.

O MY AMERICA
Notes on a Trip
$3.95. Simon and Schuster

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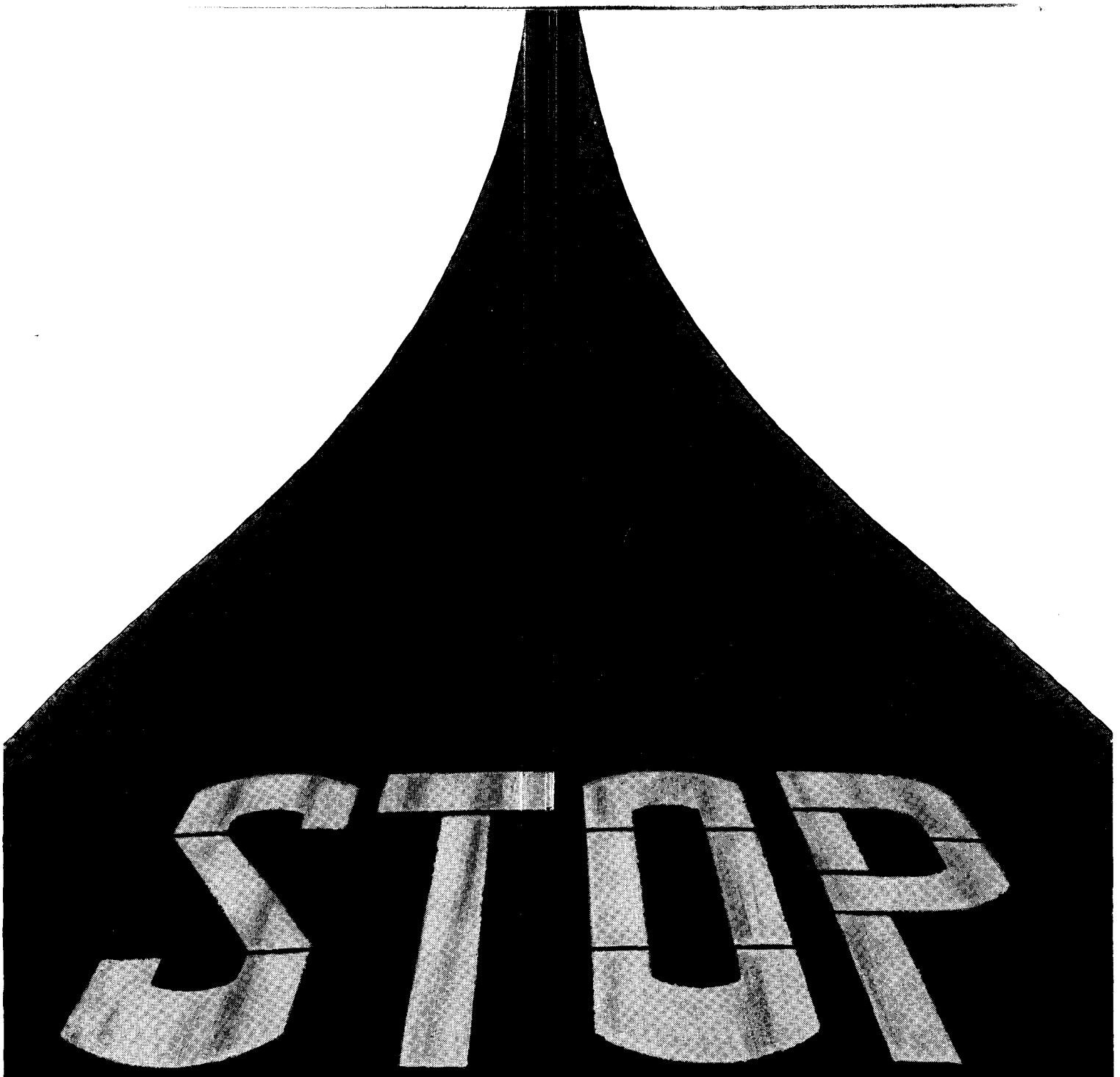

Isn't it time to say STOP? Your taxes have been used for years to push this country a long way down the dangerous road toward government ownership of business. And some people are proposing that billions more in taxes be spent for the same purpose. • They are proposing, for instance, that the federal government build electric power plants and power lines with money from you and other taxpayers. Yet there's not the slightest need for this kind of spending. America's investor-owned electric light and power companies can supply and deliver all the additional electricity the growing nation will need. • Needless spending of your tax money would be senseless at any time, but it's downright dangerous today when so many billions are needed for defense. • Isn't it time all taxpayers cried "STOP"?

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Bombs Away

Edited by Martin Levin

MOTHER WAS A FOOTBALL

The first moving thing a bird sees he thinks is his mother. A scientist has put a football on a moving circular belt, and a pair of ducks, hatched in its presence, are still following it around, clucking happily.—News Item.

"Hey Harry, I been thinking about something."
"What, Sam?"
"We got an awful funny looking mother."
"Sam, don't talk like that."
"But Harry, she's shaped funny. And she hasn't got any feathers."
"Mother's always right, Sam. Maybe our feathers will fall off when we get older."
"How come she never eats anything?"
"I don't know, Sam, maybe she's on a diet."
"I wonder what Pop looked like. Boy, she sure can move, can't she!"
"I told you, she's probably trying to lose weight."
"Just the same, Harry, I wish she'd slow down. I'm getting awfully tired."
"Come on Sam, you'll never catch up with her at the rate you're going. You have to keep in step. I'll sing and you try to keep in time. *I want a girl, just like the girl, that married. . . .*"
"Harry, shut up, will you?"

—S. Lee Luchansky.

• • •

SIMPLE AND THE BOMB SHELTER

"IT IS wise to keep one eye open," said Simple, "even when you are asleep."

"To what are you referring now?" I asked, leaning on the empty bar as Simple gazed at his empty glass.

"The trickeration going on in this world," said Simple, "which the tricksters think I do not know of."

"What trickeration?" I inquired.

"Atom bomb shelters," said Simple. "Harlem landlords have no intention of building bomb shelters for their roomers. With 50-11 people in each and every rooming house, even if the law required it, how could landlords build enough shelters for each room and for each roomer? And if roomers built their own shelters—me and Joyce living in a kitchenette, for instance—suppose we build a shelter in the landlord's backyard. How would we keep the other roomers out in case of a raid? Them people on the ground floor would beat us to our shelter before we could get downstairs. They has an ageable grandmother in the family downstairs. Now, what kind of a gentleman would I be if I said, 'No, Grandma, you cannot get in my shelter?' How would I sound saying to an old lady, 'If you come in, *I* have to stay out. This mail-order shelter I got is only assembled for my wife and me.' How would that sound?

"Of course, I could always put it up to Joyce, who always tells me I must be a gentleman, come what may. With the atom sirens sounding, standing at the door of my shelter, I would say, 'Joyce, you are my wife. Does you wish me or Grandma to accompany you inside this shelter? Should I give way to a nice old lady and stand outside and meet death, or go underground with you and leave somebody else's grandma outside? You have told me in the past, *Ladies first. Be a gentleman.* What do you say now, Joyce?'

"Of course, Joyce might be real noble and say, 'Age before beauty.' Then I would say, 'Joyce, I know you do not mean me.' Whereupon Joyce would say, 'This is no time for joking, Jess Simple.' So I would say, 'I will be a gentleman then, Joyce, and let Grandma go in the shelter with you.'

"I can just see Joyce turning pale as her complexion will let her at the thought of losing me burnt to an atom. But by then Grandma would take my arm and say, 'Son, I cannot go in without my grandchildren, Martha Mae, Ellen, and little Johnny Babe here.'

"Sure enough, when I would look back there would stand all them little ones in the family, scared as they could be, out there in the middle of the night at the door of *my* atom bomb shelter, clutching onto Grandma. Behind them their mother and father. Then one of the young ones would start crying, 'I don't want to go in there without my mama.'

"I says, 'This shelter was built for two, honey. Grandma, three children, and your mama makes five. Not counting Joyce. Who can figure that out?'

"Whereupon, the big old Negro what fathered all them children—but neglected to build them a shelter—says, 'Don't *nobody* count papa?'

"I yells, 'No, I do not count papa. Before I would let you in my shelter, I would fight you. You have met me in the corner bar seventeen times, and have not treated me to a beer yet.'

"'Do you want to make something out of it?' says the old Negro, balling up his fists.

"'I'll fight you bare handed,' I says. But Joyce screams. 'Jess Simple! With death staring you in the face, you want to make a commotion?'

"'I do,' I says, taking off my coat. 'I'll fight him.'

"But just at that moment, believe it or not, the all-clear signal sounds, the sirens stop, and the radios start blaring, 'Danger is past.' It must have been a false alarm. Grandma and that family downstairs all go back in the house. Joyce throws her arms around my neck and says, 'Thank God, you're saved, Jess Simple! Let's tear that shelter down. I could not go in there and leave them children and Grandma outside. Neither could I leave you outside, baby.'

"'Nor could I leave you,' I says.

"'So let's just tear our shelter down,' says Joyce. If the bomb does come, let's just *all* die neighborly.' Then Joyce would go back in the house—our problem solved."

—Langston Hughes.

• • •

A POET PRACTICES THE TWIST

". . . (she sat) with legs akimbo":
from a poem in *Saturday Review*.

" Webster's Dictionary": akimbo—
with the hands on the hip and the
elbow turned outward.

Poet, before I'm ripe for limbo
Please clarify this "legs akimbo"
Did she, by esoteric flip,
Impinge each heel upon each hip?
Or bend her metatarsals back
To touch her sacroiliac?

It's not because my bones are
fragile
That I'm not similarly agile.
The reason why I can't compete,
I must not have poetic feet.

—Elizabeth Davenport Plant.

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TRADE Winds

FROM OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, Fon Boardman forwards us a letter from a young lady in school who wrote to get information for an oral report to her class. Her letter gets down to basics admirably: "I would like to ask you two questions," she writes. "The first is: Where do you obtain the definitions you use in your dictionaries?

And second: What do you think of the English language?"

The publisher was able to send her ample material on the first question, but the second is enough of a blockbuster to stump anybody. What people think of the English language depends on what type of filter they are examining it through.

FOR INSTANCE, not too long ago, Doubleday brought out a book by Joseph D. Cooper titled "How to Get More Done in Less Time." In it, Mr. Cooper tells about an exasperated correction FDR made in a communiqué drafted by one of his aides. Referring to air raid precautions, the memo read:

"Such preparations shall be made, as will completely obscure all Federal buildings occupied by the Federal Government during an air raid for any period of time from visibility by reason of internal or external illumination. Such obscuration may be obtained either by blackout construction or by termination of the illumination. This will, of course, require that in building areas in which production must continue during the blackout, construction must be provided that internal illumination may continue. Other areas may be obscured by terminating the illumination."

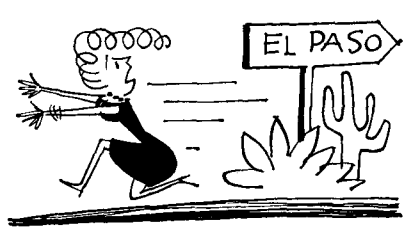
In suggesting a rewrite, the late President wrote: "Tell them that in buildings where they have to keep the work going, to put something across the window. In buildings where they can afford to let the work stop for a while, to turn out the lights."

IN ALBERT Z. CARR'S NEW BOOK, "John D. Rockefeller's Secret Weapon," which McGraw-Hill is publishing in mid-June, the English language is being used in a special, defensive way. Carr has set out to write the story of the Union Tank Car Company "with no holds barred," which will include the inside story of Rockefeller's rise to power. In cooperating with Carr in the writing of the book, the company has reserved the right to append footnotes disagreeing with him at any point where they feel he may be wrong or unfair.

"This shows," says Carr, "extraordinary boldness and vision on the part of the company's management."

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE is highly regarded by punsters because without it they couldn't exist. Nowadays a punsters' delight called Fractured Geography is making the rounds, and it promises to set map makers back a few generations. The idea is to pick a town or city and give it a definition of a highly unlikely sort. For instance, the question might be: What town in Pennsylvania gives you a ghostly feeling? And the answer, as if you didn't know, is Erie.

The list goes on, endlessly. In what town in Texas is a girl never safe? Answer: El Paso. What county in

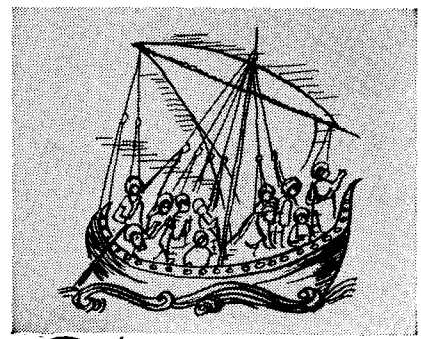


Massachusetts is entirely neuter? Answer: Middlesex. In what town in Indiana do they do the Twist backwards? Answer: South Bend. What city in Michigan specializes in surgery? Answer: Lansing. What city in Kansas is full of Peeping Toms? Answer: Topeka.

There must be thousands more.

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE ALSO causes much confusion at times. Many months ago, a TRADE WINDS reader was baffled by a listing in the classified pages of the New York telephone book of an occupation known as "drawback specialist." Thanks to Marvin Preiser of Polak's Frutal Works in Middletown, New York, we are now able to define more clearly what a drawback specialist is.

"He is a familiar figure to purchasers of tax-paid alcohol, used by industry in the manufacture of products that are



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Vice-President, The Theosophical Society

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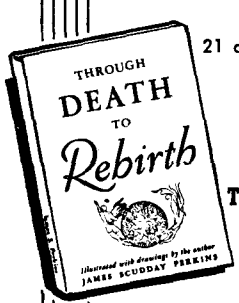

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not to be drunk as such. Example: vanilla extract. The process of recovering the tax at the time of purchase is called 'drawback,' and the specialist's job is to help processing firms prepare the necessary forms."

However, no sooner do we solve this problem than we run into another. We are in the process of finding out the exact definition of "Frutal" from Mr. Preiser, since it is not listed in any dictionary we could find.

PRODUCER DAVID MERRICK has been known to misuse the English language at times when talking about Broadway critics. The outspoken producer, who often has as many as five productions going full blast on the boards at one time, has softened enough to offer a $1,000 award to the favorite charity of the critic winning the vote of his audiences. When Walter Kerr, of the New York *Herald Tribune*, won this year's award hands down, Merrick wasn't any too happy about it. He even muttered something about a recount, and attributed Kerr's win to the popularity of his wife, Jean. The decision, however, remains final.

Among the ballots was a note from a militant patron, who wrote: "If this group of freeloaders were charged admission, the Broadway theatre would see little of them and be much better for their absence."

BERT GRANET, the producer of several Desilu specials on television, reports another instance of total confusion, this one stemming from a four-dimensional approach to the English language. He says that between rehearsals of "How to Succeed in Business," producer Cy Feuer and director Abe Burrows went to a Chinese restaurant, where they sat next to an attractive young couple deep in conversation. Out of the noise and confusion, they were only able to hear one sentence, an impassioned statement from the girl.

"It isn't only the eggroll," she lamented. "It's the last six months!"

—JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1471)

E. M. FORSTER:

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The building of Alexandria proceeded, and copied or magnified forms from the perishing peninsula* overseas, for the Greek spirit still lived. But it lived consciously, not unconsciously, as in the past. It had a mission, and no missionary shall ever create.

*Greece.

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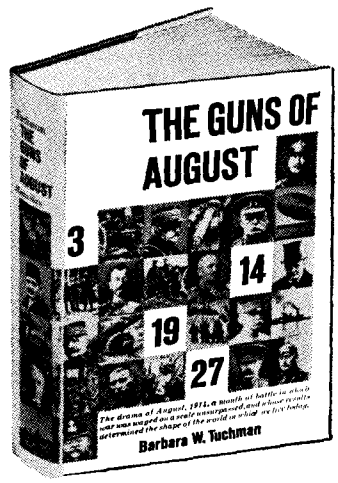

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Saturday Review
JUNE 16, 1962

WHAT AMERICANS BELIEVE

Report on a Young Science

By STUART CHASE, *economist and social scientist. Mr. Chase's latest book is American Credos, a survey of attitudes and beliefs held by people in the United States today.*

A HISTORIAN looks back nostalgically on the 1930s and says with some feeling: "I like to believe that the men and women of America loved more strongly, felt more deeply, generated more warmth and held more compassion for their fellow men than ever before or since. . . ."

A famous columnist makes the gloomy observation: "Slowly but surely, children are approaching the status of monsters more devastating than any army."

A radio commentator lays it on the line in the Berlin crisis of 1961: "The vast majority of U. S. citizens remain resolved to face Communist pressure without yielding an inch."

Well, maybe, but no proof was offered for any of these propositions at the time of their announcement. A Gallup poll during the Berlin crisis of 1961 asked a nationwide sample of U. S. citizens: "Do you think the United Nations should try to settle the Berlin problem?" Eighty-one percent said "yes"—which is quite a way from "not yielding an inch."

When high problems, foreign or domestic, are discussed, somebody is almost sure to say that the American people will never stand for this, or are solidly behind that. How does the speaker know what the American people will stand for? Mostly, of course, he does not know; he just assumes, humanly enough, that the American people will stand for what he stands for.

A professional experience described by a leading analyst nicely illustrates the distinction between hunch and knowledge. The analyst had been retained to conduct an opinion survey among employees of a large industrial plant: how they felt about the union, the boss, the company, working conditions; how well they liked their jobs; and so on. The union's reaction to the project was chilly. When the men were assured that no names would be revealed, and that union as well as management would see the figures, suspicions began to ease. Finally the president of the union rose to his feet.

"I'm for it," he said, "and here's why. I tell the management how the workers feel. They like this and they don't like that, and I bang the table! So Bill here (pointing to the superintendent of the plant) Bill says no, they like that and they don't like this, and he bangs the table! But neither of us knows a damn thing about how you fellows really feel, and I'm for Mr. Analyst here finding out." (He did find out, and I have the figures in my files.)

Nobody knows how the American people really feel, failing a reliable method to measure their opinions. Biologists and psychologists can tell us a good deal about the built-in drives of the human organism and about such emotional responses as the frustration-aggression reaction. Anthropologists can tell us about predictable patterns in the culture, such as acceptable behavior at a funeral. But only direct quantitative measurement can tell us how large groups of people react to current issues, what they think about their political leaders, and the relative strength of many of their hopes and fears. The young science of opinion research has gone a long way in the last generation toward providing this information.

The finger - in - the - wind school, however, does not readily surrender. When opinion polls in the spring of 1962 showed the popularity of President Kennedy to be unusually high, the Republican Congressional Committee asked thirty Republican Congressmen, who had recently travelled about the country, if their soundings confirmed the polls. "No," said nineteen; "Yes," said four; "Don't know," said seven.

This heavy "no" vote was not altogether unpredictable. Picture a Congressman in rapid transit from airfield to banquet hall, to press conference, to smoke-filled room, shaking hands, thumping shoulders; then compare his report to one based on carefully worded interviews with a nation-wide sample of adult Americans, selected by probability mathematics and carrying

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a known percentage of error, say about 2 or 3 per cent.

Political wiseacres were stunned when Nelson Rockefeller decided not to seek the nomination for President in 1960, giving as his reason the low ratings on opinion polls. The new technique had obviously come of age so far as dependability went. No man would deliberately surrender his chance for the greatest job on earth because of reports based on a shaky technique.

OPINION research is a social invention like trial by jury, a tool for understanding human problems better. Every new tool brings, of course, unforeseen effects, which tend tochange the culture in some degree. Like many another invention, from the fist axe to the airplane, polling can be used as either a tool or a weapon. It can aid the search for truth, or produce propaganda —an especially dangerous weapon. So far, our chief defense against this dishonest use of opinion research is the integrity of the profession, which remains high.

The profession needs judgment, along with integrity and technical skill. It needs to know the kinds of questions the technique is incapable of handling. The polls can answer a question with precision when the respondent has adequate background knowledge—supporting, say, his attitude toward the United Nations. Abstract terms of a high order, however, can cause trouble; the researcher must climb down the verbal ladder to specific things. Thus substantial majorities consistently reject the "welfare state," but even larger majorities will approve unemployment insurance, old age pensions, "Medicare," and other welfare legislation. Workers in a mass production plant may say initially they like their jobs. But polling in depth discloses that they like the pay, the lighting, and the clean washrooms, while the work itself bores them to extinction: "The only satisfaction around here, Doc, is the old buck."

An opinion based on a blank mind is worthless—except as an index of ignorance. A question too close to the standard culture pattern (e.g., "Should husbands be faithful to their wives?") is not very useful. One can predict a 98 per cent "yes" vote, with perhaps two D.K.'s (Don't Knows).

If the respondent has only a little information, he can be pushed by an unscrupulous interviewer into almost any answer. Or he may fabricate an answer to protect his ego. On the question, "What is Zen Buddhism?," a nation-wide sample might report 95 per cent "Don't Knows," with the remaining 5 per cent not knowing either, but putting their best foot forward.

Opinion research, like chemical research, is not a matter for amateurs to putter around in. They can blow themselves up.

The distinguished psychologist Hadley Cantril, who is well aware of technical difficulties, points out: "A tool must be evaluated not against an absolute standard of efficiency but against the efficiency of alternative tools that are available." The chief alternatives, as we have noted, are intuition, hunch, and a finger-in-the-wind.

Up to a generation ago there was precious little science in polling. A newspaper might simply send out reporters to ask people on the street how they were going to vote. The *Literary Digest* in the Presidential election of 1936 sent out millions of return-postcards to telephone subscribers and automobile owners, asking the same question about their voting intentions. Results from both these techniques were bound to be heavily biased. The people on a street or two do not constitute an accurate sample of the town, let alone the country. Telephone subscribers and automobile owners were better heeled in 1936 than the average; most of them voted Republican and "elected" Landon—while the not so well-heeled mass of voters was electing Roosevelt. And that was the end of the *Digest* as a vendible property.

How is it possible to get a true measurement of opinion if the "universe" is large—say, all adult Americans, or all persons gainfully employed? To ask every one of them becomes prohibitively time consuming and expensive. Sampling theory must be introduced, so that a negotiable sample will give approximately the same result as if the whole universe had been polled. Thus, when Dr. Gallup reports that 81 per cent of adult Americans think that President Kennedy is doing a good job, he derives the figure from a sample of about 3,000 actual citizens, using the qualified random-sampling method.

SCIENTIFIC sampling is an old technique and very common when applied to physical things. Your wife bakes a pan of cookies and asks you how they taste. You do not have to eat the whole "universe" to find out. If an inspection of a few units will approximate the inspection of all the units in a given universe, the cost of the operation is vastly reduced. Inventories of fluids, grains, wines, and merchandise, for example, have long been calculated by sampling.

The theory was first applied to public opinion in the 1920s in the field of marketing research. Consumers were asked, "Do you like our new toaster?" Advertisers found that the polling paid off in sales. In 1935 *Fortune* retained the Roper firm to apply sampling theory to public questions. A few months later, Dr. George Gallup released a press service based on scientific sampling. Both agencies used trained interviewers and the quota method, a way of making sure that the sample had characteristics similar to the universe—rich and poor, men and women, white and colored, and so on. People were asked not only for whom they were going to vote, but what they thought of foreign policy, various New Deal measures, Mr. Roosevelt's performance, labor unions—all sorts of things.

Business men, it should be strongly emphasized, were the first customers of the young science; perhaps three quarters of all opinion research today is still done for commercial firms—including TV ratings—which can make or break a show. Business executives are not noted for throwing their money away on dreamy theories.

PRESENTLY universities, foundations, and government adopted the new tool. In addition, representatives of all the social sciences—economists, sociologists, psychologists, anthropologists, even political scientists—realized that it could aid them. Specialists in probability mathematics, like Dr. Paul Lazarsfeld, helped reduce margins of error.

A calamitous error in predicting occurred in the Presidential election of 1948. The predicting of elections is not a popular activity among opinion analysts, but such predictions are important to the profession for one main reason: they enable the poll-takers to check the accuracy of their methods. The poll-takers made the mistake of electing Dewey in September while the voters elected Truman in November. Here, not the sampling but the timing was at fault. Not nearly enough attention had been paid to the 10 per cent who change their minds in the weeks just before election. If the election had been held in September, 1948, it is not improbable that Dewey would have won.

The lesson in time lag has been learned. Many finger-in-the-wind commentators came swinging out for a Kennedy landslide just before the 1960 election. Not so the poll-takers. Said Roper: "This is the most volatile election we have ever tried to measure, and it could go either way." As we all know, Kennedy won over Nixon in a hairline finish by fewer than 200,000 popular votes. In discussing the result, researcher Angus Campbell observed: "Just as the polls were not as bad as they looked in 1948, they are probably

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not as good as they look in 1960. . . . The hazards of predicting have certainly not been eliminated, but they have been reduced."

The reduction of hazards is demonstrated by the rapid spread of this social invention. Opinion research is now a massive enterprise with agencies all over the world. The same question —duly translated—can be asked in a dozen countries at the same time. Take, for instance, the question, "Do you think school children should be taught a universal language along with their own?" In all nations polled, this query received a strongly affirmative majority response. Not to be outdone by the West, Russia has just organized the Soviet Public Opinion Institute. How objective its methodology is remains to be seen.

A clearing house for all polling agencies has been established at Williams College in Massachusetts. Here are collected and classified significant results from eighteen American and twenty-six foreign research agencies. You can obtain for a modest fee a report on any question which has been responsibly polled.

Every month the headlines carry a count of the unemployed in America. How are they counted? By sampling theory, of course; to interview the total labor force of close to 70 million is unthinkable. Field interviewers of the U.S. Labor Department visit 35,000 households in 333 areas chosen at random throughout the country, about one household in 1,500. From this monthly sample, total employment is calculated with the help of IBM machines, and high policy governing the U.S. economy is based thereon. The U.S. Information Agency uses the tool abroad to discover what our allies think about American policies and American behavior. The Public Health Service recently completed a survey of the effects of smoking via the sampling technique. The New York *Times* employed an agency to determine the market before deciding to print an edition on the West Coast.

Perhaps the most extensive use of the technique to date was the work of the late Dr. Samuel A. Stouffer during the war. He polled G.I. reactions to army food, equipment, uniforms, the entertainment offered, promotion methods, leadership, and discipline, and asked, "What are your plans after the war?" The point system of discharge, which worked so well, was determined by sampling theory. The Army knew in advance, by virtue of Stouffer's work, how many claimants there would be under the G.I. Bill of Rights—a finding which eventually saved American taxpayers millions of dollars.

On one occasion Stouffer's interviewers asked: "Is an enlisted man more concerned with what other enlisted men think of him than with what his officers think?" "Yes," said 89 per cent. As a result, the Army worked to strengthen group loyalty ("Don't let your buddies down") rather than loyalty to officers.

ONCE a poll stopped a race riot. A postwar housing project in Seattle had 700 white and 300 Negro families. Incidents occurred and violence seemed near. The Public Opinion Laboratory of the University of Washington rushed interviewers to the project. A sample showed little race antagonism but acute dissatisfaction with heating systems, kitchen equipment, muddy interior roads, and other structural defects. Equipment and roads were repaired and race tension faded out.

Elmo Roper has suggested that the United States government organize a research agency as far removed from politics as the Supreme Court. It would retain a corps of trained interviewers to question the American people, via sampling theory, on important public issues —say, a plan for disarmament, or Federal aid to education. The Administration and Congress, whether controlled by Republicans or Democrats, could be informed, and to a degree guided, by the results.

The voice of the people may not be the voice of God, but in a democracy it is important to know how people feel, and how strongly they feel. Especially important are the areas of public ignorance. Studies I have recently made of the polls indicate the following areas of ignorance today:

Unawareness of the massive effects of technology on our lives.

Unawareness of the true goals of education.

Unawareness of the imperatives of the nuclear age.

Ignorance of the Bill of Rights, and why it is so important in a political democracy.

Little comprehension of the economic difference between open and closed societies.

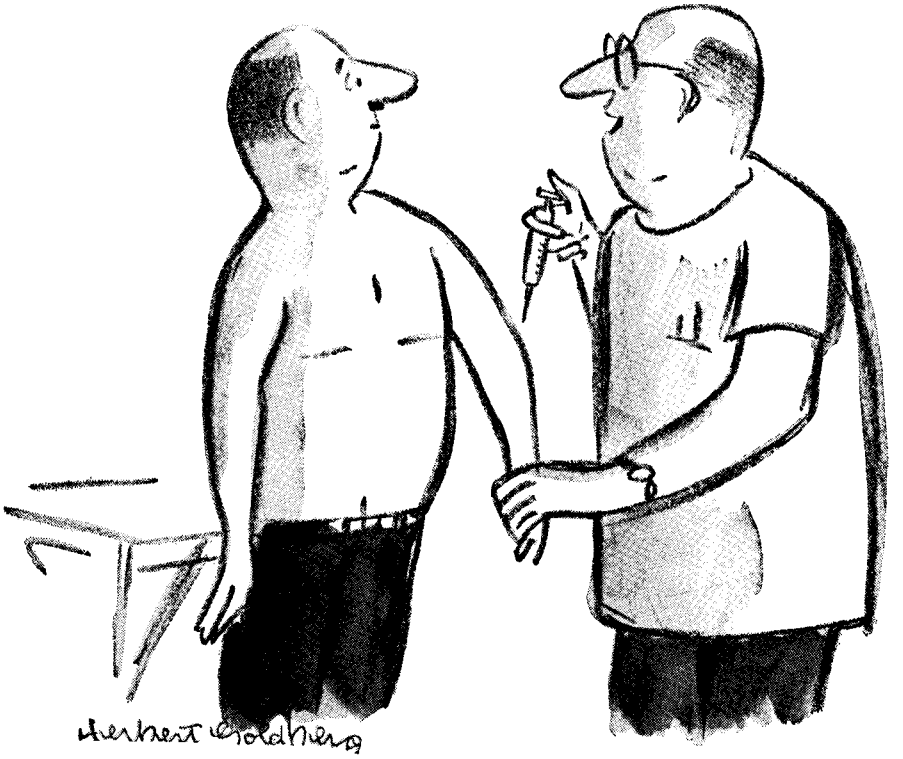
Gross inability to define "Communism," and so intelligently assess its threat.

The paradox implied in people's high regard for such public offices as President and Senator, and their hope that their own children will not seek public office.

Ignorance of the population explosion.

Suppose that the great engines of the mass media went to work on these areas as powerfully as they work at unifying the nation in an acute crisis like war. Imagine the difference it would make in the responsiveness of citizens and of Congress to constructive proposals, and how it could reduce the time lag in making needed adjustments to change.

An urgent responsibility for leaders in a democracy is to locate areas of ignorance and arouse interest in and action on important issues. To this end, opinion research can lend powerful support. The possibilities for its creative use have not yet been tapped.



"By the way, Mr. Cogwell, what's your opinion on Medicare?"

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A Community of Hope and Responsibility

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following editorial is drawn from a Commencement Talk given at the University of Texas, Austin, Texas, June 2, 1962.*

THE OTHER DAY a friend of mine, like countless thousands of others throughout the country, received a telephone call from his broker. The stock market was in a deep dive. The broker advised my friend to sell, while there was still something left to sell. And, like many others, my friend sold—not because he thought there was anything wrong or unsound about the companies in which he had invested, but because he had been hit by a chain reaction of fear. It didn't occur to him that he might be helping to produce the very crash he dreaded, or that he might be contributing to a state of panic that might crack the economy and do grave damage to the country.

When I spoke to my friend about this, asking whether he didn't feel any sense of responsibility beyond his own Profit & Loss position, he stared at me coldly and said: "Let someone else be responsible. I'm looking out for Number One."

I thought back to a conversation I had with a Soviet economics professor in Moscow two years earlier. The Soviet professor said that Marxist scholars believed that capitalism would collapse ultimately—not solely because of inherent flaws in the structure of capitalism itself but because it wasn't really an ideology. He said that it inspired no sense of basic allegiance or willingness to sacrifice—the prime test of a strong ideology.

"Even your capitalists don't really believe in it," he said. "Whenever there is a real test of confidence, they turn and run. And the result is that the structure of capitalism will topple—because it won't have enough support from the people themselves."

He went on to say that the difference between communism and capitalism as economic doctrines was that the first was built to cope with adversity while the second was prone to it.

I told the Soviet economist that I believed he was mistaken about the notion that all Americans reacted the same way and would crumple in any genuine showdown. And his greatest error was the assumption that America lacked an ideology.

As I say, this discussion with a Soviet economist came to mind when my friend told me the other day that he felt no special responsibility beyond his own financial condition. There was no connection in his own mind between what he did and the gloating that took place in *Pravda* and in Communist circles throughout the world over the gyrations on Wall Street. In fact, my friend prides himself on being militantly anti-Communist. He would yield second place in the decibel count to no one in his proclamations against communism. But his proclamations are meaningless alongside his actions. He doesn't comprehend that the best way of defending his society against totalitarianism is by doing all the things, small or large, that are required to make freedom work.

I think my friend would probably reply to this by saying that I am exaggerating his importance. After all, he might say, he is only one man. Why should I suppose that his one finger in the dyke could hold back the flood when everyone else was rushing for the dry highlands? More specifically, even if he hadn't told his broker to sell that Blue Monday, would it have made one whit of difference? Or would he have been left holding the bag—and an empty one at that?

In a sense, my friend represents the eternal and ultimate problem of a free society. It is the problem of the individual who thinks that one man cannot possibly make a difference in the destiny of that society.

It is the problem of the individual who doesn't really understand the nature of a free society or what is required to make it work.

It is the problem of the individual who has no comprehension of the multiplying power of single but sovereign units.

It is the problem of the individual who regards the act of pulling a single lever in a voting booth in numerical terms rather than historical terms.

It is the problem of the individual who has no real awareness of the millions of bricks that had to be put into place, one by one, over many centuries in order for him to dwell in the penthouse of freedom. Nor does he see any special obligation to those who built the structure or those who will have to live in it after him, for better or worse.

It is the problem of the individual who recognizes no direct relationship between himself and the decisions made by government in his name. Therefore, he feels no special obligation to dig hard for the information necessary to an understanding of the issues leading to those decisions.

IN SHORT, freedom's main problem is the problem of the individual who takes himself lightly historically—however well-rounded and indeed bloated he may take himself personally.

Having said this, I must admit that there are at least a few contributing factors. The individual is always responsible for the shape or direction a free society may take, but at the same time he is affected or conditioned by the general environment and by the general values he himself has helped to create.

My office is located in the largest city in the world. I look out from my window and see huge slabs of steel, concrete, and glass invading the sky. Many

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of these are new. A few of them have distinction, grace, spirit, even elegance. They make for expansion of the mind. Most of the others, however, look alike. Their claim on the esthetic imagination is quickly exhausted. Their sides contain row upon row of honey-combed slots, repeating themselves endlessly. It makes for a powerful spectacle, but it places at least some strain on the idea that an individual is a sovereign cause. An environment of compression, repetition, and massive routine does not quite furnish the ideal conditions for advancing a belief in the creative splendor and dignity of the individual.

WHEN, suddenly, at the lunch hour or at five o'clock these monolithic hives disgorge their occupants, the notion of human individuality requires something approaching an act of faith. It would be a mistake to suppose that this has no effect on the human subconscious, pressing down upon it the constant evidence of individual inconsequentiality. Jefferson might have made at least a slight alteration here and there in his definition of human uniqueness if he had had to ride sixty floors in a crowded elevator four times a day. John Keats might have found it somewhat difficult to meditate on beauty or even to contemplate a Grecian urn after driving a car through midtown traffic or spending an hour in search of a parking place.

There is no point in extolling the concept of human individuality without recognizing the increasing difficulties such individuality is expected to sustain. The idea that a glass box can light up from the inside and make it possible for the individual to witness events far away is surely one of the most magnificent ideas to come out of the inventive intelligence. Television still has this potential and some day, Mr. Minow willing, it may achieve it. At present, and for the most part, however, it has depressed individuality rather than expanded it. I make note of all the good things it has done, but its total effect has been to cheapen respect for life. The insistence of television on making people clobber one another constantly with fists or clubs, on making them fire bullets at each other—all this is having a debilitating effect on the preciousness and fragility of life, without which there can be no true respect for human individuality.

A casual attitude toward human hurt and pain is the beginning of the end of a free society. Long before a child learns how to read he learns how to turn on a television set. He is quickly introduced to a world of howling drunks, pampered idiots, wild-swinging and trigger-happy bullies, and gyp artists. He learns that sex is just another toy, and that there are always flashier ones for the taking. He learns that the way to express your disagreement with a man or your distaste for him is to clout him in the kisser or pour hot lead into his belly.

Education is not just what takes place in a building marked "school." Education is the sum total of all the experiences and impressions to which a young and plastic mind is exposed. The parent who insists on sending his child to the finest schools, but who sees no problem in allowing that child to spend at least an equal amount of time looking at TV gangster serials or Mickey Spillane, should not be surprised if the mind of his offspring gives back the meanness and the sordidness put into it.

A free society—at least, this free society—has certain propositions that have gone into its making. These propositions aren't all political. One of the main propositions that had a certain vitality at the time this particular society was founded was that the individual man has a natural goodness inside him, that he is capable of responding to truth, that he is endowed with the capacity to recognize beauty and be enlarged by it.

THESE propositions, I submit, are now under attack—and not just by television. Whether with respect to motion pictures, or writing, or art today, I think we can find disturbing evidence that man is being cheapened—and cut down to a size much smaller than by natural rights he ought to be. The epic theme seems to be in retreat on a wide front. There seems to be a fascination with aberrations, a preoccupation with neuroticism, an obsession with aimlessness. The trend is to the harsh, the brassy, the abrasive. Nobility, sacrifice, idealism, beauty—these are too often dismissed as tall corn.

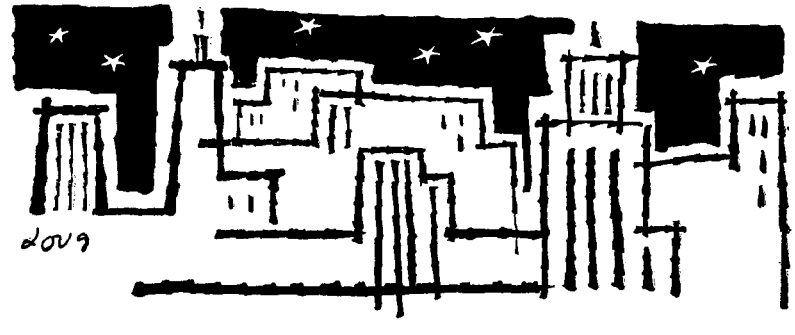
Not long ago, a friend suggested that I see the film "La Dolce Vita." It was, he said, quite remarkable and beautiful. I saw it. It was remarkable, all right; but I didn't see any beauty in it. The photography was striking, and I am even willing that the word beauty be used to describe some of the camera work. But I saw nothing beautiful about the people, or the lives they led, or their emotions, or their values, or what they did. The film was lacking in both sequence and consequence. The only point it had to make was that life was pointless. But what troubled me most of all was not the film itself but that our critical standards have themselves become so desensitized that the film could be called beautiful.

To offset this, fortunately, the other day I saw the Japanese film "The Island." It had no frenzy. It had no bashings or thrashings or wailings. It didn't make heroes of degenerates. It was not afraid of honest emotion. All it did was to show real people trying to cope with real problems. It was concerned with fundamentals of human relationships and response. It dealt with the fact of human devotion, even sacrifice. And because of all this there was an essential beauty in it. According to some definitions, perhaps, the film will be regarded as corny or sentimental. If it is corn, then it is high time we relished the kernel.

Incidentally, I was interested in the reaction of a friend who also saw the Japanese film. When I asked him his opinion, he said: "I know you will probably think it stupid of me, but I rather liked it." He almost found it necessary to apologize for responding to the simple but beautiful appeal of the film. He was almost afraid to trust his natural responses. He had become so intimidated by the dry-eyed, hard-boiled approach to life that he felt sheepish about acknowledging the existence inside him of that which distinguished him most of all from the ape.

One more instance. Recently, outside an art gallery on Fifty-Seventh Street in New York, I overheard two women discussing an abstract painting in the window. The painting, to my eyes, lacked creative thrust. It seemed to follow along meekly behind the works of better-known abstract artists. One of the women said to the other: "It looks like an inferior work to me; but I hate to say it out loud. You know, one feels like an idiot these days if he doesn't lavish the greatest praise on anything that seems incomprehensible."

I see no reason why anyone should allow himself to be intimidated into a feeling of total nullity or grim acqui-



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escence if he sees something he happens not to like. He has the best credentials in the world for reacting; he has his individual taste buds. They may not coincide with those of others; they may run counter to those of experts, but at least they are his own, and the more he uses them the keener they become. No critic of stature—whether in literature or art or music—expects people to blot out their senses whenever he speaks. The critic applies his special training and knowledge to the work before him. He defines his standards. He sees himself as part of the total process by which a culture advances towards excellence. He certainly doesn't resent disagreement. And he doesn't discourage or disparage individual reactions—not if he is worth listening to, that is.

What I have been trying to suggest is that a free society cannot long remain free if man is in full retreat from man. For such a society pays a high price if the individual loses faith in his own centrality or in his ability to respond to creative beauty or in the stark fact of his ultimate responsibility.

This is a great deal of weight for a free man to carry; but if it is political and cultural weightlessness we are seeking, we don't have to get into outer space to find it. We can find it right here on earth and it goes by the name of totalitarianism.

There is no greater political or philosophical fallacy than the notion that freedom is not really an ideology. The ideology of freedom has the deepest foundation of all. It is fused with the nature of man. It exists in the molecular structure of man's own natural rights.

What is this ideology?

It is based on the proposition that government exists for the purpose of enhancing and protecting the natural and fundamental rights of individual human beings.

These rights do not have to be created or contrived. They exist. They are natural, essential, irrevocable. They come with the gift of life. The good society may recognize these rights but it cannot invent them. It cannot alter them; it cannot expunge them. Its obligation is to create the conditions under which they can grow and be secure.

Highest among these natural rights is the right of man to own himself. He cannot be owned by a nation, a group, or another man.

He owns the right to grow and to meet his potential.

He owns the right to appraise his abilities and to develop them and apply them, consistent with the rights of others.

He owns his thoughts and the right to nourish them and speak them, again consistent with the rights of others.

He owns the right to make mistakes, whether of thought or deed, without unreasonable punishment.

He owns the right to his hopes.

He owns the right to justice, whether his claim is against a person, an aggregation, or his own government.

He owns the right to contemplate human destiny and the mysteries of universal purpose, or the right to detach himself altogether from these pursuits.

He owns the right to hold grievances against his society and to make them known to other men in order to magnify his own voice.

He owns the right to make a better life for his young.

IT IS in these respects that a free society is not just a nation. It is an idea. It is a national sovereignty committed to the cause of human sovereignty. It seeks to create a proper environment for man's most enduring hopes. It is an instrument through which man may work for a fuller life—whether in terms of his physical needs or his creative and spiritual reach.

Our own free society has not yet fulfilled all these purposes. No one knows how near to or far from such fulfillment the American people may be. But the direction is clear. And the effort, however vast, will continue to be made. The great ideals and ordeals of human history go together.

The unfinished nature of our struggle should not separate or insulate us from an awareness of the needs and the rights of other peoples, nor does it sever this nation from the community of hope and responsibility in the world. The American people see a reflection of their own early history in those peoples who do not yet own their own nations. They see the cause of freedom from outside rule as a cause that connects all men. They accept that connection and are inspired by it.

The lands and cultures of man today are various, but they are all compressed into a single geographic abode. The question to be determined in our time is whether this abode can be preserved for man or whether it will become the arena of his last great combat. The means are now sufficient to punish nature itself, to put a torch to all of man's works, and to deprive him of the decencies that have given him distinction and pride.

In looking back at their own past, and in assessing their own purposes and ideals, the American people also look to the duty that unites them to all mankind—to create an enduring peace under law for this generation and the generations to come; to make the world safe for its diversity; to advance the cause of independence wherever peoples are not free and to create a pattern of interdependence for the whole; to use the resources of nature and the intelligence of man in the common good; to serve man's capacity to be free, and to justify the fact of life.

This is the ideology. It is real and it is ours. —N.C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

RAGE AS THERAPY

You know what John Ciardi is? He's the Lenny Bruce of essayists. Like Bruce, he stirs up controversy at the drop of a proposition, angers and shakes people into thinking beyond their own limited views, and often makes a great deal of sense. Eventually some irate reader who stubs his mind once too often on Mr. Ciardi's words will label him "sick," also. I find his mental prodding healthy and stimulating, even when I disagree violently with him.

J. R. Linden.

Detroit, Mich.

A PAX ON TOYNBEE

Both *SR* and Arthur Larson are to be commended for initiating the series of articles, "Toward a Warless World" [*SR*, May 12], albeit the selection of Arnold Toynbee for the lead article is a dubious choice. It seems ironic to read ". . . it is impossible for a government to freeze human life . . ." when the author is a notoriously vocal champion of the Arab League. The latter actively seeks to perpetuate the feudal *status quo* of the fellahin or peasants in the various Arab states.

However, one must be fair to you and to Professor Toynbee as an historian. You no doubt have "reverence for the *sweep* of his vision." Along with Maurice Samuel, I cannot. Nor can such eminent authorities as Professors Pieter Geyl, Herbert J. Muller, and Pitirim Sorokin. Surely the proposed symposium is intended to be more than an oversimplified, procrustean restatement of *Pax Romana, Pax Ecclesiae, Pax Britannica,* with the rise and fall of the Third Reich, i.e., *Pax Germana,* ignored (each the peace of empire, imposed by the armed might of a monolithic culture). I wish the symposium every success despite its inauspicious beginning.

Nathan Minkoff.

Pacific Palisades, Calif.

DYNAMIC NEUTRALISM?

In the light of Arnold Toynbee's plea for peaceful change, isn't it about time that Americans reconsidered their rather pained tolerance for the nonalignment of the Asian and African countries?

Since isolation is a pipedream in today's shrunken world, passive neutrality makes little sense. But if the unaligned would take on the job of promoting peaceful change by offering conciliation and mediation in every major dispute, they could earn their way in the race against nuclear suicide. Should they not be encouraged in this active role?

Washington itself has been doing some intensive mediation between the Netherlands and Indonesia, between Pakistan and India, and some months ago offered good offices in the dispute between Pakistan and Afghanistan. But in 1958 Washington spurned (and apparently persuaded the press to ignore) Cambodia's offer to mediate between Mainland China and the U.S. on the troubled question of Matsu and Quemoy. Washington also ignored Brazil's offer of conciliation with Havana made on Feb. 4, 1960 (*before* Castro's shift toward the Communist bloc).

When it comes to peaceful change, Washington is apparently glad to act as mediator itself, but not so willing to accept conciliation or mediation offered by others. Otherwise stated, we seem willing to "dish it out," but not to "take it." Yet how can we have peace without peacemakers?

William Bross Lloyd, Jr.

Winnetka, Ill.

Through History with J. Wesley Smith

"And you can tell Andy Jackson not to come running to me when his new postmaster falls on his face."

SIDE EFFECTS

Herbert Ratner's article "Are Americans Overmedicated?" [*SR*, May 26] was not only an exceptionally good article on the subject, but included along the way a number of good collateral ideas, as for example, some on the nature and needs of appropriate medical education, and the forgotten idea that medicine is an art.

S. Howard Bartley,
Professor of Psychology,
Michigan State University.

East Lansing, Mich.

The article by Herbert Ratner is one of the most fatuous articles I have seen in your publication, especially in view of the author's listed position as a professor in a medical school. So many of his comments are merely personal opinions, one does not know if the article was an attempt at a factual presentation or merely the homespun philosophy of another professor. A few debatable points: If tranquilizers are being used to solve problems in place of the "virtues," may it not be from a failure of the "virtues" to guide us at this time? Is it the "true and chief function" of the medical school to turn out physicians who are artists and not scientists? And does his inference that scientists look at people as guinea pigs rather than human beings hold? Is it possible to give courses on how to communicate with patients? I agree that this would be very desirable but do not feel anyone has demonstrated how to accomplish it. What exactly is a course on the "philosophy of medicine" wherein the nature (that word again) of medicine is analyzed in terms of its "elements, causes, and principles"? Finally, the most debatable and sectarian viewpoint of all is introduced when a conclusion is offered that medical ethics is based on "natural law" and every medical school should teach this as part of the curriculum. Perhaps the impoverished millions can only hope that Professor Ratner's natural law will allow us to spread some of the scientific knowledge we now have, such as birth control information.

J. P. Donlon, M.D.

New York, N.Y.

(*Continued on page* 38)

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Hammer Locks in Wedlock

By GRANVILLE HICKS

RARELY has a first book of any kind been more warmly received than Philip Roth's "Goodbye, Columbus," a novella and five short stories. My paperback copy carries glowing words from Alfred Kazin, Saul Bellow, and Irving Howe. "He is acidulous, unsparing, tender," Kazin said. "At twenty-six," said Bellow, "he is skilful, witty, and energetic and performs like a virtuoso." Howe wrote: "What many writers spend a lifetime searching for—a unique voice, a secure rhythm, a distinctive subject—seem to have come to Philip Roth totally and immediately." The book won Roth the National Book Award for 1960, a Guggenheim fellowship, and a grant from the National Institute of Arts and Letters. During the next academic year he will be writer-in-residence at Princeton University.

When a first book has had a success of this sort, it is certain that the author's second book will be given a going over. The critics who lavishly praised the first book are likely to feel that they have overextended themselves and to use the second book as an occasion for retrenchment, while the critics who didn't review it or reviewed it unfavorably are happy to have the chance to say, "Yah, yah, yah!" But it fairly often happens that the second book is not so good as the first, and even the reviewer who would like to be kind has to report the falling off. I didn't review "Goodbye, Columbus," but I read it and liked it. **"Letting Go"** (Random House, $5.95) leaves me quite unhappy.

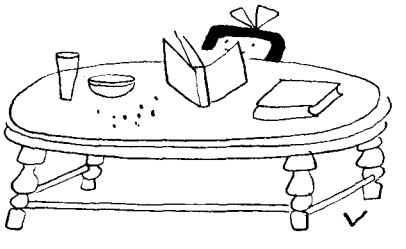
"Letting Go" is a long novel about a group of young people in the later Fifties. The central figure is Gabe Wallach, an English instructor, first at Iowa and then at Chicago, bright, well-to-do, attractive to women. At the outset a girl named Marge Howells, a rebel against Kenosha, Wisconsin, hops into his bed, and he has a difficult time pushing her out. Later there is a more serious affair with Martha Reganhart, a divorceé who has two children, and this also ends badly. Meanwhile he is deeply involved with his recently widowed father, who tries to possess him and, failing, makes a poor sort of second marriage. And then there are the Herzes, Libby and Paul.

The Herzes are almost as important in the novel as Gabe. We are told about their courtship; about their marriage, which cut them off from their families, his Jewish, hers Catholic; about the abortion; about her invalidism, about his obstinacy. It is a chronicle of disaster piled upon disaster, and there is Gabe looking on, sexually attracted by Libby but more deeply moved by pity for the unhappy pair of them.

Gabe is a privileged young man and therefore, being of the modern age, given over to feelings of guilt. He is always trying to help people and then, overcome by a realization of his inadequacies, pulling away from them. Although he is dubious about his motives, he tries to befriend the Herzes at Iowa and he gets Paul his job in Chicago. And finally he takes decisive, though by no means sensible, action on their behalf—an experience, it is intimated, that contributes to his maturity.

All this Roth reports in unrelenting detail. Each domestic squabble—and there are dozens of them—is set down as fully as if it were the Battle of the Bulge, with page after page after page of dialogue. That Roth is a careful observer and has a good ear is known to every reader of "Goodbye, Columbus," but these are gifts that can be abused, and in the novel Roth has abused them. Line by line the writing is fine, but that does not save long stretches from being unpardonably dull and quite superfluous.

In an essay, "Writing American Fiction," that appeared in *Commentary* for March 1961, Philip Roth discussed the problems of the contemporary writer, which he found to be staggering. After commenting, not always graciously, on such novelists as Mailer, Salinger, Malamud, Bellow, Gold, and Styron, he put himself on record as favoring a fearless realism. Much modern fiction, it seems to me, demonstrates the rich possibilities of methods that are not strictly realistic, but Roth has a right to his opinion. What I quarrel with is his practice. Realism can be, must be, selective, and Roth is simply not selective enough; he goes on and on long after the reader knows all that he could conceivably need to know.



And after one has worked one's way through this mass of detail, one wonders what Roth thinks he has accomplished. In his essay he argues that contemporary reality is horrible beyond belief: "It stupefies, it sickens, it infuriates, and finally it is a kind of embarrassment to one's own meager imagination." He objects to the styles of certain writers on the ground that they are an expression of pleasure. "If," he asks, "the world is as crooked and unreal as I think it is becoming, day by day; if one feels less and less power in the face of this unreality, day by day; if the inevitable end is destruction, if not of all life, then of much that is valuable and civilized in life—then why in God's name is the writer pleased?"

IF this is his vision of life, it is what he must try to set down, but I cannot feel that he has set it down convincingly in "Letting Go." Many of his characters, to be sure, are miserable a good deal of the time, but I find in their miseries few reflections of those contemporary horrors of which Roth speaks. These are fairly ordinary young people, with a capacity for getting into trouble that is not much above normal. None of them has found a satisfying way of life, but there is nothing here that stupefies or sickens or infuriates. What the book seems to demonstrate is not that contemporary civilization is a disaster but that many people manage to mess up their lives—which isn't news.

Roth has not made the characters strikingly significant on any ground. Gabe Wallach is an amiable blunderer: "He is better, he believes, than anything he has done in life has shown him to be." Paul Herz is stronger, but he uses his strength against himself, while Libby pursues her own wretched course. Martha Reganhart seeks boldly for happiness until she is chastened into compromise. None of the characters achieves a spectacular triumph—Roth thinks writers in these days have no business being affirmative—but, on the other hand, none could possibly be regarded as tragic. They go their dull ways, and we are dragged along with them.

Let me make it clear that Roth is still a figure to be reckoned with. This is the kind of bad book that only a good writer could have written. But, after "Goodbye, Columbus," with its vitality and sureness of touch, "Letting Go" is a disappointment.

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West Side Story: Moscow to Cairo

—*Wide World.*

"Being a delinquent is an uncomfortable business."

"The Troublemakers: Rebellious Youth in an Affluent Society," by T. R. Fyvel *(Schocken Books. 343 pp. $4.95), and* ***"Kids, Crime and Chaos," by Roul Tunley*** *(Harper. 198 pp. $3.95), concern juvenile delinquency, and its remedy, both here and abroad. Robert M. MacIver has been director of the City of New York Juvenile Delinquency Evaluation Project since 1956.*

By ROBERT M. MACIVER

AMERICAN publishers are sometimes moved to change the titles of English or other foreign books, and by no means always for the better. For instance, in its British edition Mr. Fyvel's book was called "The Insecure Offenders." It is a thoughtful and quietly probing study of "rebellious youth" in West European countries and has interesting comparative comments on American and Russian conditions. The author finds a common problem in them all, that of adjusting the education and upbringing of the young to an age of growing prosperity, which has its own special tensions and bad influences.

The thesis is well stated and well supported. It is one that properly finds considerable acceptance today. The increase in the number of confirmed delinquents is not due to natural depravity, certainly not to the attractiveness of a lawless mode of life. Being a delinquent is an uncomfortable business. It is an existence without incentives or aspirations, with considerable periods of boredom. These in turn promote nervousness and lead to excitations, to stimulants, and in some areas to dope. Violence provokes obsessing fears, fear of the police, fear of the neighboring gang. Sex becomes mostly fleeting associations with pick-up girls, cheap, shifty near-prostitutes who offer no real companionship.

Such delinquency, as Mr. Fyvel points out, has common features whether exhibited by the London teddy boys, "young hooligans" of Moscow, or the turf guardians of New York City's slums. And no doubt we can broadly attribute it to the weakening of established traditions, to the loosening of family ties, and to the tensions of modern society, complicated by the disrupting effects of an age inured to violence and massive preparations for war. But to lay emphasis on the fact that we live in a relatively "affluent society" may be misleading without considerable interpretation. While there are salient instances of delinquent groups in well-to-do areas, the great majority who are responsible for the swelling of our delinquency statistics come from the most congested and deteriorated areas of our great cities.

They live on the wrong side of the tracks, and the near-presence of affluence is at most a bitter reminder of the opportunities they are denied. They are the frustrated youths who find themselves, for one reason or another, ill-adjusted, rootless, without status. So they rebel against authority, feel themselves alienated from the society they live in, and resort to the poor substitute—the satisfactions of a small teenage gang. Their appetite for status is witnessed sometimes by the names they give to their little, loose-knit groupings, such as Nobles, Knights, Dragons, and so forth; by the elite names, such as war lord, that they give to their leaders; by their defiance of authority, or by the manner of their dress: the teddy boys' long jackets and tight Edwardian pants, the zoot suits of earlier Californian gangs. They are those who fail to find an entry into the upward-striving race of the competitive "affluent society"; they are the "alien" incomers, the disprivileged, the victims of ethnic discrimination.

Mr. Fyvel has excellent ground for asserting that the situation demands the "adjustment of education to new realities of a changing society." He calls for a thorough exploration of this need. One of his suggestions, however, seems to this reviewer somewhat doubtful, *viz.*, that young people stay in school through their sixteenth year. This is the law in New York State, and we find that, most particularly in New York City, there is a considerable proportion of pupils for whom the last year or two of schooling proves very unprofitable, since they have already become anti-conditioned to the academic curriculum. If such pupils must remain in school, the best we can do is to provide them with a work-experience training better adapted to their qualifications and above all to their prospective future. The problem is now receiving considerable attention, and some steps have been taken in this direction. But in addition to the development of more intelligent schooling and of more adequate guidance programs—toward which some progress is already being made—other changes are imperative if we are in earnest in seeking to cope with this very serious problem of our times.

In the first place we cannot effectively curtail delinquent tendencies unless we remove the conditions that breed them—the slum conditions of overcrowding, promiscuity, and the

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utter lack of the amenities for decent living—by far-reaching urban renewal programs that do not consist merely or mainly of massive housing developments. And, secondly, we must in the meantime direct far more attention to the youths on whom these conditions press the hardest: the susceptible, the misfits in school, at home, or on the playground. Even under the worst conditions a majority of the young are able to attain some kind of respectable equilibrium, though still suffering serious handicaps that better conditions could alleviate. But the others, the more vulnerable ones, need early care and direction and protection and training, and much more of our resources should be directed to them. It would be most salutary if in this way the numbers now consigned to state "training schools" or "residential treatment centers" and their counterparts in other countries could be considerably reduced, for even the best institutions too often confirm the evils they are intended to remedy.

Roul Tunley's book, in contrast to Mr. Fyvel's, is less concerned with an analysis of delinquency; "Kids, Crime and Chaos" is mainly occupied with the remedy for it. During the course of this survey, sponsored by the Greater Philadelphia Movement, the original director died. Asked to take it over, Mr. Tunley went on to "study our American problem in such unlikely places as Moscow, Bangkok, Tokyo, Tel Aviv, Cairo, and other foreign cities." The result is an eminently readable and stimulating book. A discriminating reporter who knows how to ask the right questions, Mr. Tunley writes with a strong sympathy for the troubled youth who pass through the limbo that begins with the police and ends with the institution. He is by no means inhibited in his criticisms of the system and, while at times, the serious student of the subject would like more documentation, Mr. Tunley can always cite qualified authorities in support of his position. All in all, he has written a book that could render important service in enlightening a public that entertains so many wrong notions about the delinquency problem.

"Kids, Crime and Chaos" is fertile in suggestions, all of them deserving of consideration. This reviewer was particularly pleased with the stress laid on "trying probation instead of institutions." It is true that our courts do put considerably more youngsters on probation than they commit to institutions, but, with rare enough exceptions, probation is still a perfunctory affair that fails to live up to its purpose of being a guardian of the youngster's welfare, through guidance and timely help.

FICTION

The Sins of a Good and Pious Man

"The Slave," by Isaac Bashevis Singer, *translated by the author and Cecil Hemley (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 311 pp. $4.95), set in seventeenth-century Poland, projects the reality of both good and evil. David Boroff teaches English at New York University.*

By DAVID BOROFF

BY ONE of those charming accidents in which his own fiction abounds, Isaac Bashevis Singer writes in Yiddish—and gives luster to Yiddish literature—at a time when that language is virtually moribund. But it is often overlooked that he has diverged from the mainstream of Yiddish literature in his preoccupation with the demonic, the nocturnal, the rampageously evil. And this is precisely what has endeared him to the contemporary literary mind, focused as it is on nihilism and disorder. (The Jewish tradition, on the other hand, is inclined towards the rational, the orderly, and the moral.) It is interesting to note that some of Singer's stories have appeared in sophisticated magazines like *Esquire*, *Mademoiselle*, and even in *Noonday 1* (which publishes "beat" literature), while other stories, full of familiar Jewish bittersweetness, have turned up in *Hadassah Newsletter*.

In "The Slave," Singer is still demon-haunted, but this remarkable new novel presents some striking departures from his earlier work. It tells the story of Jacob, who becomes a slave in a benighted mountain village in Poland as the aftermath of the Cossack massacre of Jewish villages in the seventeenth century, during which his wife and children were destroyed. Jacob leads a primitive existence as a cowherd, but this life is not without its simple pastoral satisfactions. Moreover, there is Wanda, a lovely young peasant woman who desires him. Night after night they talk when she comes to bring him food and take away the milk from the cows. Jacob is a good man, a pious man; but ultimately his tormented flesh capitulates to her entreaties. With a sense of doom, he cohabits with Wanda, knowing the terrible burden of sin he must now bear.

Unexpectedly, he is ransomed by a group of Jews from his village, but when he returns home he discovers that he cannot endure separation from the woman he loves. He steals back to the mountain village—"a slave returning to bondage"—and runs off with Wanda. Now his problems begin in earnest. He cannot abandon his ancestral faith, nor can he convert her, since conversion of a Christian is punishable by death. Jacob and Wanda—now called Sarah—go to an obscure village where no one knows them. Because she speaks little Yiddish, Wanda pretends she is a mute. For a while they prosper. When Wanda, in an effort to save her husband from the anger of the town's overlord, cries out in Polish, townspeople regard this as a miracle rather than evidence of her duplicity. However, tragedy falls upon them when she is delivered of their child, and Jacob enters upon his final agonies.

Isaac Bashevis Singer's virtues are

—From "The Woodcuts of Jakob Steinhardt."
"One way or another we are all slaves."

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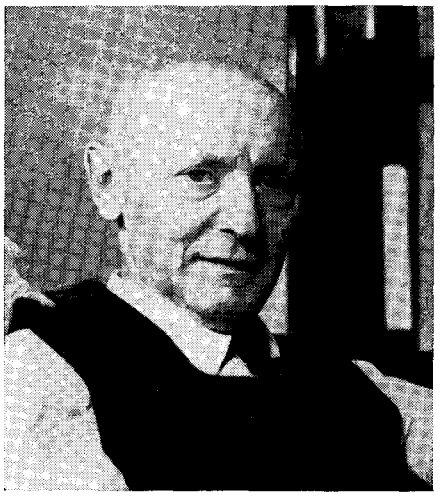
imposing. A peerless story teller, he restores the sheer enchantment with story, with outcome, with what-happens-next that has been denied most readers since their adolescence. There is about him a bardic quality that gives "The Slave" the strength and authority of a timeless folk tale.

But Singer is no *naïf* with a conjurer's gift for recreating the past. He has an exacerbated moral imagination, a pained sense of life's ambiguities that connect him with the best contemporary writers. Jacob is constantly racked by what he sees. He knows that nature is good yet perceives that it leads to the natural life, which can be sinful. "No matter what one does," he says, "one stumbles into sin . . . touch something and you hurt someone." A man of simple religious faith, he observes that the smug and the greedy set themselves up as exemplars of piety. He deplores the bestiality of the semi-pagan peasants, but, full of tenderness for all life, he is distressed by the casual cruelties perpetrated by Jews against animals. "He lamented the injustice visited on all living things: Jews, gentiles, animals, even the flies and gnats crawling on the hips of the cattle." Singer is able, as few writers are, to transmute metaphysical ideas into pure emotion. What the novel really says is that one way or another we are all slaves.

Singer projects, with chilling effectiveness, a sense of man's frailties, the seductions of sorcery, the reality of evil. His images of social disorder have an apocalyptic quality. And few writers since Shakespeare have been able to evoke so harrowingly the nightmare world of savage animals—sharp-toothed rodents and snakes and poisonous insects—and of man's kinship with them.

Yet in this harsh landscape, littered with cruelties and nameless horrors, there are redemptive acts of great loveliness. A priest suddenly appears and shows a bewildered Jacob the way to a village. A ferryman, bristling with a tough, shrewd skepticism, feeds and shelters him. An emissary from Palestine gives him money. Always there is a saving word or gesture. And the final redemption is Jacob's, who, at the end of his days, achieves a saintliness that is utterly persuasive. If in his earlier work Singer insisted upon the substantiality of evil, in "The Slave" he demonstrates the validity of goodness. And, as in the greatest Jewish literature, the conception of goodness is in the universalist tradition, free from creed.

A brilliant portrayal of a tumultuous society and a poignant account of a man who in wrestling with God found his soul, "The Slave" is a distinguished and memorable work of art.



THE AUTHOR: "Satan in Goray" was Isaac Bashevis Singer's first novel, and since then, he remarked the other day, "Satan has played a big part in my work. From the Jewish point of view all life is a constant struggle between good and evil. Nothing is neutral. Either you do something good or something bad." Nevertheless, Singer is the only Yiddish novelist who writes about the diabolical. He noted that even Hebrew literature has avoided this theme—perhaps because both it and Yiddish literature were created under the influence of the Enlightenment, which looked upon the demonic as a retrogression.

That attitude obtains to this day. Under the pseudonym "Worshavsky," Singer writes three features a week for New York's *Jewish Daily Forward*, and a dramatic sketch for its radio program. Since a Yiddish newspaper is three-quarters magazine, one-quarter newspaper, he is free to comment on most anything: he writes about love, about hate, about divorce, reviews books and plays, and, "of course, there is a theme that is eternal in Jewish papers—the Jewish question." But the diabolical aspect of his fiction—all of which is first written for serialization in the *Forward*—provokes frowns.

Dreams, the occult, are another matter. He said, "The older I become the more I am inclined to investigate and dabble with the supernatural, because I feel in this field there is still a lot to discover. I think that the twenty-first century will see great discoveries in what is now called the occult: telepathy, clairvoyance, and other such phenomena." Therefore Singer invites the *Forward*'s readers to report to him their psychic experiences. "I would say an analysis of literature would reveal that almost all good writers use psychic experiences in their works, sometimes without knowing it themselves. Writing is always a mixture of rationalism and mysticism." It is a blend to which Singer is a direct heir: he is the son of a Hasidic rabbi, whose sect has mystical elements and opposes the inflexible rationalism of the Talmud.

Born sixty-two years ago in Radzymin, Poland—the brother of I. J. Singer, whose best-known novel is "The Brothers Ashkenazi"—Isaac Bashevis was a proofreader on a literary magazine before he began to write. "And being a proofreader I saw the kitchen of literature before I tasted the food of it." His first works were composed in Hebrew, at a time when it was not yet a revived language. "So, naturally," he said, "all I could use was words from the Bible, from the Mishnah, from literature; nobody spoke it where I lived." For that reason he switched to Yiddish—in his opinion one of the world's richest languages because the idioms of many other tongues have accreted to it.

"It is so rich that in translation it is very difficult to find equivalents. When I came to this country twenty-seven years ago," Singer said, "I was told that Yiddish was going to live only another five years, and even fifty years ago the death of Yiddish was considered imminent. A language that has the creative powers and the history that Yiddish has cannot die so quickly."

Cecil Hemley—"This man was really a good angel for me"—has edited almost everything Singer has written and collaborates with him in seeing to it that the translation is as faithful as possible. "If it is not 100 per cent, it is 90 per cent." "The Family Moskat" will soon be reissued in an uncut version, and another novel, "The Manor," will have its first English publication sometime in '63.

A blue-eyed, blond-complexioned man, Singer lives in uptown Manhattan, where he frets about the rent. Although his son teaches high school in an Israeli kibbutz, the novelist for his part is "very happy in America; it is good enough for me."

—ROCHELLE GIRSON.

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Socks and Sardines for the POWs

"The Tightening String," by Ann Bridge *(McGraw-Hill. 250 pp. $4.95), views the anxious days and tensions of the Second World War through the eyes of a British diplomat's wife in Budapest. Aileen Pippett's comments on current fiction appear frequently in SR.*

By AILEEN PIPPETT

THIS is a curious novel, realistic, straightforwardly told, dealing with memorable events of only twenty-odd years ago, yet strangely remote in general effect. The scene is Hungary; the Nazis are overrunning Europe, the British are forced off the Continent, and in Budapest the British Legation must hold on as long as possible in a country incapable of resisting the German might. The tension of those anxious days is sharply felt in the opening chapters, but after Dunkirk the sense of immediacy is lost. Our view of the situation is limited to that of the British women concerned; we are enclosed in a circle of the higher domesticity.

The main character, Rosina Eynsham, is married to the Counsellor at the Legation (as the author herself was at the time). Once she knows for certain that her son is back in England and her prospective son-in-law is one of the 40,000 prisoners, we settle down to the grim business of carrying on and preparing for the worst. Mrs. Eynsham has a strenuous life: she is hostess for the bachelor Minister at the splendid receptions; she takes her turn at monitoring the foreign news broadcasts; she has a flighty daughter and a sick, overworked husband to worry about; she must anticipate the need for hasty departure; above all, there is her self-imposed task of sending parcels to the British prisoners who are being held in Germany.

This project is described in great detail. Funds must be raised, supplies secured, transportation across frontiers arranged, reliable information obtained and records kept, wholesale lots repackaged for distribution to different camps. Mrs. Eynsham is indefatigable. She travels to Greece and Turkey to get sardines and socks, knitting wool, chocolate, cigarettes, blankets, warm clothes and stout shoes, mouth organs, and innumerable things to keep the wretched men alive and sane. She haggles, coaxes, bullies, packs and repacks, carries loads; nothing is too much. She does a superb housekeeping job on a colossal scale, and receives magnificent cooperation: not a faulty shipment, not a dishonest trader, not a man—from the Regent to the local carpenter—who refuses help. Her only trouble is with the British Red Cross bigwigs, who persist in thinking they know better than she does, and with the home government, which imposes strict credit control.

There are moments of relaxation on princely estates, though even here Nazi sympathizers and spies are up to no good. Apart from these base creatures, the Hunks—as they are affectionately known—are wonderful. So far as Mrs. Eynsham is concerned, everyone in those days was contented, the rich were generous, the poor were grateful, servants were devoted, shepherds sang and Gypsies danced. What a pity she has to flee from this idyllic land and that the author has to remind us in a Foreword that this is only fiction.

MIXED-UP MEDICS: At twenty-two, John Farris proved that he had the stamina and the narrative ability to turn out a novel. "Harrison High" concerned itself with high school football and high school passions, relatively safe material for a writer who could provide pace if not depth of character. With his second novel, **"The Long Light of Dawn"** (Putnam, $4.95), the still-young Mr. Farris is in trouble. He has ignored his gift for narrative and concentrated on character. The result is a sluggish work filled with people who say they are in trouble and fumble around in the present, rehashing their troubles anytime one of them gets together with the hero-narrator. Behind each of them is a past filled with nothing but a young author saying to himself, "If poppa and momma were indifferent, the kids have to be mixed up and interesting." Readers of "The Long Light of Dawn" will find out how wrong this sort of thinking can be.

The cast of characters centers around the Arnett family. The lead is young Lee, floundering in med school, looking for purpose in life. Sister Vicky has three marriages behind her and sulks whenever she appears. Brother Scott is a highly disturbed surgeon, with a pregnant wife disturbed by his disturbance. Father Arnett is loved by all save his family, and has had a love outside the family. Mother Arnett settled for doing good works early in the marriage game. Other major characters include Dr. Finch, an amalgam of Lew Ayres and Dr. Christian, who has been in the wings for years, passively loving Mother Arnett and offering advice to the Arnett boys; Bobby, another medical student, who is also seeking a meaning for life; and Clark Daly, a revivalist who offers a meaning for life.

Though incidents occur throughout, nothing really happens in the book. For hundreds of pages people get together and reveal the past in the baldest chunks of exposition since "White Cargo" gave Tondeleyo to the world. What is established is that the Arnett family has been a long time decaying. Eventually, all this established decay leads to an attempted murder and a drowning, and after a mystical talk between the revivalist and the hero, the hero leaves home as all young heroes should.

There was a suspicion in "Harrison High," now confirmed with "The Long Light of Dawn," that John Farris wants to associate himself with the quality writers. Too little sex, too few gamy words, too little plot, and too much neurosis furnish the clues. It's a shame. He might make it as a popular novelist.

—HASKEL FRANKEL.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 985

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 985 will be found in the next issue.

SN G TGR DBBFZ LSZ WMGF ZLXW, WLB OAMQE OSQQ PBGW G FGWL WA LSZ EAAM.

NMGRDQSR F. GEGTZ.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 984

We live under a government of men and morning newspapers.

—WENDELL PHILLIPS.

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PERSONAL HISTORY

Pater Was a Bit Bizarre

"Tales My Father Taught Me: An Evocation of Extravagant Episodes," by Osbert Sitwell *(Atlantic-Little, Brown. 202 pp. $4.75), contains further anecdotes about the author's eccentric sire. Harry T. Moore, research professor at Southern Illinois University, recently edited "The World of Lawrence Durrell" and "The Collected Letters of D. H. Lawrence."*

By HARRY T. MOORE

MONUMENTALLY eccentric in the grand English tradition, Sir George Sitwell is already amusingly known to readers of his son Osbert's five-volume autobiography, "Left Hand, Right Hand." But there was plenty left over, so here he is again, with his high-bridged nose and his golden moustache spiked upward, the key figure in a book that is at once entertaining and significant—entertaining because it presents a character of such attractive oddity, and significant because it does this expertly; Sir Osbert's quiet but subtly loaded style is just right for this kind of memoir, which is further important in that it gives us a wonderful piece of an irrevocable past.

The anecdotes about George Reresby Sitwell, for whom the Georgian Age might have been named rather than for the mild-mannered monarch he outlived by several years, are too numerous to repeat here, but summaries of a few of them will provide samples of the book. When Osbert Sitwell was on the Western front in the 1914-18 war, the father one morning rushed into the mother's room (as she later reported) and breathlessly said, "We may hear at any moment that Osbert's been killed, and the other dear boy will probably go too; in which case you will certainly pass away, and what I want to know is, would the money in your settlement be available for the sons of my second marriage?" During the same war—sitting at a tea party next to a woman who he didn't know was the mother of Rupert Brooke—Sir George, despite the kicks under the table, kept grumbling that everyone was foolishly overrating the verse of "that young man who died in the Dardanelles—I forget his name."

Sir Osbert—a "subtly loaded style."

Once Sir George spoke ill of Robin Hood and his band, because they should have presented the money they had stolen to the rich, who alone knew how to spend it. Sir George hoped that his son would not take up with such a bad lot; as for Maid Marian, "There can be no doubt that she blackmailed Robin Hood." Asked how he had discovered this, Sir George gave his usual reply: *"We happen to know."*

And so it goes, through words and actions. Chronologically the book is scrambled, a series of loose sketches, and full understanding of it depends somewhat upon acquaintance with the earlier memoirs; yet there is much in the present volume that stands well by itself. George Reresby Sitwell behaved with the lack of self-consciousness of an authentically absurd figure, and, although he died only as recently as 1943, in his eighties, he seems to belong to a time much farther back, to the age of empire, when millions of sweating coolies (as we see it today) made his sheltered existence possible, with all its flourish of eccentricities. Whatever happens, let's hope that England will continue to turn out such juicy characters.

They don't all, of course, belong to the high social echelons. Sir George's butler, Henry Moat, reappears in the present volume, with his own weird sayings and behavior, and more of his flavorful letters. Another star in the cast is a Sitwell relative, Lord Henry, who serves tea rather than coffee because tea stimulates gossip. He can give remarkable imitations of Disraeli. Lord Henry also appears as a composer, for he wrote the music to a sentimental song that is still with us: "O Dry Those Tears."

Dame Edith—never outshone by father.

The settings are the familiar ones: The house at Scarborough, Yorkshire; the villa at Montegufoni, Italy, and the three-centuries-old mansion at Renishaw, Derbyshire (the book contains some charming photographs of the last two places). Renishaw recently appeared in a television interview with Sir Osbert, and has also been in the news lately because of an announcement by Sir Osbert's sister, Dame Edith Sitwell.

DAME Edith, a first-rate poet who has never let her father outshine her in the matter of eccentricity, says that her next book will attack D. H. Lawrence for supposedly having used Renishaw as the locale of "Lady Chatterley's Lover." But surely Lawrence, as in several of his other novels, took as his model for the Chatterley estate the Nottinghamshire country house known as Lamb Close. Dame Edith, seeing Lawrence peopling Renishaw with Sir Clifford and Lady Chatterley, to say nothing of their gamekeeper, somewhat resembles her father in the chapter of the present book to which Sir Osbert gives the Sherlock Holmesian title "The Adventure of the Phantom Tax-Inspector." Here he recounts how Sir George once told him at Scarborough that they were under the spyglass scrutiny of one of the special Commissioners of Inland Revenue, who was perched on the roof of a nearby house and rather improbably dressed in "striped trousers, a morning coat, and a tall hat." When the skeptical son asked his father how he could be sure of the identity of the supposed onlooker, the implacable reply was, *"We happen to know."*

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Apartheid's Compassionate Antagonist

"Let My People Go," by Albert Luthuli *(McGraw-Hill. 256 pp. $5.50), recounts the life story and political philosophy of the African leader and Nobel Peace Prizewinner. John Hughes, author of "The New Face of Africa," is spending the present year at Harvard University as a Nieman Fellow.*

By JOHN HUGHES

—From the book.

Albert Luthuli and his wife—"white thugs kicked him until he lay senseless."

SOME months ago I bade farewell to Albert Luthuli, after an acquaintance extending over several years in South Africa.

Such a rendezvous with this African nationalist leader needs a little advance organizing. He is confined by the South African government to the environs of his remote village of Groutville. His house is off-limits to white newsmen. So the meeting must be set on neutral ground on the village outskirts.

Further, it is almost certain that the political police open his mail, tap his telephone, and scrutinize his visitors. It is perhaps not essential, but it is certainly more comfortable, to select a meeting place free of microphones, prying eyes, and straining ears.

With these conditions met, we talked for four or five hours into the African night—of freedom, the future of black man and white in South Africa, and Luthuli's own role in the African campaign to smash *apartheid* and claim racial equality.

As on previous occasions, I came away deeply impressed with the moderation and bigness and lasting Christianity of this man despite all the provocation he has suffered at white hands—the dawn arrests, the jailings, the bannings and barriers on speech and movement, and the beatings, such as the one at Pretoria where white thugs kicked him until he lay senseless.

These are the qualities that emerge again in his book, which is both an autobiography and an expression of his political philosophy. This is the writing of no racial fanatic, intent on driving the whites into the sea. Here is no ruthless power-seeker, but a man who casts a longing look at peaceful country life and the academic way, while thrust into the leadership of his fellow Africans by his sturdy belief in their right to progress.

This is not to say there is no toughness here. Mr. Luthuli is implacable in his opposition to *apartheid*, vigorous in his reaction to white oppression. Although a devout Congregationalist himself, he is sharp in his criticism of the Christian church where he believes it has failed on the racial issue.

Yet through it all there is compassion for both white and black in the South African tragedy. He never gives up his faith in humanity, even when humanity behaves in an abysmal way. And he never doubts the ultimate triumph of an honest cause.

In recent months, Mr. Luthuli has been awarded the Nobel Peace Prize, was allowed briefly out of South Africa to collect it, and now is once again confined to his home. Acclaimed by the outside world for his non-violent dedication, South Africa's first Nobel Prizewinner is still rejected as a dangerous agitator by his country's white government, not a single member of which has ever bothered to meet Mr. Luthuli. Nor is it likely that many South Africans will read this book, for it seems certain to be added to the long list of books banned by their government.

Many observers believe white South Africa has made one of its most devastating mistakes in dismissing Mr. Luthuli, for his "dangerous agitation" is coming to look like sweet reasonableness against the demands and passions of the new angry young men of nationalism, the militant Africans who mutter that Luthuli's moderation and adherence to Christianity has got them nowhere, and that the time has come to blow up the bridges and derail the trains. In any upheaval in South Africa they might not be so tender towards the whites as Luthuli.

In its discussion of these latest trends since the Sharpeville shootings of 1960 Mr. Luthuli's book is perhaps at its weakest. On the other hand Mr. Luthuli's African National Congress and the new, more militant Pan-Africanist Congress have been banned and all African politics prohibited since then, and it is difficult for anyone to say with certainty where real influence lies.

Meanwhile, whether change in South Africa comes the Luthuli way or not, here is the Luthuli testimony for anyone who seeks to understand the South African problem.

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Bright Bandannas on the March

"A Kind of Homecoming," by E. R. Braithwaite *(Prentice-Hall. 243 pp. $3.95), records the experiences in Africa of a British Guianan on a sentimental journey. Peter Ritner is the author of "Death of Africa."*

By PETER RITNER

THE AUTHOR of this unpretentious and friendly work is a British Guianan Negro who won considerable attention (and last year's Anisfield-Wolf Award) with his first book, "To Sir, with Love," the personal and touching chronicle of the experiences of a black man teaching white teen-agers in the London slums. A few months later he decided to visit Africa for the first time, and this present record is the account of his journey to Guinea, Sierra Leone, Liberia, and Ghana.

Mr. Braithwaite went to Africa looking for "impressions" rather than news. He seems to have started out with the idea of finding something in the "home" continent that would set off echoes of feeling inside a Negro from the Western Hemisphere for whom Africa was really about as foreign as Antarctica. And on his first motor-ride in Africa, from the airport in to Conakry, he was indeed moved to reminisce about his birthplace in Guiana: here were the same smells, the same marketplaces, the same bright bandannas. But soon Mr. Braithwaite became stalled in this search for instinctual memories in the new Africa, and gave himself up to the airs and ways of the countries themselves.

In Guinea he noted the all-pervading dialogues about African nationalism, African progress, and African personality, the contempt for America's anti-Communist obsession, the general anti-Americanism—all marks of Guinea's busy and brassy intelligentsia. Sierra Leone, on the verge of independence when Mr. Braithwaite visited it, surprised him by its lassitude and by the peaceful nepotism of its "Old Man" and Prime Minister, Sir Milton Margai. In Liberia he saw the expensive, American-style comforts of Monrovia's better hotels, the omnipresence of President Tubman, his entourage, and his possessions. The short final chapter on Ghana remarks on the bustle of Accra, the powerful hold President Nkrumah has on his people's loyalties, the briskness of the bureaucracy, the sense of participating in the unfolding drama of an emancipated and confederating Africa.

As I say, the author did not set out to be a reporter, much less a critic or a judge. But despite its modesty this gentle book in places trenches on very serious issues. Mr. Braithwaite reports the conversation of a Guinean friend to the effect that preachments of democracy are irrelevant in Africa because democracy "presupposes a literate majority." "What we need now is strong, forceful leadership . . . designed to involve everyone." Here we have, of course, a view of African "realities" so widespread as to have become a sort of cliché, which makes it none the less sinister or wrongheaded. Without laboring the matter in this small space, we must remember to keep asking the apologists of the "strong-man" theory of government in Africa and elsewhere how they plan to avoid the eventual corruption and institutional self-seeking that have always been the universal experience of "strong-man" governments.

And, although many times other would-be travelers will envy the author for being a Negro and thus finding it relatively easier to penetrate the intimate corners of African society, Mr. Braithwaite himself was frequently irritated by petty clerks who slighted him because they assumed that he was just one more African. "We Africans do not respect each other," a friend of his explained.

Mr. Braithwaite says relatively little about economic matters, except for reporting the large number of itinerant Chinese advisers in Guinea—with their own ideas about the modernization of poor countries. A highly articulate and vigorous patriot did take him upcountry there and pointed out the mountains of bauxite waiting for the miner's pick, if Guineans could only "dig through to Fort Knox" for working capital.

IN the past few years it has become clear that the modernization, let alone the industrialization, of Africa is a far thornier assignment than most of us optimists used to believe. It is certainly not just a matter of "aid programs"—however vast and well-intentioned—for there are primary areas of what we must call "technological ignorance," which paralyze our present aspirations to make the African land and resources produce more abundantly for their societies. What books like Mr. Braithwaite's confirm is that it is not only Americans who are ignorant of how to make the African environment better support a modern society. The Africans themselves do not know enough about it even to care about it. This is bad. It saddens a man to see again and again that Africans will not pay attention to these areas of "technological ignorance"—but tend to expend so much of their mental energies on *negritude*, nationalism, political gossip, ideologies, and so on.

"For the next fifty years," Thomas Balogh wrote in his *New Statesman* article of March 23, "no conceivable rate of expansion in industry will be able to absorb the whole of the *rise* in the African population, far less relieve the misery of those who are now living in the land. The African future (and Western influence in Africa) depends absolutely on a peaceful yet speedy transformation of African agriculture; and a rural renascence is inconceivable without a revolution in rural education." In his little book, Mr. Braithwaite lets us see that such revolutions and transformations as these are very far to seek in the twentieth century's politically-obsessed Africa.

In Sierra Leone, a surprise.

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No Thunderbolts from a Kremlin Zeus

"Russia Under Khrushchev," by Alexander Werth *(Hill & Wang. 342 pp. $5), discerns a new "Soviet man," who has little zest for world revolution. Henry Shapiro is manager of the Moscow Bureau for United Press International.*

By HENRY SHAPIRO

KHRUSHCHEV'S Russia is as different from Stalin's as Stalin's was from Lenin's. Under Khrushchev the USSR is characterized by steady economic and scientific progress, intense political and intellectual ferment, and a self-conscious effort to reappraise the Stalinist heritage, much of which is being discarded. Although the country remains in a state of flux and transition, since Khrushchev's bloodless assumption of supreme power there has been a steady advance towards a more liberal domestic society and an accommodation with the West.

These are some of the conclusions that can be drawn from Alexander Werth's perceptive current survey of the Soviet Union. The author, who has made a lifelong study of Soviet affairs, undertook his most recent on-the-spot investigation in the winter of 1959-60. Subsequent meticulous reading of the fine print in Soviet journals and belles-lettres enabled him to bring the story up to date and produce a concise, balanced, and persuasive picture of contemporary USSR.

A Russian-born Englishman and distinguished foreign correspondent, Mr. Werth covered the Soviet Union for British periodicals from the beginning of the Soviet-German war until the outbreak of the cold war. From his Paris base he later watched the paranoiac excesses of Stalin's regime.

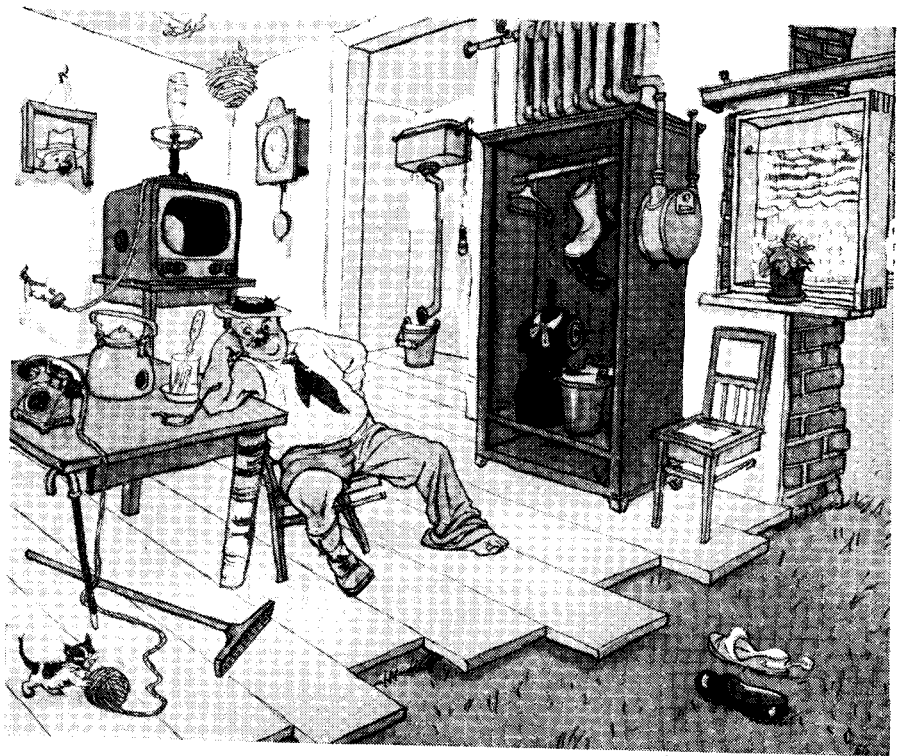
But upon returning to Moscow in 1959 to look into Khrushchev's "new course," Werth found that officials who once shunned him, friends who had survived the terrors of Stalin's "anti-cosmopolitan" campaign, liberated ex-inmates of labor camps, and casual citizens on brief encounters were now able to share their experiences and views with a lack of reserve inconceivable a half dozen years before.

His Soviet interlocutors proved uninhibited partly because of Werth's broad sympathies for the Russians as a people, partly because of his skill in making them talk. With a sharp eye for personal and human detail, he carried out a series of intimate dialogues with highly-placed as well as lowly citizens, which enabled him to assess their moods and mentality, their aspirations, hopes, and doubts.

The author was particularly adept at analyzing the temper of the younger generation, which did not know Joseph Stalin, and found emerging therein a new "Soviet man," the reality of whose existence may well be questioned by Western observers. According to Werth, the "Soviet man" is characterized by an impressive cultural development, pride in his nation's achievements, a high degree of patriotism, and confidence that he is riding the wave of the future. The author apparently discerned in Soviet youth little, if any, dedication to world Communism or zest for world revolution: the new "Soviet man," he implies, thinks primarily in terms of the goals of his own national society, and his interest in Marxist ideology appears minimal. The Soviet man, the author says bluntly, "is there large as life. . . . An attractive personality? Matter of taste. Personally I like him though occasionally he can be narrow-minded, pig-headed and rather maddening."

In 1949 Werth's "Musical Uproar in Moscow," in which he bitterly excoriated Zhdanov's brutal oppression of the country's musical culture, evoked the savage condemnation of Soviet critics. Ten years later Werth found that eminent composers like Shostakovich, Prokofiev, and Khachaturian, who had been victimized by Zhdanov, had been fully rehabilitated and restored to honor. There was considerable relaxation in all cultural spheres and a great debate was raging on the merits and goals of Soviet literature. Complete cultural freedom? Certainly not. As Werth put it: "No doubt Khrushchev and the Party have laid down certain rules about the kind of literature that is 'desirable,' but there is no longer a Kremlin Zeus to hurl thunderbolts at offending writers. All sorts of books get published now . . ."

On the basis of private and public literary discussions he attended in Moscow, Werth correctly concludes: "The



—Cartoons from "Krokodil."

"Director of the State Farm, Mr. Needs-to-be-done, in his customary surroundings."

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"Now at Children's Cinema: 'Age of Love,' 'Flow of Passion,' 'Marriage of Convenience' . . . Where shall we go today?"

more important younger Soviet writers now interpret the Party canons on literature, as propounded by Khrushchev and Surkov, a good deal more broadly than they were able to do in the Stalin-Zhdanov days. Even those who do not entirely conform are not scared."

The temper of the day was pointedly reflected in the attitude of the delegates to the 22nd Communist Party Congress last October. The speech of the relatively liberal poet Tvardovsky was greated with warm applause, whereas the reactionary, Stalinist literary commissar, Kochetov, was shouted down with cries from the floor, "*Khvatet, Khvatet*" – "Enough from you."

Some of Werth's broad generalizations on the reality of Khrushchev's "thaw" will be challenged. For example, he attributes occasional lapses into illiberalism to cold war factors rather than to domestic and intra-bloc problems. And he explains the collapse of the Paris summit conference entirely in terms of the U-2 incident and the subsequent clumsiness of American diplomacy. There is also some apparent contradiction in the analysis of the sensitive Jewish problem when the author asserts that Russian Jews are very largely integrated into the Soviet community and then proceeds to say, "The trouble of most Soviet Jews, not to say their tragedy, is not that they are too integrated or too assimilated but that they are not sufficiently so." However, he points out, "The Soviet authorities appear on the whole unhelpful in allowing the Jews to become wholly assimilated and integrated."

But, taken in its entirety, "Russia Under Khrushchev" is a well-documented and immensely readable contribution to current Sovietology.

Tovarich and the Ordered Life

"The Many Faces of Communism," edited by Harry Schwartz *(Berkley Books. 249 pp. Paperback. 50¢), reveals the wide range of variations to be found in the Soviet's "monolithic" system. John A. Armstrong, who teaches political science at the University of Wisconsin, wrote "The Politics of Totalitarianism."*

By JOHN A. ARMSTRONG

GRADUALLY we are getting used to the fact that Communism is not simply an ideology or even a political movement. It is, of course, both of these; but today it is also an enormously complex system for ordering the lives of hundreds of millions of human beings. This system is totalitarian, since it aims at complete control of its subjects. Precisely because Communism claims to be a monolith, however, it is important for us to avoid the error of accepting this exaggeration. As its title indicates, "The Many Faces of Communism" shows the wide range of variations in the totalitarian system.

Harry Schwartz, economist, Soviet specialist, and staff member of the New York *Times*, is extraordinarily well qualified to put together a balanced examination of these variations. The fifteen authors whose articles he has assembled include academic specialists, journalists, and experts from many fields who have studied the activities of their Soviet counterparts, and they range from Mike Wallace, who presents a lively account of "TV in Russia—A Really Hard Sell," to University of Illinois sociologist Mark G. Field, who competently summarizes his exhaustive investigations of "Health Services in the USSR."

The book focuses on the Soviet Union. Those who prefer to concern themselves with future prospects rather than present capabilities may regret that less attention was devoted to China, but in both military and economic competition the USSR presents the main challenge to the United States today. Yet the book does not neglect the international ramifications of Communism. Descriptions of the turmoil in Poland and Hungary in 1956 illustrate the brutal but uneasy nature of Soviet domination in Eastern Europe. Peggy Durdin's "The Grim Lesson of Laos" shows how the USSR (and its Asian Communist accomplices, China and North Vietnam) use local agents to broaden the sphere of Communist domination. A penetrating article by Leon M. Herman assesses the implications of Soviet trade offensives.

Most of the articles, however, are devoted to the way Soviet citizens live: the reactions of children, the attitudes of university students, the political implications of sports, the housewife's daily struggle to put an adequate dinner on the table. The aims of the Communist regime emerge, for the most

(*Continued on page* 43)

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

EASY DOES IT

Fannie Gross of Asheville, North Carolina, invites you to add an E to each of the following words (in the proper place, of course, retaining the original sequence of the letters) and forming another word. Example: DRAM becomes DREAM. Answers on page 37.

1. APPAL
2. BACON
3. BRAD
4. CARD
5. CHAT
6. CRATING
7. FRIGHT
8. GALLON
9. GUST
10. LICIT
11. NIGH
12. PLURAL
13. SKIN
14. VOCATION
15. WRATH

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This Year At Cannes

"WE'VE met before, haven't we?" asked a young woman about to enter the Palais du Cinema, which fronted on the Croisette in Cannes. She looked at me in some puzzlement. "Was it at last year's festival? Or was it Berlin, or perhaps Venice?"

I felt certain we had not met before, but she insisted that we had met. Locarno, perhaps? Or San Sebastian? And if not last year, then certainly the year before? Talking to her further, I learned that she spent five months out of each year attending film festivals. She was writing a book on international cinema. It would take years, of course. . . . Meanwhile, would she see me, by any chance, at the party the Russians were giving later?

The festival circuit has its devotees, people of sturdy eyesight and boundless enthusiasm for all manifestations of film. Cannes is the high point of their year, for here many of the best film-making talents in the world are wont to congregate and to display their latest efforts. What will be talked and argued about during the coming year by movie audiences in several countries has its first large-scale preview. Eligible films are those which have not been shown in France, or at other festivals. Each government or native industry may select one movie as its official entry, and is allowed up to two others as "invited" participants in the competition.

This year was a good year as festival years go, for there were entries from such important directors as Jack Clayton, Tony Richardson, Luis Bunuel, Sidney Lumet, Satyajit Ray, Michelangelo Antonioni, Robert Bresson, Michael Cacoyannis, and Leopold Torre Nilsson, some of whom had gained world renown because of their participation in past festivals. There were also the dark horse entries: the Brazilian "O Pagador De Promessas" (The Pledge), directed by Anselmo Duarte, and the French "Cleo from Five to Seven," first feature of Agnes Varda, already assigned a place in Nouvelle Vague history.

But this was not all there was to see between May 7 and May 24 at Cannes. Added to the two or three films shown each day in competition in the Grand Salle were those privileged to be seen out of competition in the Petite Salle of the same building, as well as those shown in Cannes cinemas like the Vox and the Regent, taken over for the seventeen days of the festival for special screenings. The programs ranged from a new Jean Renoir film to a British "nudie," from the first Peruvian feature to an unusual first film by an American director, James Blue, called "The Olive Trees of Justice." It was made in Algeria with a French and Moslem cast.

As can be seen, then, film going at Cannes is strenuous and demands a certain dedication. In addition to film culturists and film cultists, there are the distributors, producers, journalists from some thirty countries, critics associations, government delegates, jury members, importers looking for films to buy, and exporters looking for buyers. The Cannes festival is many things at once, a convention, a trade fair, a celebrity gathering place, a social swim, and a group of claques, each one of which is ready to whistle down an opposing film and applaud its own —and all this is accompanied by a fringe group that is pathetic, lunatic, or both. A pretty girl seeking attention put on skin-tight gold lamé slacks and danced her version of the twist in front of the terrace of the Hotel Carlton. Another, after she had attracted enough photographers, disrobed to clicking shutters on the beach. A gentleman wandered up and down the Croisette each day promoting some varying and incomprehensible cause. His claim to uniqueness was that he had decorated his beard with daisies. Crowds gathered in front of the Palais each evening to catch glimpses of Deborah Kerr, Warren Beatty, Natalie Wood, Nadia Gray, Marcello Mastroianni, and Ludmilla Teherina.

The most solemn faces were those of the jury members, who scrupulously and inscrutably viewed the films in competition, and finally awarded the festival's Golden Palm to the Brazilian feature, which told the story of a religious peasant and his donkey. Most of the invited audience had chosen to see instead, on the day of its showing, a more promising Italian film, "Divorce, Italian Style," which starred that expert actor Marcello Mastroianni as a titled Sicilian who had grown bored with his wife and attracted to his young niece. When he finally shot his wife and married the niece (after serving a prison term), the sophisticated audience broke into applause, mainly because of the implied comment on stock movie endings. The most amusing film of the festival, it was awarded a prize as the best comedy. Comedy being a rare commodity this year at Cannes, the classification appeared to be an arbitrary invention of the jury, which was an international group composed of eleven members.

This membership included such diverse personalities as Mel Ferrer and Francois Truffaut, the one an American actor, the other a young French director. Novelist Romain Gary sat in judgment, as did Henri Deutschmeister, a West German producer. There were Japanese, Russian, and Polish members, and a French actress, Sophie Desmarets. The basis of qualification for serving on the jury remained, as usual, tantalizingly obscure. The prize awards seemed to embody an effort at compromise. Thus, special prizes were

(*Continued on page* 46)

A scene from "The Eclipse"—one of the best films shown.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

People in Search of Characters in Search of . . .

FOR A VARIETY of reasons the Broadway theatre seems to be drifting away from two important areas of dramatic excitement. For one thing, almost all of this season's fare features characters who seem unlike the "ordinary" people in the audience, and appear to have evolved more from dramatic convention than from life. For another, almost none of the plays deal with live political issues.

Last year Theodore J. Flicker decided to try to work in both these areas and the result was his highly acclaimed coffee house, The Premise, at 154 Bleecker Street. This year another group with somewhat similar objectives, calling itself The Second City, opened on Broadway and then moved to a Greenwich Village cabaret to present new editions of its present shows.

As might be expected, these two companies resemble each other in a number of ways. Both present a menu composed partly of political satire, partly of character studies of little people, and partly of skits of nonsensical fun. Both attempt occasional spot improvisations in which the actors take a series of audience suggestions for current events, characters, and first and last lines. Both also evolved out of approaches developed originally by the Compass Theatre in Chicago.

The Second City company performs at a large but unpretentious cabaret called Square East. It features eight young comedians who give the impression that they are primarily sensitive, thinking people. Their political sketches hit mainly at American smugness and stupidity in international relations, and at racial discrimination. For instance, we see *Businessman,* a superman who flies about the world doing good by forcing others to see that their problems are best solved by doing what's best for American big business. He even reminds a revolutionary South American mob that the United States is making a sacrifice by "bearing the guilt of your low standard of living." Then a little later we hear a "benign" segregationist smilingly explain his attitude by comparing conditions in a Southern town with the imaginary situation of a town which suddenly faces an influx of 1,500 midgets, who, he contends, would be happiest and most fairly treated if they were given equal but separate facilities. Of course, in the end, he unintentionally reveals the emotional basis of his reasoning by irately commenting, "If there's anything I can't stand it's an uppity midget." Finally, there's an amusing skit about United States intervention in Laos, in which a colonel explains the difficulties of teaching modern warfare techniques to "an army of pacifists." These sketches tend to explore more than they resolve, leaving us with flashes of insight into aspects of a situation.

Similarly the other sketches succeed in creating fascinating characters, such as Alan Arkin's pretzel vendor, or situations that suggest whole plays, such as the one in which a Madison Avenue conservative returns to visit a college friend who stayed on to specialize in archaeology. In the latter, the conservative is suddenly brought face to face with the now forgotten fact that he had been leader of a Trotskyite organization when he was on campus, and the archaeologist is painfully reminded of his lingering escapism into pure scholarship. Here again most of it seems work in progress toward a goal no one seems to want to reach.

The Premise, on the other hand, imposes more structure on its sketches. For instance, its satire of intervention in Laos begins with a Russian and an American disagreeing over how a Laotian should plant his rice. Their tempers flare and they shout at each other, "This means war!"—at which they both turn and punch the peaceful Laotian in the stomach.

In general, sketches at The Premise are shorter, because Mr. Flicker believes in the showman's principle of allowing their length to be determined by their effectiveness with the audience. And the four actors seem so anxious to please the customers at this intimate coffeehouse that the entertainment takes on the flavor of a party.

The Premise performers have created many interesting characters via the improvisation method, and Mr. Flicker plans to weave a number of these into a forthcoming scenario for a film. Hopefully, the day may not be far off when whole plays will develop out of an improvisation approach. Yet even if they do not, both The Premise and The Second City have, in less than two years, established a beachhead in New York for an important kind of theatre that appears to have more relation to the contemporary world than most of our better-formulated traditional plays. —HENRY HEWES.

IN NEW YORK'S THEATRES

5 TONY AWARDS
BEST PLAY OF THE YEAR
PAUL SCOFIELD
THOMAS GOMEZ
GEORGE ROSE
in ROBERT BOLTS'
CRITICS CIRCLE PRIZE PLAY
A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS
also starring ALBERT DEKKER
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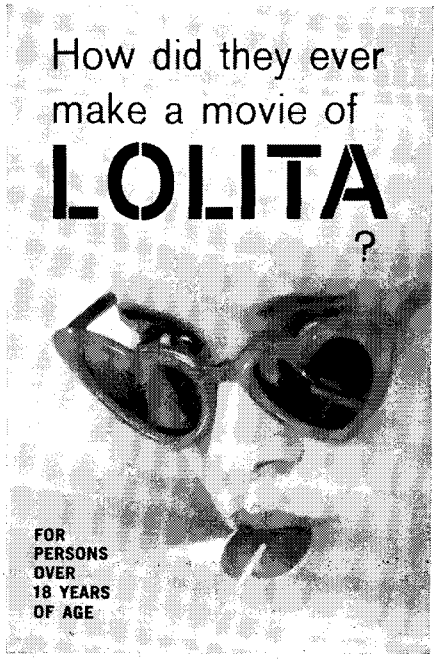

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A Quiet Thank You

"A TELEVISED concert is a great bore. Yes, of course you can see the timpani and the trombone and the oboe person by person as they play, but what is the interest of that?" Igor Stravinsky made this comment in a Hollywood conversation with George Balanchine, during which the composer and the choreographer planned the production of "The Flood," the original dance-drama they created for the CBS Television Network. Stravinsky's remark is recorded in a chapter of "The Eighth Art," a miscellany of articles about television written by TV outsiders and insiders. Holt, Rinehart and Winston will publish the book in the fall.

Stravinsky's criticism is a big generalization. Did the composer embrace in it his own appearance on television which I saw not too long ago, in which he conducted one of his own works? Did he include the memorable Toscanini concerts? As a rule I have felt as Stravinsky does about televised concerts and recitals; I too have been bored by close-ups along the necklines of woodwind sections. That was before I viewed the recent Pablo Casals recital on WNEW-TV, New York, in the next to last program of the "Festival of Performing Arts" series sponsored by the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey.

The cellist appeared in an hour-long concert with Alexander Schneider, violinist, and Mieczylaw Horszowski, pianist. The program, a repeat performance of a recital given by the three artists at the White House last November, was video-taped at the television station of the government of Puerto Rico. Casals began with Schumann's Adagio and Allegro in A flat major; and though the director, Roger Englander, appeared to be exercising tasteful restraint in his camera cutting, I had the impression that I was in for another tedious game of slow musical chairs. First the long shot, establishing the platform; then the medium shot, the right angle moving in and out slowly; then the left angle; followed by the three-quarter shot, the wider angle showing the draped curtain with the key lighting. Inevitably, one knew, the tight head shot was on its way. How odd this has always seemed—to ask an audience to change its seat in a concert hall every few bars. I was distracted, also, by the obtrusively unobtrusive page turner and kept wondering whose page he would pop to turn next, the cellist's or the pianist's. Then, very slowly, as the program went on to Couperin's Concert Pieces for Cello and Piano, I was no longer distracted, and I became more aware of the purity of tone elicited by the master cellist's bow.

I was captured by the economy of Casals's movement. This intensely concentrating man, whose mouth muscles moved involuntarily with the strides of his quick, strong fingers, was making no ego-assertions that directed attention to the player. The picture was still. The music was all—and quiet, even in its livelier moods. There was no audience, no applause. A composition ended with the slow, suspenseful lifting of a bow. Another began with a gentle but authoritative press of a white piano key. The pianist, Horszowski, would look at Casals with an anticipatory tilt of his head. One felt the actual drama of the intangible communication between the two artists. And when the violinist, Schneider, joined them in the latter half of the program to play Mendelssohn's Trio in D minor for Piano, Violin and Cello, it was clear that something *was happening* among the three artists. Not between the three and an audience; there was no audience. This was a small group sharing an essentially reflective, contemplative experience. Absent entirely was the attitude of "Look, Ma, I'm dancing!"—which is the posture one finds in the more projective kind of musical programs on television. There is a place on television for projection, no doubt; but one, also, for introspection. The point here is that the first is usually loud, spectacular, and (I would agree with Stravinsky) a bore. The rare second, as exemplified by the Casals recital, is quiet and outwardly impassive. It was a superb musical experience.

I do not know whether Mr. Englander, the director, was caught up in the same response as he taped the concert—but it seemed that his cutting grew quieter, too, during the Mendelssohn Trio. There was a minimum of change in the camera angles. The viewer came out the other end of the tunnel of the camera lens and became completely involved in the music.

This televised concert was no bore; and Stravinsky and others who might share his view would have to narrow

(*Continued on page* 74)

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Memories Don't Count

THE third issue in the month of June in the year 1947—you will all remember, Catherine de Medici was on the throne of France and Sophie Tucker was singing at the Palace—*Saturday Review's* cover was decorated with the likeness of Emmet John Hughes who had just written "Report from Spain." Brooks Atkinson's wife Oriana had written a book about their experiences in Moscow during the war, and Lippincott had won an advertising award for its campaign on "The Egg and I." Simon and Schuster had two big best sellers, "Gentleman's Agreement" and "Peace of Mind." A writer signing himself "Bennett Cerf" announced in his column, called TRADE WINDS, that Rinehart's two big guns, Fred Wakeman and Charles Jackson, would have new novels for the fall, that Irwin Shaw was 1,100 pages along on his first novel called "The Killing Mart," and that John Mason Brown would call his memoirs, "John Brown's Body."

On the cover, somewhere under Mr. Hughes's chin, ran a modest announcement about the commencement of this department, and back on page 32, and 33 for that matter, there ran a note I wrote on postwar France preceded by reviews by Bernard Frizell of new books on that emerging country, one by Sydney Clark and another by Fritz Henle and Elliot Paul. The travel book shelf was so skimpy then that we also recommended books in the "So You're Going . . ." series which had been published in 1937 and 1938.

Of the cast I have mentioned, Mr. Hughes, by then twenty-seven, an alumnus of OWI, and at that moment *Time*'s bureau chief in Rome, later wrote Eisenhower's speeches, became his administrative assistant, returned to commercial life as chief correspondent for Time-Life, and is now public relations counselor to the Rockefellers. Mr. Wakeman and Mr. Jackson have not been heard from in some time, Mr. Cerf is heard from on Sunday nights, Mr. Paul has died. Mr. Henle is still taking pictures, and Sydney Clark, whom I have since met along any number of odd trails around the world, has written twenty books on travel, the most recent of which is "All the Best in the South Pacific." His 1947 reviewer, Mr. Frizell, after a stint as a novelist, is back being a communicator, having recently been named to NBC's Paris staff.

SR's first travel piece, which is reprinted below, was written only three years after the Normandy invasion. France had worked so hard to clean up the mess left by the war that there were more accommodations available for tourists in the summer of 1947 than there was transportation to fetch them across the seas. The bad luck of the *Normandie* had coursed through all the French merchant marine. The *Europa*, given to France as war reparations by Germany, had sunk at Le Havre and had to be refloated. The *Ile de France*, which the French had expected to return to the pleasure lanes of the Atlantic, was diverted to carry troops to the new war in Indo-

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO IN FRANCE

Of France's fifty-million Frenchmen, no less than a million and a half make their living in tourism. This imposing array of innkeepers, taxi drivers, tour guides, railway conductors, bellhops, chambermaids, club owners, and postcard vendors have hacked away at the ruins and residue of the oppression with considerable gusto. It is today, three years after the invasion, a curious irony that France is ready to receive more tourists than there is transportation available to ferry them abroad.

The ill-starred fate of the *Normandie* has had echoes through the whole French merchant fleet. The old *Europa*, turned over to France as part of German reparations, hoisted the tri-color, was renamed *La Liberté*, and promptly sank in the harbor of Le Havre. She has been refloated again, but it will be many months before she enters the Atlantic run. The *Ile de France*, pre-war gala wagon, has been plying poilus to Indo-China, and is now being refitted. Until the *De Grasse* rejoins the fleet in mid-July, the honor of the French marine is being maintained by two reconditioned ships named, with a certain lack of respect for French heritage, the *Wisconsin* and the *Oregon*. The two ships plough the ocean in anywhere from ten to fourteen days, a trip that requires Air France or any of the other transatlantic air carriers slightly over sixteen hours. But plane passage during the summer will be about as tight as ship space, and both are as hard to find as a four-room apartment.

Word comes from abroad that the situation on land is not nearly so bad. There is even a hopeful note about the improvement of the coffee, and with it an admonition to avoid what is known as "national coffee," a rather unhappy substitute. According to our advices, travelers should find fruit in the south, butter most anywhere, soap in a number of places, toilet tissue throughout. The well-known restaurants and night spots in Paris are high, but no more expensive than their counterparts here. The Folies Bergère grinds on, and one can still see an authentic can-can at the Bal Tabarin. Most American movies are two or three years old, and we have had a distracting report that a spot check conducted in Paris before her arrival there recently revealed an alarmingly small number of people who had ever heard of Rita Hayworth.

No doubt about it, there is some ill humor anent the appetite of American tourists, welling up, we judge, from some of the Frenchmen who are not, in one way or another, making a living from the tourists. Generally, however, the easy-going, informal, slouchy air of France, which was always its lure for Americans, has in no way been hastened, altered, or impaired. A gentleman we know recently had reservations from Paris to Megève, and was assigned to a lower in a closed compartment that had two berths. Nobody arrived to claim the upper until two minutes before the train departed, when a handsome blonde lady opened the door and walked in. Our man spoke no French and the lady no English, and so the fellow was left to his unilingual thoughts. By means of some gesticulative terms of the international sign language the lady finally conveyed her intended departure from the train by 5 a.m. She thereby won the right to his lower berth, he taking the upper. "Those things will happen in France," says our friend, a laconic fellow anyway.

HORACE SUTTON,
Saturday Review, June 21, 1947.

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Biwako

■ Biwako Nakamura has two great interests, mountains and music. This is very Japanese. For in Japan many sages feel you can achieve serenity and enlightenment through a close study of nature and art. As a hostess aboard a DC-8 Jet Courier of Japan Air Lines, Biwako certainly shows serenity and that native desire to serve which every Japanese girl possesses. It's one of the reasons your flight to the Orient is so delightful, as you fly amid the calm beauty of Japan at almost the speed of sound.

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China. The honor of the fleet was being sustained by the *Wisconsin* and the *Oregon*. Air France was managing the Atlantic in the incredible speed of sixteen hours. Abroad, there was a promise of better coffee and an apology for the high prices. American movies were several years old, few people had heard of Rita Hayworth (Who?), and the Folies Bergère and the Bal Tabarin seemed immortal.

In the years since then the *Ile* was reconditioned, had its second run, and was retired. The last we heard of her she appeared in a riotous movie in which the script called for her to be wrecked. The *Europa* was supposed to be berthed at the Seattle Fair this summer as a floating hotel, news which caused a thousand gourmets from coast to coast to salivate. She was certainly one of the best French restaurants in the world, and I never think of caviar that I fail to recall how great shuddering chunks of it fell from the headwaiters' ladles every night at dinner. I haven't the vaguest notion of what happened to the *Wisconsin* or the *Oregon*, but Air France is alive and well, and in its prime. Its sixteen-hour crossings have been cut to six and less. Coffee in France has returned to normal, if you can call French coffee normal, and the apologies for the high prices continue. Few people remember Rita Hayworth, and although the Bal Tabarin has succumbed, the Folies Bergère is indestructible.

In my own case, I'm getting less indestructible every year, and I wonder, sometimes, how they're feeling over at the Folies. It did not, as I recall, occur to me that June day in 1947 when the travel department in *SR*, or *SRL*, as it was called then, appeared, but I was most certainly stepping on a merry-go-round from which I find it rather difficult to step down. When I went to Paris that year, it was an adventure. We ate on ration books in those days, and most of the time I slept in my clothes. France that autumn was cold. I had been invited by its owner to stay in the Hotel George V, an elegant Paris establishment only recently vacated in turn by the German general staff and the American high command. The franc was running less than 200 to the dollar, and a breakfast in my elegant quarters, the only morning I had it there, ran better than four dollars. Thereafter I slept in the George V and had my breakfast with the working people in a saloon down the block—a hard-boiled egg and a glass of white wine.

If it never ceased to be a pleasure, Paris became less of an adventure. Other adventures unfolded, one after the other. There was Rome that lay to the south and England that lay to the north. There was the shock of returning to Germany after the war and taking orders from the uniforms I had spent so much time trying to conquer. I got over the Franco qualms and saw Spain and marvelled at it, and made landfall in Scandinavia, pushing north on foot one energetic summer, through the tundra and the snowy fields of the Lapps in the far north of Sweden. And then Hawaii, which I have never gotten over, and Japan, and Cairo and Beirut and Jordan, and an unforgettable and rather eerie walk through the Mandelbaum gate into Israel.

It was Russia by 1955 and the same year to Tahiti, and I think as I look back on it now that Tahiti was the same adventure that Paris was in 1947. Eventually there was a return to Tahiti and a call at Fiji, and finally a run down to Australia. There were returns to Russia, too, and deep penetrations into Uzbekistan and Kazakhstan in Soviet Central Asia, then over Afghanistan and into India and around the corner into Southeast Asia. Nor do I forget a salmon caught in Alaska, summers in Hawaii, and the upside down seasons of South America. In between, there were treks across Yucatan and into the more urbane centers of Mexico, to Cuernavaca and Acapulco, and one day—when the populace, dressed up in fake spade beards and lampshade hats, was doing a hopping dance and throwing eggshells filled with perfume—to Tepoztlán. There was Rio for Carnival and Brasilia at its beginning, first flights over the pole, first jet excursions to Europe, and a daylight sortie over Greenland shining in the sun. In between times there were flittings through the Caribbean and through the Bahamas, to Tobago and Trinidad, Martinque and Marie Galante, Antigua and Barbuda, Nevis and Tortola, Bonaire and St. Bart's, and even Saba, reached in a sickening four-hour sail once from St. Martin's. And still I haven't done them all—not St. Lucia, St. Kitts, St. Vincent's, nor Grenada. Not Dominica, nor Anguilla, nor Virgin Gorda.

You might not think that wanderlust infects the professional wanderer, but I assure you that there are interludes when the soul yearns for sun-swept days on the black beach at Vulcano with the hot springs bubbling up at the shore's very edge; for strolls down the alleys that pass for streets on the strange island of Stromboli. I am called back to Brittany and the wizened fishermen of Douarnenez with their flat berets and wooden shoes, to Stockholm on a summer's evening when the sun never goes down and no one goes to bed, to Copenhagen that is the essence of a humor that is both wry and fey, to the isles of Greece and

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the sands of St. John. I would flee in a nonce to the dunes of Acapulco, to the coves of the Costa Brava. I count among the world's great sights the fjords in Norway and the harbor at Hong Kong. Hotels that dazzled me have been Las Brisas at Acapulco, the Hanalei Plantation in Hawaii, the Gavina at S'Agaro in Spain, the Auberge de la Colombe d'Or in St. Paul de Vence; nor do I pass up the big-city efficiency of the Baur au Lac in Zurich, the rich tradition of the Royal Danieli in Venice, the Excelsior in Rome, the Palace in Madrid, the splendor of the suites at the Imperial and the Asoka in New Delhi, and the polished gentility of the Bolívar in Lima. Ask me about adventures and I must mention Machu Picchu and Angkor and Kazakhstan, but there is more to come. Africa awaits, and Ceylon and Nepal, and I itch to sail a boat along the Amazon to Iquitos and Manaus where divas sang opera in the rubber boom days before World War I. I remind myself that it is too long since I have been to Vienna, and I have left Warsaw and Prague, Bucharest and Budapest unexplored.

Accounts of these future invasions will, I suspect, be appearing here as long as the arches hold out. Similar promises of the future, I am reminded, were carried in that June issue of fifteen years ago. A house ad invited readers to return for the second edition of "Booked for Travel," the new feature. It would talk of Mexico. "From gringo to vaquero—eet ees easy, señor," it said, "Just slip into a serape, fry a few frijoles, tipple, perhaps, un poco litre de tequila (no es necessario to get perfect*amente* borracho) and—ole!—, Mejico! Fiesta, ai-yai-yai-yai!" My we were nimble in 1947.

Alongside the ad ran a piece by Louis Kronenberger, listed as drama critic of *Time* and *PM*; and farther on there was a column on new editions by Ben Ray Redman and the Phoenix Nest conducted by William Rose Benét. Mr. Kronenberger has resigned from *Time*. *PM* is extinct. Ben Ray Redman and William Rose Benét are gone. The old Personals filled the last page of the issue."Lady wishes to correspond with gentlemen who like good music," went one. An ex-service girl, "still readjusting," was busy inviting "distracting correspondence from amusing males." And somewhere in our readership, there was a "vegetarian male" who was eager to "share country habitat of another vegetarian for summer." Alas we don't take invitational advertisements like that anymore, but I have found myself, this week, speculating about those faceless seekers as much as I have about the familiar names that greeted me from the yellowing pages. I wonder what's become of them all.

—Horace Sutton.

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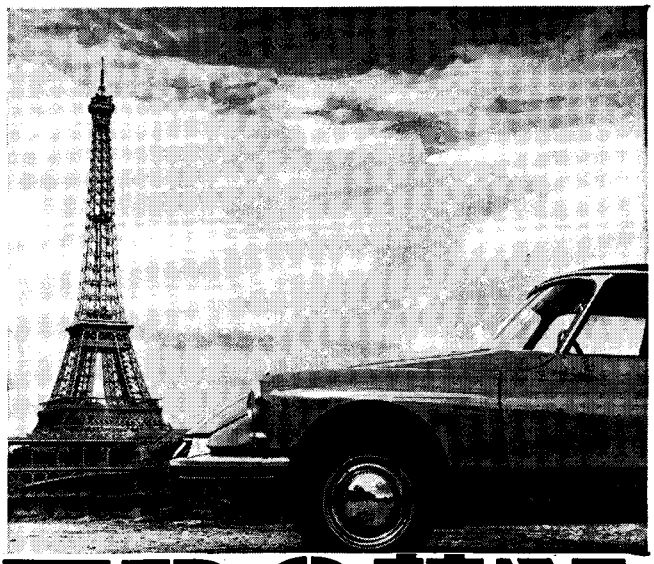

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MID-MONTH RECORDINGS

The Dancer's Debt to Stravinsky (and Balanchine)

Conductors, choreographers, and critics have had their say on the size and shape of Stravinsky and his music. Why not a dancer, who has been an integer in the sum of the composer's writing almost from the beginning? Melissa Hayden, who has danced many Stravinsky ballets with The New York City Ballet, gives her view of past creations and the new "The Flood."

By MELISSA HAYDEN

MUCH has been written about Igor Stravinsky on the occasion of his eightieth birthday and the television première of his latest collaboration with George Balanchine, "The Flood." Sprinkled through these writings are terms like neo-classic, atonal, twelve-tone scale, and the like. Such terms may correctly describe Stravinsky for critics of music, but for dancers who grew into maturity under the teaching and choreography of Balanchine and the music of Stravinsky, they do not describe the profound debt of gratitude we have for both men.

"Firebird" was the first lead I danced in a Balanchine-Stravinsky ballet. At first I treated it like any role. I thought through the characterization and decided what dramatic qualities were required. When I danced my first performance my interpretation was too strong for the ballet. The next performance I softened my characterization and it was uninteresting. I asked Mr. Balanchine what was wrong. Just dance, he told me, and the steps and music will take care of the acting.

The next performance I just danced. I heard a bird's wings fluttering in the music, and I became a firebird, high-strung and imperious like the music. I added nothing and yet when the ballet was over I felt a complete satisfaction in my work.

What I had to understand was the experience. In "Firebird" Stravinsky was a musical storyteller. He was using notes like words in a book. He built suspense like an author and then resolved his fairy tale into tenderness and love. The majesty of his work was that, if George Balanchine had never existed to add movement, or, if I had never taken a ballet lesson, the story would have been, complete and total, in the music.

Balanchine's genius lay in his ability to step into this artistic entity and weave a tapestry of movement through it, adding an extra dimension of sight, without once imposing on the integrity of the music.

I began to understand my function as a ballerina. I was not a creator on stage: I was the instrument who carried out the wishes of the composer and choreographer. For a time it was an unflattering thought that I could only be as good a dancer as the ballet I was dancing. But I soon realized that this concept added scope and discipline to myself as a performer. It forced me to understand every aspect of the story, movement, and music of each ballet I danced.

I was happy with my new-found place in ballet. It was challenging and exciting to be the perfect instrument for genius. I felt that I was understanding Balanchine and Stravinsky and was very happy with the association.

But trying to make predictions about either man's work is like trying to hold the Firebird herself. Touch her and she darts to another corner of the stage, hold her and she flutters nervously until she is released and can soar again.

Balanchine and Stravinsky had other plans for dancers. They gave us a little time to understand the fundamentals of working within the framework of their creation and then demanded that we create along with them.

The first hint of change was when Mr. Balanchine began to take an active role in teaching company class. In place of teaching us the correct way to execute steps he taught us the correct way to *dance* them.

He stressed accent and musical phrasing. He taught us to anticipate the music, dancing on top of it, as he called it, instead of landing on the music, smack dab, heavy in the middle. When we were beginning to master the lightness and quickness this new accent allowed us, he began to reteach us all the steps and movements we knew. The steps were the same; but he taught us how to phrase each step differently. Sometimes we spent a whole section of a class doing a glissade (a gliding movement) with many different phrasings. The identical movement began to take on different shadings so that we enlarged our vocabulary of dance to speak with nuance or subtlety, strength or tenderness, the same movement as the music required.

Many dancers in the company could not adapt to this new stress, and the company began to turn over dancers as it had never done before.

Balanchine still does not feel his task is complete, but when I teach class for him as I often do, I get a feeling of awe as I watch today's youngsters in class. The New York City Ballet Company is a completely different company today, filled with young dancers, most of whom are under twenty years of age, products of the American School of Ballet, who can dance like no one even conceived of dancing ten years ago.

At the time Balanchine was rebuilding his company in the classroom, he was putting us to our mettle on the stage. For some time his choreography had been taking the shape of a visual orchestration of the musical score: he used his dancers like instruments of the orchestra. Now he began increasing the complexity of his orchestrations. Some dancers he used as counterpoint, others for melody. Still another group would supply the rhythm of the work. He blended dancers into a complex of visual sound that with lesser composers than Stravinsky often transcended the music and gave it a dignity it never had by itself. As we increased in technical facility Balanchine increased in complexity and brilliance. I imagined the frustration he must have felt as he waited for us to catch up with him so that he could go on.

When I was beginning to feel at home in these new musical ballets I was asked to dance another Balanchine-Stravinsky work, "Orpheus." The part of Eurydice was much easier for me than "Firebird." I had a deeper knowledge of musicality and I understood Balanchine's two-fold purpose of movement for its own sake while it told a story. Again, as in "Firebird," Stravinsky spelled out the story in music and all I had to do was dance—but not quite. Musically, characters entered

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and left the story—the Dark Messenger, Eurydice, the Bacchantes—but each character was musically played off the central music of Orpheus, which ran throughout. The amazing thing was that this central music, on which Stravinsky hinged the whole story, sublimated itself instead of being dominant and provided only a foundation on which Stravinsky required Orpheus to build his own personality.

Orpheus could, if he chose, be a weak lover, lost and alone, searching the world for his love, or he could with strength and fortitude be a man with a single purpose. When he found Eurydice and finally succumbed to temptation by taking off his mask, he was allowed the choice of being a man tempted by a woman's endless wiles, or a tragic figure cheated by the Gods. I took my cue from Orpheus. If he was weak, I became a strong temptress. If he was tragic, I was a weak woman carried along by the fates.

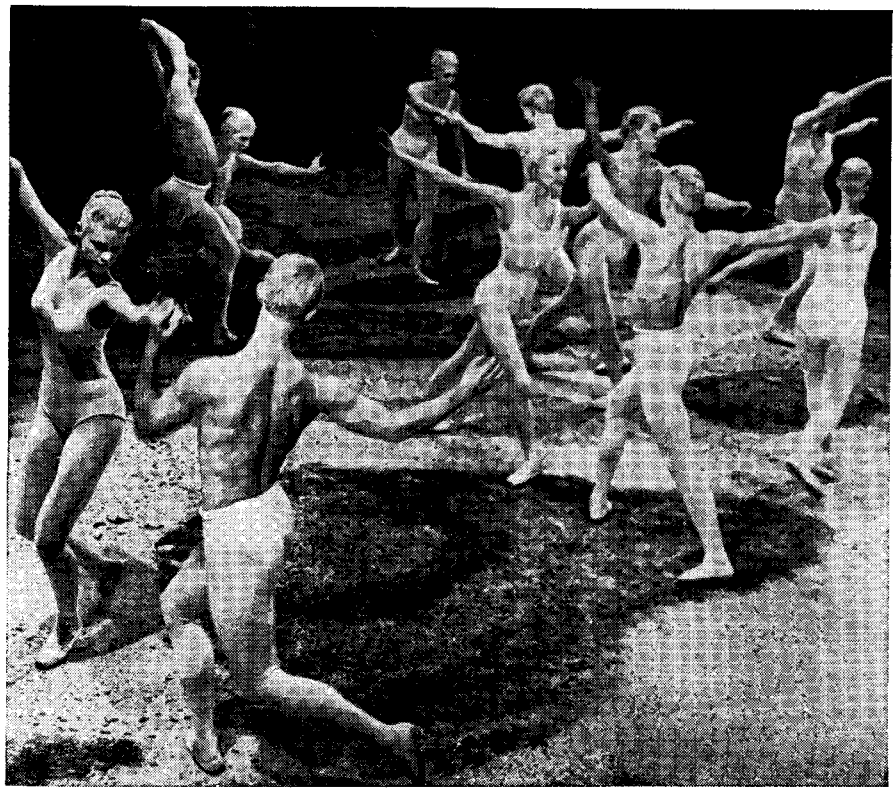
I felt I was receiving a new recognition from Balanchine and Stravinsky. They were accepting me as a creator along with them. They were giving me the opportunity to enjoy myself on stage, to improvise as I danced, with beautiful music and movement as my anchor. What was amazing was that the same music which had its own individual character could still allow such flexibility. Eurydice was a far cry from the "just dance the steps" instructions I received in "Firebird," but it was that kind of discipline and thought that allowed me to meet the challenge of Eurydice.

I listened to the music at home as well as danced it. As audience, too, I was required to give myself emotionally to the work in order to enjoy it. I had the feeling that, just as Balanchine and Stravinsky were carefully bringing the dancers along with them, they were carefully leading the audiences forward, making them supply more and more of themselves so that they could both ultimately do the kind of work they wanted. I wondered what that would be.

I HADN'T long to wait. Stravinsky had begun his work with the twelve-tone scale, and Balanchine was there to meet the challenge. He commissioned Stravinsky to create a new ballet, "Agon." Balanchine began again faithfully to print the music choreographically on the stage. In keeping with the twelve-tone scale, he used twelve dancers. Stravinsky worked in triplets, so Balanchine utilized first two boys and a girl, then two girls and a boy. Then he blended the company on stage together in groups of three.

With the new sound Balanchine created new movement. Muscles we never knew we had were aching and stiff after rehearsal. We broke every rule of classical ballet, dancing turned-in instead of turned-out with our feet

(*Continued on page* 38)



"The Flood"—"A suggestion that this . . . is not the end but the beginning of life."

"The Flood" on Disc

TECHNOLOGY being what it is, it should surprise no one that Igor Stravinsky's "The Flood" (Columbia stereo MS 6357, $5.98) is available for consumption and comment even before George Balanchine's choreographic complement to the music has been seen on TV (CBS, June 14). Indeed, the sound track created in Los Angeles in March under the composer's direction served as the inflexible taskmaster for Balanchine's imagination (second thoughts after their original collaboration were hardly possible) as well as for the commercial recording issued by Columbia.

So much for technology. The artistic category of "The Flood" is not so much incidental music to a text (assembled by Robert Craft from the Book of Genesis, the York and Chester cycles of miracle plays, and an anonymous metaphysical poem which is sometimes spoken by Laurence Harvey, Sebastian Cabot and Elsa Lanchester, sometimes sung by John Reardon, Robert Oliver, and Richard Robinson) as it is scenic oratorio.

If this conforms to no known category of tradition, neither does the medium, to whose opportunities Stravinsky and Balanchine (aided by the visual designs of Rouben Ter-Arutunian, including the masks pictured on the cover of *SR*) have responded with characteristic ingenuity.

Musically, "The Flood" is a remarkable example of comprehension with compression, taking in impulses that recall a panorama of Stravinsky from "Les Noces" (choral chanting in Latin) through "The Rake's Progress" (a countertenor-sounding Satan, a "calling" of the animals which recalls the Auctioneer's selling-off of Tom Rakewell's properties), and rhythmic details akin to "Agon" (reclaiming, on the way, some of Orff's "borrowings" for "Carmina Burana").

Together, however, Stravinsky has made of all these a musical montage which tells the story from the creation of the world, the exodus from Paradise, the building of the Ark, and the "Covenant of the Rainbow" to the final "Sanctus, Sanctus" of the chorus without a waste moment or measure. The very ending strikes me as aurally unresolved, but perhaps it has its fulfillment visually.

With it is the Mass of 1948, also conducted by the composer, utilizing a chorus trained by Gregg Smith. Its interplay of instrumental and vocal elements is beautifully rendered in the performance and its reproduction.

—I.K.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS: JAZZ LPs

TITLE, PERSONNEL, DATA	REPORT
Ray Brown: "With the All-Star Big Band." Brown, bass; Cannonball Adderley, alto saxophone; Ernie Wilkins, arranger and conductor. Verve V-8444, $4.98; stereo, $5.98.	Ray Brown, usually heard with the Oscar Peterson Trio, is joined here by the understandably ubiquitous Adderley Brothers, a band of fifteen top New York musicians, and arranger Ernie Wilkins as conductor. For a display of pizzicato artistry on bass and cello, the big band isn't the ideal combination, although Duke Ellington, Andy Gibson and Gerald Wilson have shown in the past that it may profitably be employed for the purpose. The fine nuances required in performance are perhaps only possible with bands which work together regularly. The alto-and-bass lines on "It Happened in Monterey" and "Cannon Bilt" are delightful, but the record's best moments are the thumbed bass parts which open and close "Thumbstring." They illustrate one of the reasons for Brown's preeminence in the profession—a gift for the original which is surprising, illuminating, yet not complex.
"Butterbeans and Susie." Jody and Susie Edwards, vocals; Sidney De Paris, Joe Thomas, trumpets; Dicky Wells, Benny Morton, trombones; Earle Warren, alto saxophone; Gene Sedric, clarinet; Eddie Junior, piano; Leonard Gaskin, bass; Jimmie Crawford, drums. Festival 7000, $4.98; stereo, $5.98.	This isn't the usual resuscitation of aged and exhausted talent, although the famous team of Butterbeans and Susie were recording for Okeh back in the Twenties with musicians like King Oliver, Louis Armstrong, Clarence Williams and, as regular accompanist, Eddie Heywood, Sr. Their singing and repartee are full of vitality and humor, and the material illustrates in part the long, seldom-discussed liaison between jazz and vaudeville. For example, they sing "There'll Be Some Changes Made," a number specially written for them which subsequently became a jazz standard. The three accompanying groups are excellent, with individual honors going to Sidney De Paris on "Blues for Home Sweet Home," Dicky Wells on "Until the Real Thing Comes Along," and pianist-arranger Eddie Junior throughout.
Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis and Johnny Griffin: "Blues Up and Down." Davis, Griffin, tenor saxophones; Lloyd Mayers, piano; Larry Gales, bass; Ben Riley, drums. Jazzland JLP 60, $4.98; stereo, $5.98.	This set of seven blues was made soon after pianist Mayers replaced Junior Mance, and before the rhythm section had attained fully effective unity, but the co-leaders were clearly undismayed. Davis, who has the warmer tone and less intense style, solos first on all but "Walkin' " and the last title of each side. "Layin' On Mellow," at slow tempo, contrasts agreeably with the faster numbers.
"Great Big Band and Friends." Nat Adderley, Benny Bailey, trumpets; Coleman Hawkins, tenor saxophone; Lucky Thompson, tenor and soprano saxophones; Toots Thielemans, harmonica; with the Harry Arnold Orchestra. Jazzland JLP 65, $4.98; stereo JLP 965, $5.98.	Recorded in Sweden, five American visitors are here featured with Harry Arnold's fine band. The most interesting performance is "Frosty Morning," an original by Lucky Thompson on which he plays soprano sax. He has isolated the instrument's essential character in a way which conveys an ethereal quality, provides a new projection of his musical personality, and is very beautiful in combination with the orchestral backgrounds. His agile tenor improvisation in "On Easy Street," however, suffers in comparison with the two appearances of that hardy perennial, Coleman Hawkins, who can run changes fast and also involve the listener emotionally. His "On the Sunny Side of the Street" is a particularly well-told story, right from its deceptively easy opening.
Memphis Slim: "Memphis Slim, U.S.A." Memphis Slim, vocal and piano; Jazz Gillum, vocal and harmonica; Arbee Stidham, vocal and guitar. Candid 8024, $4.98; stereo 9024, $5.98.	Already as popular in Europe as here, Memphis Slim seems the likeliest contender for the late Big Bill Broonzy's crown. Though the folklorists may dispute the succession, on the jazz side of the house there is a rare degree of unanimity among both listeners and musicians. "Real, honest piano playing," pianist Tommy Flanagan has said, while Paul Gonsalves, a discerning judge, has admiringly pronounced the artist "authentic." In this album Slim sings and plays, and accompanies and is accompanied by a pair of lesser blues men. The contrasts thus afforded serve to emphasize his authority. "You don't learn the blues in school," he sings, a man undefeated by life, with far more pride and irony than self-pity in his big, passionate voice.
Charlie Mingus: "Tijuana Moods." Mingus, bass; Clarence Shaw, trumpet; Jimmy Knepper, trombone; Curtis Parker, alto saxophone; Bill Triglia, piano; Danny Richmond, drums; Frankie Dunlop, percussion; Ysabel Morel, castanets; Lonnie Elder, voices. RCA Victor LPM 2533, $3.98; stereo LSP 2533, $4.98.	"This is the best record I ever made," Charlie Mingus says. It is a musical re-creation of a visit he and his drummer paid to the Mexican border town. Typically tumultuous, it contrasts passages of wild, uninhibited improvisation with skillfully wrought ensembles. Unlike his other current album ("Oh, Yeah," Atlantic 1377) which compounds rage, despair, scorn, and boisterous humor, this one seems not to seek deliberately to shock the listener. The sensitive, unhurried phrasing of Clarence Shaw on trumpet is responsible for some unexpectedly serene moments.
Marlowe Morris: "Play the Thing." Morris, organ; Buck Clayton, trumpet; Matthew Gee, trombone; Edmond Hall, clarinet; Buddy Tate, tenor saxophone; Ray Barretto, bongos; Jo Jones, Gus Johnson, drums. Columbia CL 1819, $3.98; stereo CS 8619, $4.98.	Most jazz exponents of the organ either simulate a jazz orchestra or a horn, but Marlowe Morris, like Fats Waller and Count Basie, plays the instrument without sacrificing a jot of its character. His music here is warm, joyful, and relaxed, and it is the heart of a record to which many other good things have been added. There are irreproachable solos of the kind one has learned to expect from Buck Clayton; Buddy Tate blows his infectious, swinging tenor; and Matthew Gee and Edmond Hall make lively and appropriate comments.
Ike Quebec: "Heavy Soul." Quebec, tenor saxophone; Freddie Roach, organ; Milt Hinton, bass; Al Harewood, drums. Blue Note 4093, $4.98.	This is a welcome set by a musician who was a casualty of the mid-Forties, when big bands waned in popularity and bop overturned old values. A tenor player with a large, firm tone, Quebec basically belongs to the Hawkins school, as is notably evident in his moving interpretation of ballads. There is a lot of soul here, in the original meaning of the word, and it is artistically expressed without recourse to fashionably harsh dialectics. Moreover, as Leonard Feather suggests in his sympathetic notes, the selection of titles hints at "autobiographical reminiscence."
"Who's Who in the Swinging Sixties": the groups of Dave Brubeck, Sir Charles Thompson, Louis Armstrong, Gerry Mulligan, Mose Allison, Chico Hamilton, Carmen McRae, Miles Davis, Jazz All-Stars, Lambert, Hendricks and Ross; Andre Previn, J. J. Johnson, Duke Ellington, Lionel Hampton. Columbia CL 1765, $3.98; stereo CS 8565, $4.98.	This collection is an hour long and quantitatively a bargain, but qualitatively it doesn't all swing. Louis Armstrong's trumpet unquestionably does on "Since Love Had Its Way," a number he and his band made with the Dave Brubeck Quartet. So does the Duke Ellington orchestra in its exciting TV theme, "Asphalt Jungle Twist." Carmen McRae swings prettily and Gerry Mulligan determinedly. Miles Davis, muted horn on mike, and J. J. Johnson in informal mood, swing in their own personal fashions. The Jazz All Stars, recorded in 1959, sound quite genteel in comparison with those stars of the New Wave whom the album, perhaps by design, does not encompass. Is it significant, though, that the two musicians responsible for the most swing are both in their sixties? —Stanley Dance.

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Meyerbeer's "Les Huguenots"

By TEODORO CELLI

MILAN.

THE BIG season at La Scala, now nearing its close, has offered a "first" of extraordinary interest, a daring revival of Giacomo Meyerbeer's principal opera, "Les Huguenots," not performed in this Milanese theatre for more than sixty years, since the version prepared by Toscanini in February, 1899. I say "daring" because to go back to the staging of these five acts requires courage. Meyerbeer no longer counts for much in the great opera houses of the world. The risk, then, was of exhuming a veritable "mummy." Nor did histories of music, which generally treat the Berlin master with utmost disdain, appear to encourage such an undertaking. Furthermore, even a hasty glance at the score was enough to grasp what a superb roster of singers would be needed.

Well, La Scala dared—and has conquered. Maestro Gianandrea Gavazzeni proved capable of carrying out the task. The roster of singers was the most admirable possible today. And Meyerbeer—at least in "Les Huguenots," presented in Italian translation as "Gli Ugonotti"—turns out not to be a "mummy." And in truth an enigma long has been tormenting some students. Was it possible that the man who, a century ago, literally dominated the European lyric theater (from "Robert le Diable," 1831, to "L'Africaine," posthumously staged in 1865), should have been nothing but the seeker after facile effects, the slave to public bad taste to whom the most superficial judges allude? Now we can realize that "Les Huguenots," composed in 1836, when neither Verdi nor Wagner had begun their extraordinary careers, and when Rossini already had laid down his pen ("Guillaume Tell," 1829), is one of the indispensable events in the historic evolution of romantic opera.

"Les Huguenots" is the product of a great "director" of sounds who was attempting, within the exigencies of a style, to realize what today's movie argot calls a "spectacular." But because that "director"—in this case the composer—was truly an artist, behold that among the grandiosely designed spectacular scenes, the souls of the characters and their drama little by little begin to take on life. The opera opens in an atmosphere of elegant superficiality and ends with the events of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, here projected in all its fanatic ferocity by the flashing theme confided to trumpets and trombones. Amid all this is placed the human predicament most charged with emotion of any that the expert Scribe and Deschamps could devise.

Everything surges to a climax in the fourth act, one of the century's most inspired and dramatic conceptions. Over these pages the young Wagner and Verdi bent; here, as scholars of genius, they learned. The Conjuration Scene, preparing for the carnage, has a terrifying verisimilitude. The aria "La causa è santa" only too clearly brings to mind "Aida," which was composed thirty-four years later. A shudder ripples through the voices and orchestra with the theme "De' fedeli intorno la folla sparse sia . . ." And the Benediction of the Swords is a severe, grand cathedral of sound.

Then comes the great duet between Raoul and Valentine. And in these pages we find the summit of Meyerbeer's genius—never, furthermore, denied by anyone. One after another, impressive details seize upon the listener. From "Stringe il periglio" (the Verdian "Tutte le feste al tempio" came sixteen years later) to the phrase "Dillo ancor, che m'ami dì"—for which the adjective sublime can be used—one understands the words in which Wagner (anything but benevolent toward Meyerbeer) described it in the essay called "The Opera and the Essence of Music": "Like the most aromatic flower, this is born from a stage situation that grasps all the fibers of the human heart in a sorrowful enchantment; few of even the most nearly perfect things in musical drama can be compared to it." And we note how Saint-Saëns literally was so possessed by this melody that he introduced it into "Samson et Dalila" (1877) at the words "Ah, réponds à ma tendresse . . ." The act ends with a very powerful *stretta* that truly justifies Heinrich Heine's description of Meyerbeer as a "breathless genius." And when the tocsin tolled to announce the Massacre and the curtain fell, it did not seem surprising that the audience rose at once in prolonged acclamation.

Joan Sutherland as Marguerite de Valois — "prodigious technique."

"Les Huguenots," to sum up, is not only a work with which one must be familiar if one is to understand the development of nineteenth-century opera; it is also an opera that is largely alive, that seizes upon the audience and rouses it to enthusiasm. And in that case, why had it fallen into disuse? Mainly because of the immense difficulty of performing it. Among other things, Meyerbeer's "discovery," so to speak, of dividing the Rossinian dramatic *soprano d'agilità* by assigning all the ornamentation to one character (Marguerite de Valois), all the dramatic accents to another (Valentine)—an "invention" that marked the rest of the century—made the virtuosity required of the Marguerite truly astral. In order to conquer this role, nothing less is required than the prodigious technique of Joan Sutherland. Valentine, she of the chaste, touching sounds, was Giulietta Simionato, singing as a soprano for the first time, and victoriously. Franco Corelli gave Raoul the apposite sorrowful, impassioned, proud, melancholy character. The bass Nicolai Ghiaurov was a powerful Marcel. Wladimiro Ganzarolli made a most elegant Nevers, Giorgio Tozzi an evocative St.-Bris, Fiorenza Cossotto a stylistically admirable Urbain. And all of these roles are extremely difficult.

The spectacle was filled out by the scenery of Nicola Benois, in a fresh view of nineteenth-century tradition. Under Norberto Mola, the chorus lived up to the reputation of the Scala chorus. Maestro Gianandrea Gavazzeni wisely had also undertaken the task of "cutting" the enormous score here and there, reducing its bulk without deleting any essentials. To him belongs the great merit of having conducted the performance with so much fire that it became the most clamorous and complete success of the year at La Scala. *(Translated from the Italian by Herbert Weinstock.)*

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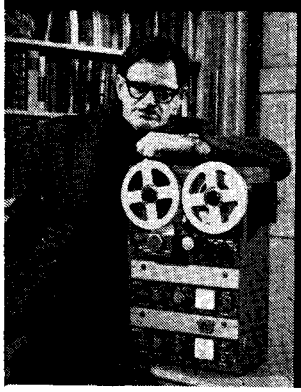

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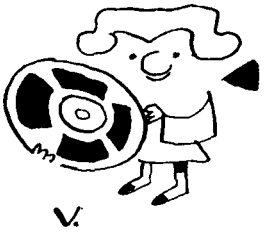

"THE BRIDGE" (RCA Victor LPM/LSP-2527) is the first new recording by tenor saxophonist Sonny Rollins since a self-enforced retirement in late 1959, when he withdrew from all concert and nightclub appearances.

By then, Rollins had already proved himself an authoritative soloist, and he had shown the rare capacity to combine a grandstanding bravura with artistry, the like of which jazz had not seen since the Louis Armstrong of the mid-Thirties. His style was his own, to be sure, but it echoed both the forceful tone and assertive manner of Coleman Hawkins and the deep love of melody of Lester Young. Rollins also had a dexterous but disciplined rhythmic authority obviously learned from Charlie Parker. Almost single-handedly Rollins has made a synthesis of over fifteen years of modern jazz, and his best solos combine the spontaneity of improvisation with the thoughtful sense of design of good orchestration. Thus there was "Blue 7" (Prestige 7079), in which Rollins based tantalizing chorus after chorus on his major theme, distilling, abstracting, and elaborating, in both witty parody and serious respect. Or there was "Blues for Philly Joe" (Blue Note 4001), which turned out to be a kind of free, extemporaneous rondo, alternating choruses of theme-statement, thematic variation, and outright invention—in the form A, A, A1, A2, A3, B, C, A4, D, D1, E, A5, A, to be academically exact.

When he returned to active playing last fall, Sonny Rollins was the same, only much more so. On his best nights his work was as imaginative as ever, and sometimes even more comprehensive. I remember one concert which he finished by suddenly transforming himself into a Latin band, alternately becoming its reed, brass, and percussion sections, while simultaneously retaining his role as jazz tenor soloist—always with a musical taste and easy logic that was far beyond crowd-pleasing stuntwork. On the same occasion he played an astonishingly challenging cadenza of several out-of-tempo choruses in which he did nearly everything conceivable to trip himself up—and did lose his accompanists a couple of times—but did not lose his own way once.

All of which makes "The Bridge" doubly disappointing. To be sure, there is plenty to admire: there is the marvelous momentum which Rollins's phrasing and swing give to popular songs like "You Do Something to Me" and "Where Are You?" and Rollins's original "John S." develops from a striking idea. There are, in fact, ideas aplenty, but Rollins and his quartet seem to be playing down. It is as if he were trying to popularize himself. It happens that the very best Rollins is the most popular Rollins already, which means that he is in a very happy position for a popular artist, and surely one he should take advantage of.

It is interesting that Rollins's return virtually coincided with that of one of his stylistic progenitors, Dexter Gordon. Gordon's experience is not unique in jazz: he showed himself more than able when quite young, his stylistic message spread, and he now reappears a better soloist with a strikingly increased emotional maturity, only to find himself no longer fashionable. Gordon's "Doin' Allright" (Blue Note 4077), of a few months back, was an exceptional LP, particularly in a long blues called "Society Red"— an alternately serious and witty performance of rare melodic urgency—and in the poised swing of "It's You or No One" and "For Regulars Only." On his new Blue Note release, "Dexter Calling" (4083), Gordon's playing is not quite so cohesive, but again the graceful, easy phrasing of, say, "The End of a Love Affair" provides the kind of experience that most younger jazzmen cannot offer. "Modal Mood," on the other hand, finds an adventurous Gordon respectably executing an experiment with, as the title indicates, modality.

ONE of Gordon's companions in the mid-Forties was fellow tenor saxophonist Gene Ammons (the son, incidentally, of boogie woogie pianist Albert Ammons), who was likewise occupied with the then new idiom of modern jazz. Since then, Ammons has drastically simplified his playing, particularly in harmony, so that he has become a kind of sophisticated "rhythm-and-blues" man, regardless of the piece or the occasion at hand. His work is entertaining enough, to be sure—a kind of functionally lively background for the more ebullient bar or playroom—but it would be more than a little wearing on constant attention. "Up Tight" (Prestige 7208) is one of several new releases by Ammons after a couple of

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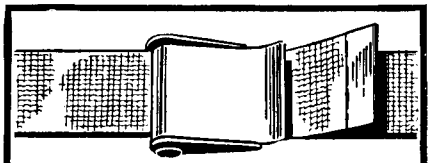

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years of inactivity. On "The Breeze and I," "Moonglow," and five others (inevitably including a couple of twelve-bar blues), Ammons is much the same, perhaps a bit more adventurous, and seems to enjoy it.

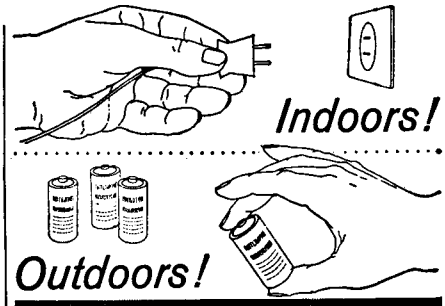
John Coltrane is the insider's idea of the "new man" on tenor saxophone, and he has become predominantly an experimentally modal, rather than harmonic, player. Impulse A-10 (mono and stereo) finds him "Live" at the Village Vanguard in New York, on both tenor and soprano sax, and with Eric Dolphy's bass clarinet in complement on one number. "Spiritual" seems a decided departure for Coltrane; his soprano sings its song with a direct and simple lyricism, a marked contrast from the furiously compulsive virtuosity he has shown previously. The second side of the LP is a long blues, "Chasin' the Train," on which Coltrane leaps directly into the areas of harmonic, structural, and tonal freedom now being explored by Ornette Coleman. The result is more startling than effective, I think, because Coltrane's playing does not show the rhythmic variety of phrasing and melody that is so compensating in Coleman's work. Coltrane's drummer, Elvin Jones, is very nearly astonishing throughout. He has truly raised the function of jazz percussion from accompaniment and timekeeping to the level of an interplaying, almost polyphonic, percussive voice, participating directly in the music, and the results are something to hear.

Benny Golson plays tenor, but I think Golson is a better composer and arranger than jazz soloist, and I might use his touching piece "Whisper Not" to demonstrate my point. The piece, with variations by Golson, is included in "Here and Now" (Mercury 20698/60698), a recital by the ensemble with the uncatchy name, the Jazztet, which Golson co-leads with trumpeter Art Farmer. The group generally shows the same sort of blandness it has maintained through several changes of trombonist and rhythm section. The exception is still Farmer: here, on both flügelhorn and trumpet, his firm lyricism glows on nearly every number, at nearly every tempo—particularly on his own "Rue Prevail." Without such playing as his, jazz might be merely a cultural curiosity. With it, jazz is indeed an improvisor's art.

—Martin Williams.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Appeal. 2. Beacon. 3. Bread. 4. Cared. 5. Cheat. 6. Creating. 7. Freight. 8. Galleon. 9. Guest. 10. Elicit. 11. Neigh. 12. Pleural. 13. Skein. 14. Evocation. 15. Wreath.



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Dancer's Debt

Continued from page 33

straight up at right angles instead of being arched and pointed.

The shifting phrasing and absence of melody forced us to begin counting at the beginning of the ballet and to dance on numbered counts rather than music. If we lost our count it was impossible to pick up the steps. I counted "Agon" for over a year until I heard the strange phrases and disconnected notes as a total work.

When I was able to stop counting I began to enjoy dancing in the ballet. The program notes said we were playing games on stage and I was beginning to experience that. In my solo part I danced to the rhythm of a castanet with the orchestra underneath. As I could hear the orchestra I allowed myself to become the castanet and no longer relied on it for any rhythm. In my work with the two boys I heard myself as one of the notes of the triplet and danced independently, following my melody back and forth while I played with the rest of my chord, blending with them or being dissonant as the music required. But in all, never have I felt more totally on my own on stage. There was no story, no melody, no mood to the music to guide me. I was there alone with sharp shifting rhythms, isolated notes, and sharp angular movements which somehow I and the other dancers had to bring together as a work by relating perfectly to each other both in style and interpretation.

The fact that the New York City Ballet Company has met this challenge and now performs "Agon" with wit and style was not accidental. We had been carefully trained, first to follow a carefully laid-out story plot, next to interpret music exactly and precisely. When we had mastered that discipline we were allowed the leeway of our own interpretation of the music and dance. The final step was "Agon" where the complete interpretation and responsibility was ours.

I have read some criticism of Stravinsky's score for "Agon." I do not believe it is valid. I believe that both Balanchine and Stravinsky have accomplished what they set out to do in that work. They have provided a stark canvas of intelligence and wit which each member of the audience can color to suit himself. As they accepted the dancers as creators, they have accepted the audience, too, and said, "Let us all create together so that each of us can enjoy our work."

The most recent Balanchine-Stravinsky ballet, "The Flood," is a daring step: it tells the story of the Bible from creation through the flood in terms of atonality and rhythm, rather than glorifying God through inspiring melody. In form it is an oratorio, with spoken word and dance superimposed. It is constructed in layers, the music providing the foundation for the work, with voice and spoken word defining the story. The dance is the top layer which fuses the entire work. Balanchine's choreography is less concerned with spelling out the music than any previous ballet. In concept it plays against the Stravinsky score and gives the work form by picking up the story's essence and punctuating it with movement.

There is an erotic *pas de deux* for Adam and Eve and the serpent, an impressionistic scene of the flood using dancers to represent the waves swirling over and around each other as the waters cover the earth. There is in Balanchine's use of boys and girls in the flood scene a suggestion that this flood is not the end but the beginning of life. Here the very waters which are destroying the earth are working in couples which seem to recreate as they destroy. The family of Noah wear similar masks and signify their sense of reality in the holocaust by moving sedately through the work, not in dance but in dignified walk.

It was important for Balanchine in this work to depart from his usual role of musical interpreter. The score, while a brilliant work, with chords and notes striking around and against one another in a fascinating pattern of shifting rhythm, just does not tell by itself or even suggest to me the story of the creation. Nor is it meant to, although I fear Stravinsky is in for even more criticism for this work than for "Agon." The combined work had the effect of eliciting from me my own thoughts about God, which I did not feel in any way were dictated from the stage.

Knowing Balanchine and Stravinsky, I am sure that this was not accident but intent. The choice of the twelve-tone scale, with its impersonal nonmelodic understatement, to provide a foundation for a story of God could only have the intent of leaving the viewer intact with his own personal convictions. The old twelfth-century church play which is used for the words seems, instead of clashing with the contemporary music, to age and mellow it. And Balanchine's choreography, which stimulates but never suggests, adds the cohesiveness that makes this work an artistic tabernacle where each member of the audience can experience God as he chooses. I do not know what Balanchine and Stravinsky will do next, what new medium they will conquer, and what new experiences they will give. I am only sure that when they do I want to be there and be a part of it.

Letters

Continued from page 15

While agreeing with the central premise of Herbert Ratner that the human body contains within itself many natural devices tending to maintain an equilibrium, or homeostasis, and that we Americans tend often to be premature in the use of drugs and other medications, I take issue with one premise. He states that our medical education is being streamlined in the wrong direction "by stressing the technological at the expense of the humanities."

Would the broad, encompassing education which Dr. Ratner champions include the study of the English language? If there need be a choice, I would prefer such study to that of Greek, which language Dr. Ratner uses so superficially to buttress his various premises. If one is to be truly educated in the Dr. Ratner sense, he should take several courses in Greek, not just one in Latin and Greek medical terminology.

Robert J. MacMichael.

Detroit, Mich.

Congratulations to Dr. Ratner and *Saturday Review* for a major contribution to public understanding of medical care.

Without detracting one iota from the magnificent research, discoveries, and modern preventive and curative care, Dr. Ratner brings to mind many side effects of our great preoccupation with health.

If Dr. Ratner is rather sweeping with his semantic axe in laying low many of the shibboleths of medical learning, we of the general public are pleased to read about this from an authentic source.

Maury M. Travis.

Denver, Colo.

Herbert Ratner's article just landed the straw on the well-known back. How about an article titled "Are Americans Over-Admonished?"

Seems to me there must be *something* about *some* Americans that's worth one good, thwacking slap on that tired back.

Harriet C. Burdsal.

Bellaire, Tex.

INSTANT APHASIA?

Francis Barbarus, a patrician of Venice and military prefect of the city-state of Brescia in 1438, during the war between Milan and Venice, was noted for his facility in Latin and Greek. A footnote in an account I read of him said that Barbarus learned the latter language from Emmanuel Chrysolora, "who restored the Greek language to Italy." According to the same account, Barbarus, while making a Latin oration at the court of Milan, suddenly lost the ability to express himself in that tongue. His memory returned, but in his old age, overnight, he lost completely his understanding of both acquired languages. Can any of your erudite readers write to me at 459 Pleasant Street, Milton, Mass., and inform me if a compartment of memory could empty itself in this fashion, leaving the rest of the mind intact?

Francis W. Ramsey, Jr.

Milton, Mass.

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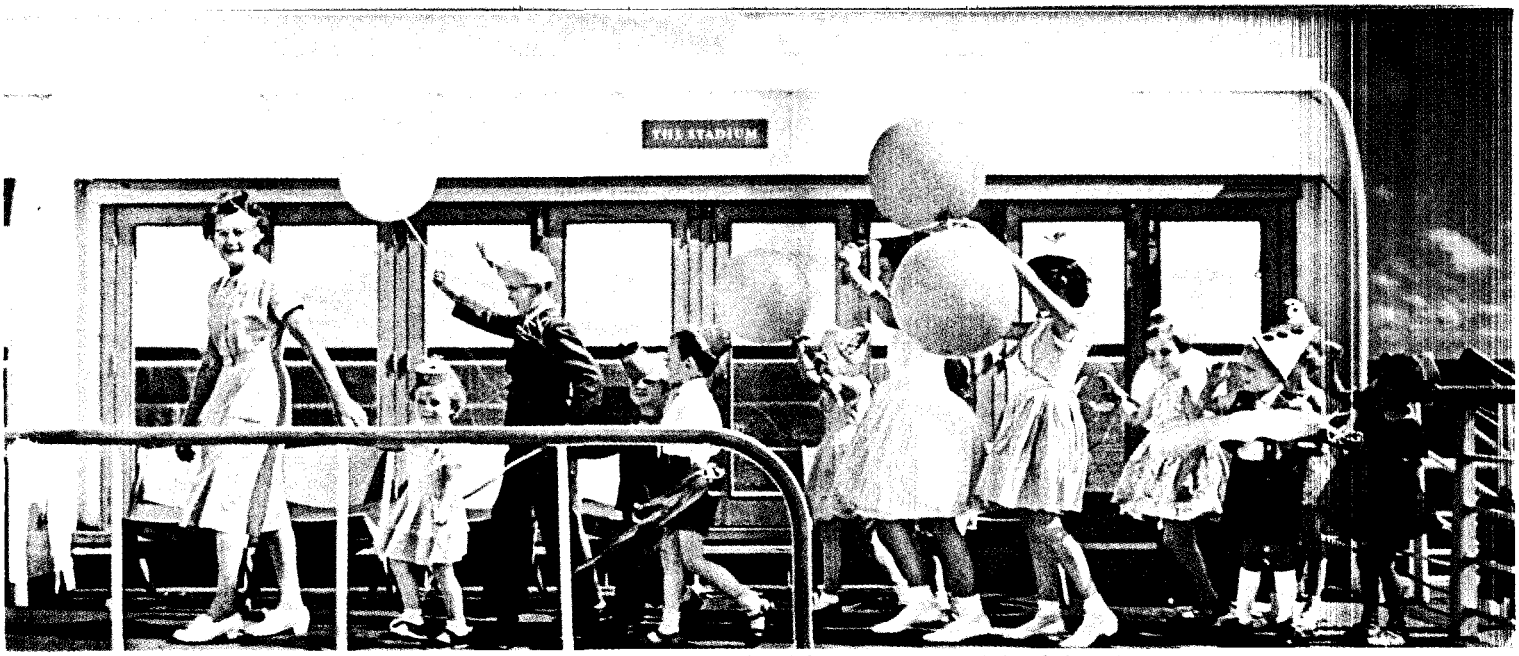

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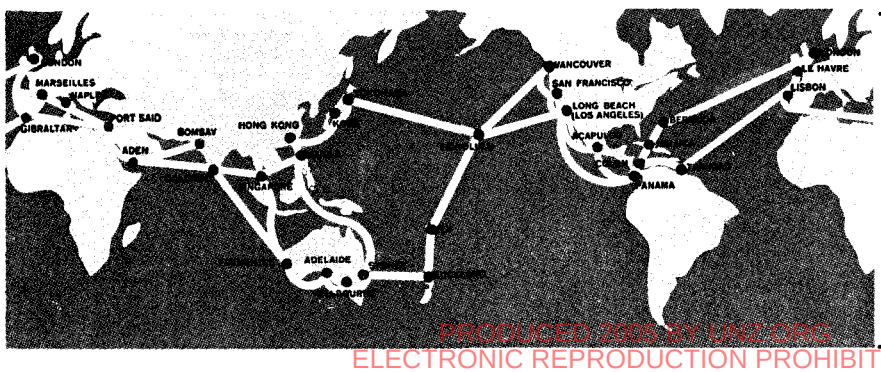

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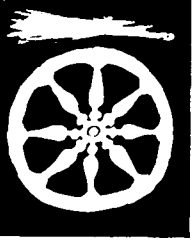

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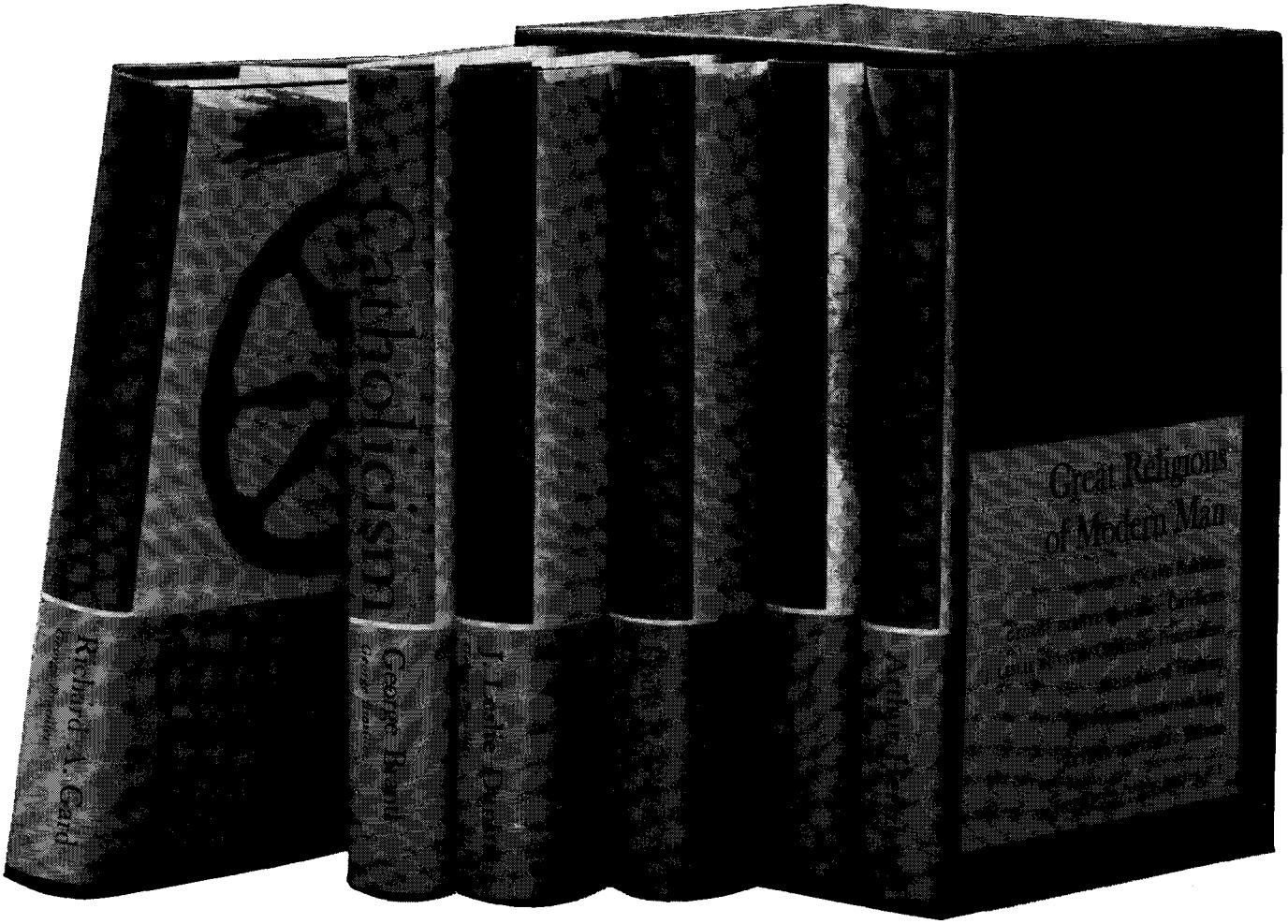

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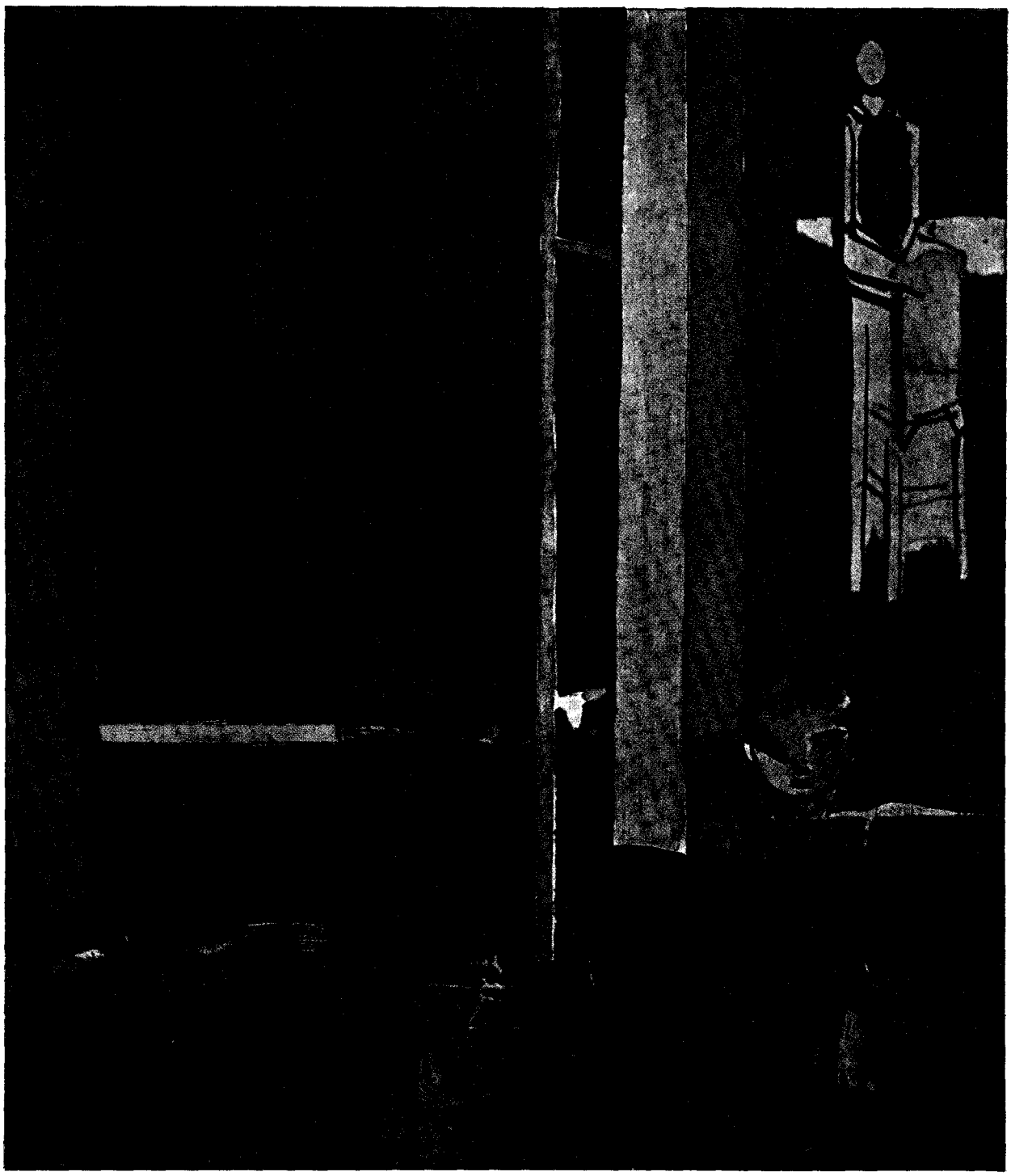
LANDMARKS OF MODERN ART



—*Museum of Modern Art.*

"Piano Lesson" by Henri Matisse, 1916 or 1917

PAINTED BY THE greatest colorist of the twentieth century, this large canvas shows the renowned French artist's son Pierre (now a well-known art dealer in New York) practicing at the piano. For Matisse this was an unusually austere composition, its highly simplified geometric form suggesting the influence of Cubism, a movement that had developed only a few years earlier. However, Matisse as a rule was more interested in surprising color harmonies than in rigorous structural problems. He was able virtually to invent new colors merely by combining familiar ones in unexpected juxtapositions and proportions, a phenomenon evident in this painting. The lady on the high stool is not the little boy's teacher; she is an ambiguous painted figure in a famous early canvas by Matisse seen hanging on the wall behind the piano. In the foreground is the bronze sculpture "Decorative Nude," made by Matise in 1906. The entire composition, disciplined, serene, and exact, is brought to life and made vibrant by large areas of indescribably subtle color.

—K.K.

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USSR

Continued from page 25

part, not from analysis of the organizational framework or policy, but through portrayal of the impact of the system upon the round of daily life. This approach leaves some gaps, but they are bridged by Mr. Schwartz's own series of short, connective articles. At the same time, the approach makes for vivid writing; it enables the reader to acquire a more immediate sense of Soviet life than would a formal description of political and social organization. Some of the articles are not only excellent summaries but cover topics unfamiliar even to many specialists on the Soviet system. This is especially the case with Eugene Rabinowitch's "Soviet Science—A Survey" and Cecil Parrott's "The Soviet Concert Hall."

It is not surprising that essays by such a diverse group of writers contain some contradictory implications. For example, William O. Douglas presents a penetrating demolition of the myth that the Communists are "nine feet tall," but writes that "Russian travelers on official business almost always speak the local language." In "Soviet Schools: Myths and Fallacies," on the other hand, Zeno B. Katterle describes how "the director of Leningrad's School 153 . . . assured us that after taking it for five years the students *could not speak English.*" My experience certainly leads me to agree with Mr. Katterle rather than with the Justice. A few years ago on a plane from Kiev to Vienna I met a prominent Soviet electrical engineer going to a Middle Eastern country to supervise installation of an electric power grid. He tried to practice his few words of English with me, but soon recognized that it was more sensible to fall back on Russian. I asked him whether he spoke Arabic or French, the second language of the country where he was to work. "Oh, no," he said, "we have interpreters."

A more important difference is that between psychologist Urie Bronfenbrenner, who writes, "I was surprised by the strength and pervasiveness of what appeared to be genuine pride and faith in their system," and David Burg (a former Soviet university student), who believes that 40 per cent of his classmates held consciously dissenting views while half were apolitical. According to Burg, "for the young intelligentsia, Khrushchev is one of those people to whom Stalin offered one of half-a-million jobs—a residue from the previous era. He really doesn't communicate to the intellectuals, I think, except for the endless jokes about him—obscene and otherwise." On such an intricate subject as intellectuals' attitudes, however, it is just as well to have varied opinions.

"The Many Faces of Communism" cannot settle all questions about the USSR, but it stimulates the reader to keep on looking for the answers.

Atavistic Shadows

"The Taproot of Soviet Society," by Nicholas Vakar *(Harper. 181 pp. $4.75), finds the clue to modern Russian behavior not in Marxism but in the enduring peasant culture. Sidney Heitman, assistant professor of history at Colorado State University, is a contributor to the recently published symposium "Revisionism: Essays in the History of Marxist Ideas."*

By SIDNEY HEITMAN

THIS latest quest for the wellsprings of Soviet behavior belongs to the "new wine in old bottles" school of thought. Its aim is to show that Soviet Communism owes far less to Marxism or Leninism than it does to the ancient and resilient peasant culture of old Russia, which not only survived the Bolshevik Revolution, but ultimately engulfed it, relegating its original Marxian ideals largely to external forms and ritual symbols.

The Soviet system, he holds, was shaped not by one, but by two revolutions under the Communists. The first, in 1917, was genuinely Marxian in content, but it inevitably foundered in a predominantly peasant country that had changed little since the Ivans and that had successfully resisted determined efforts in the past to uproot an ageless way of life. The Bolsheviks were swallowed up "like a bottle of red ink trying to stain the sea." Beginning in the late 1920s, a second revolution led by Stalin supplanted the idealists in the Party with a new ruling class recruited from the villages, who proceeded to forge the new order in the timeless mold of rural life.

Ostensibly in the name of Communism, great cities were built, the land was tamed, and modern "culture" was introduced. But the methods that were employed to remake society were traditionally Russian. "The new Soviet man who . . . rose to command a great nation was new only in his occupation of palaces; he was ancient in breed and custom." "The Russian peasant who first acquiesced in the Bolshevik Revolution and then took it over was . . . a cultural survival, in part from the Middle Ages, in part from a primitivism not much changed since the dawn of human society." Centuries of brutalizing struggle against the tyranny of nature and man had produced a correspondingly brutal and tyrannical human type. Once in power, he gave lip-service to Marx as easily as he had formerly to God; but he infused the new system with the crude cultural values and patterns of human relationships bred in the primeval village and "made over Soviet politics in his own primitive image." For all the external changes and their official Marxian rationalizations, "when the Stalinist revolution was complete . . . a kind of seventeenth-century Muscovite society was re-established in Russia—in rather more thoroughgoing and stable form than it had existed four hundred years before." Thus many of the distinctive Soviet characteristics that have baffled other observers, who vainly seek their origins in the teachings of Marx, Lenin, or even Stalin, become logical and clear once their roots are properly traced back to the native soil of peasant Russia.

This is, of course, an oversimplification of the author's thesis, which he ably develops and illustrates with considerable evidence. Still, it is a safe prediction that this book will generate as much controversy as it aims to resolve. To those who agree that something as elusive as "national character" can be meaningfully defined, and who regard it as an independent variable of history, it will illuminate many heretofore dark corners of the Soviet mind. Others, however, will undoubtedly question these implicit premises, as well as some of Vakar's sweeping generalizations regarding both old and new Russia and his use of psychological projective techniques to explain the one in terms of the other.

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In and Out of This World

By ALICE DALGLIESH

IN THIS new Space Age our young people, sitting before the little stage of television, journey outside the earth with the first astronauts. They see history happen. Until recently the subject has been confined by schools to a somewhat straight line—the known to the unknown—and in neat compartments. Now interest in it may well start, at a fairly early age, with, "How did the world begin?"—or with questions about the universe. Blind children, so I read in an article by Edith Asbury in the New York *Times*, are having the solar system explained to them by touch, the sun and the planets being raised discs, their orbits thin wires. As one little blind girl exclaimed, "Mother! There's so much going on outside the world!"

And so much *in* the world! What questions will come with satellite television? Children will continue to be interested in their immediate environment, but will we still be able to devote a whole book to a single small situation or concept? There must be room for looking back into time, at other countries, and forward into space. Our problem will be to answer the questions that arise. This means reading and observation for parents, for teachers, for all who live or work with children. How, otherwise, can we deal with their questions?

Young people will take care of a good deal of this themselves. They read, they look and listen, and they think. It interests me that some children still in the elementary grades read reviews in these pages. I have had letters from a group of sixth-graders in Colorado, one of which states: "All of the reviews we have read of children's books have been by adults, so we are trying to write reviews of our own for other children. In doing this we have noticed that everyone had a different opinion of the book we're reviewing." A valuable point to discover! Also a girl in Rochester, N.Y., writing from her home, not from school, disagrees with last month's review of "A Wrinkle in Time," by Madeleine l'Engle. (The letter was sent to William Lipkind, who wrote last month's essay, but the review was mine, the separation of the two parts of the review pages being accidentally omitted.) The letter follows:

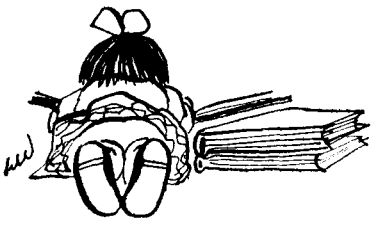
> My name is Hillel Karp. I am in the sixth grade and I think I know a good book when I read one.
>
> I am referring to your review of "A Wrinkle in Time." You say in it, "It will be interesting to know what young people think of it." So following is what I think of it.
>
> It's something different from other science fiction books. Here is a combination of science fiction and fantasy. I think the fantasy is wonderful! All in all I think it is a tremendous book. You seemed undecided about it. I hope this will change your opinion.

In reply, I would repeat that it is a most interesting book. Other reviewers and I have wondered if young people, especially science fiction fans, would accept the combination of space fiction and fantasy, allegory, mysticism. Some of us may have lost our way in the various meanings, while you, Hillel, follow the line of fantasy and enjoy it thoroughly from that angle. You haven't changed my opinion, but I am glad to know that young people read it with enjoyment—which I did, but not without questions.

GOING back to history, there is no doubt that we shall have to rethink many situations. With the world seen early in its entirety, will schools be able to give a whole year's study to state histories, as some do? One state at least has *two* state histories (grades four and seven). Two years' work based on a state viewpoint? With all the world waiting?

While history, with historical fiction, is one of the strongest categories in trade books, individual books may be weak. Younger children have suffered, in many books, from the reconstructed childhoods that were never lived, absurd dialogue that never was spoken, and equally absurd simplifications which are half-truths or less. I read somewhere that "half-truths are 'necessary' for children." Are they?

Here is a quotation from a historical narrative of the United States which has had a long life and is in many ways a useful book for children. When George Washington was appointed commander of the Continental Army "he stood up. 'I will do my best to drive the Redcoats out,' he said." This is a tremendous simplification, also a distortion in that Washington mentioned no specific enemy, only the cause for which the country was making its stand. It would have been better to paraphrase entirely if his speech was difficult. Quotation marks should be used with the respect due them both in historical narrative and historical fiction.



HERE'S an actual evasion of truth: In some trade and text books, Ferdinand, second son of Columbus and his biographer, is never mentioned. Why? So that the book will not be omitted from school reading on the grounds that Ferdinand was illegitimate? Genevieve Foster, whose "World" books have presented a wide view of history for almost twenty-five years, is at present at work on "The World of Columbus and Sons," in which Ferdinand has his rightful place, as he already has in Samuel Eliot Morison's books about Columbus.

At times the number of pages is the villain. A skilful writer can, however, present truth even in short space. William Shirer did a good job in "The Rise and Fall of Hitler" (Random House). This book is an eyewitness narrative that will be read as an "original source" for some years to come, as will his adult book "The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich."

Some adults, I have found, are a little nervous about "equating for young people" the facts given by Shirer in his historical accounts with the supposition that they might have to fight for Germany. Young people also read newspapers, and adults are not the keepers of a collective teen-age conscience.

Good historical fact or fiction can have a remarkably long life. Looking through any of the standard library lists, one notices this high rate of survival. Hendrik Willem van Loon's "Story of Mankind" is forty-two years old. The originality of approach that won it recognition keeps its place on lists, even though its author is not here to revise it.

However, because of the number of books published now, their lifetime is likely to be shorter. More than ever, books must have originality and clarity of presentation to endure. They must keep up with the speed of present-day events and technology. Historical fiction, to live, must have universal appeal, which stems from characterization and a skilful use of universal situations, based on universal emotion.

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—From "Beorn the Proud."

LIFE STORY. *By Virginia Lee Burton. Houghton Mifflin.* 88 *pp.* $5. Virginia Burton here presents, or makes a valiant attempt to present, life from its earliest beginnings to this morning. No one can really give the history of life in a picture book, but this is literally a dramatic effort, for each full-color picture is within a stage setting. There are five acts, with red curtains to be pulled by different narrators. The first stage setting shows the astronomer with his telescope, introducing our galaxy. An effective picture, but, for the large age range given the book, one feels inadequacy in the brevity and the writing of the text. Matters improve as life begins and the story progresses—but always the text is too brief, even with accompanying diagrams. What does "Mammals were developing and experimenting in various forms" mean? The ages go racing by; then the pace slows, and we are on Virginia Burton's farm, where we stay a little long, but watch the passage of seasons through a period of years. Finally it is today and the young reader takes over: it is *his* life story.

Somewhat original in conception, this is an interesting book. The imaginative artist is pleasantly with us, for when *eohippus*, the ancestor of the horse, arrives he leaves the stage and steps forward to place his forefoot trustfully in the narrator's hand. What children *do* with the book will be the test; it may suggest many points of departure; it may lead on to other books. Ages 4-10 and up.

PILGRIM COURAGE: Being Governor Bradford's Firsthand Account of the Escape, Voyage, Explorations and Indian Encounters of the First Settlers of Plymouth. *Adapted and edited by E. Brooks Smith and Robert Meredith. Illustrated by Leonard Everett Fisher. Little, Brown.* 108 *pp.* $3.25. To a great extent, the seventeenth-century flavor of the original narratives has been retained here but with selection and adaptation. Young people are fortunate to have one early narrative readily available; perhaps others may follow, as there are many (see "Original Narratives of Early American History," published by A. S. Barnes). This Pilgrim report gives a feeling of living through the period as nothing else can: the finding of "goodly corn," the meetings with Indians, and that unintentionally humorous account of what may have been the first week-end visit in Massachusetts—spent with Massasoit and his Indians. "He had Winslow and Hopkins get on the bed with himself and his wife, they at the one end and Winslow and Hopkins at the other. . . . Two more of his chief men joined them on the bed. . . . They were worse weary of their lodging than of their journey." Ages 10 and up.

LORDS OF THE BLUE PACIFIC. *By Robert C. Suggs. Drawings by Catherine Scholz. Maps by Leonard Darwin. New York Graphic Society.* 151 *pp.* $3.95. What a title! It is, however, the only really romantic part of the book, written by an archeologist to counteract and refute "adventure-writer Thor Heyerdahl." "Kon-Tiki" will be read by far more general readers than this little volume, but the books should undoubtedly be read one after—or before—the other.

Dr. Suggs gives what is considered the true story of Pacific migrations, of the settling of Hawaii, and of the so-called "mysteries" of Easter Island, where he worked with an expedition. Carbon dating leaves little in doubt. Young people with a real interest in archeology will read it. Ages 10 and up.

THE SINKING OF THE BISMARCK. *By William L. Shirer. Illustrated with photographs and maps. Random House. A World Landmark Book.* 178 *pp.* $1.95. While I am not usually interested in "battle" books, especially those in which every "blood-stained blade of grass" is avidly mentioned, I stayed up one night to read this absorbing narrative. Many boys may enjoy it simply as the description of a good sea battle, a good chase. Others, more thoughtful, may see in it an account of courage on both sides, and, above all, of the human errors that may so easily be a part of war. The most serious of them was the surfacing of a German U-boat, its torpedo tubes empty, when the British were trying to save the survivors of the *Bismarck*. This resulted in great loss of life. The *Bismarck* was a grave threat to supply ships to Britain, but Churchill paid tribute to her in his cable to Roosevelt, which ended, "She was a terrific ship." Ages 10 and up.

BEORN THE PROUD. *By Madeleine Polland. Illustrated by William Stobbs. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* 176 *pp.* $3. Written by an author born in Ireland, this historical novel is probably the most dramatic story of Viking life available for this age group. Certainly it gives a stirring and realistic account of the capture of Ness, a twelve-year-old Irish girl who is to belong (be a slave) to Beorn, the chief's young son; it also vividly describes the death of the chief and his last voyage out to sea on a burning ship. Ness has several conversations with Beorn on the subject of her God versus his gods—spirited exchanges in fact, in which Beorn is more inclined to jeer at "your gentle God." After he has gone on an ill-fated expedition to Denmark he seems all too ready to accept Ness's religion and to live with her people. This suddenly resolved ending, along with Ness's finding her whole family alive, is the weak part of the book. Children, however, will enjoy the adventurous story. Good pictures. Ages 9-13.

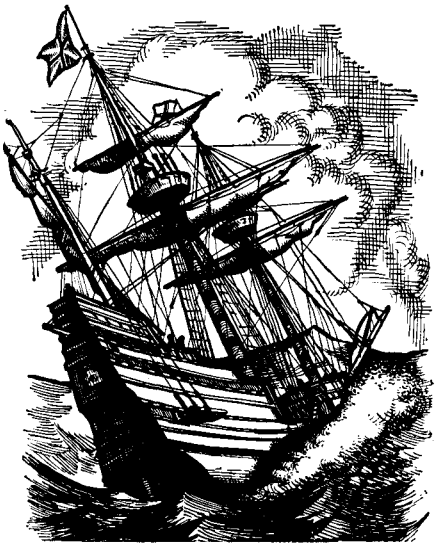
FROM THE EAGLE'S WING: A Biography of John Muir. *By Hildegard Hoyt Swift. Illustrated by Lynd Ward. Morrow.* 287 *pp.* $3.95. When I had finished this book I began to wonder if it could be as good as it seems, or whether my Scottish blood had run away with me. Sometimes this may happen. However, the preface by Eleanor Roosevelt, who said she also "could not put it down," reassured me a little. It is a good book, one of the best biographies we have had lately, and there have been several of John Muir.

Muir was both naturalist and conservationist; he was instrumental in the preservation not only of the redwoods, but of the Grand Canyon and several of our national parks. In an article in the *Atlantic* (1897) he challenged Congress and made an appeal to the people:

> The forests of America, however slighted by man, must have been a great delight to God, for they were the best he ever planted. . . . Every other civilized nation in the world has been compelled to care for its forests and so must we, if waste and destruction are not to go on. . . . Any fool can destroy trees. They cannot run away. . . .

The words are as valid today.

The title of the book is inspired by the fact that John Muir wrote with a quill made from an eagle's feather; moreover, the author compares him to an eagle. Like many biographers she occasionally overdramatizes her hero. Ages 10 and up.



—From "Pilgrim Courage."

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SATURDAY REVIEW

Circulation Department

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Movies

Continued from page 26

handed to what were generally agreed to be the two best films shown, Antonioni's "The Eclipse" and the brilliant Cacoyannis version of the "Electra" of Euripides. Honored, too, was Bresson's "The Trial of Joan of Arc"; this seemed, however, to be a reward for effort and good intentions, for the film is a cold, unimaginative rendering of the Rouen trial made all too familiar by Shaw and others—and hardly an improvement, except that the scene of the burning itself is done with scrupulous attention to detail.

There were two acting performances that stood out, those of Irene Pappas, as the impassioned Electra, and of Mastroianni in "Divorce, Italian Style." These were passed over in favor of Rita Tushingham and Murray Melvin of "A Taste of Honey," and all four principals of "Long Day's Journey Into Night"—a left-handed way, actually, of complimenting the directors of these films, respectively Tony Richardson and Sidney Lumet. The awards of the "short subjects" jury were more astute, these going to a French version of Bierce's "An Occurrence at Owl's Creek Bridge"; a charming Polish experiment in animation. "Waiting"; and a Dutch study of wild bird life called "Pan."

Just as there are official and unofficial films at Cannes, there are official and unofficial juries, and it takes an experienced festival-goer to make any evaluative sense out of their selections. One of the more respectable groups, made up of international writers on films, chose Bunuel's "The Exterminating Angel" as best film, and "The Olive Trees of Justice" as best first film. These amount, really, to consolation prizes.

The more grim and bitter the portrayal of life by a movie, the more effect it had on viewers at Cannes. So it was that "The Exterminating Angel" caused many extraordinary flights of fancy and perhaps perception in attempting to explain its meaning. The film dealt with a group of wealthy guests at a dinner party who found themselves unable to leave and so became involuntary prisoners, their civilized veneer disintegrating as time wore on. More hard-bitten critics viewed it as Bunuel's attempt at a combination "Marienbad" and "La Dolce Vita," or, in other words, at a film geared for festival appreciation. Equally exciting of comment was "Mondo Cane," an Italian documentary that concentrated on the cruel, savage, ridiculous aspects of a supposedly modern world. If the directors did not reveal unbiased truth, they did at least shock.

What has come to be known as the American problem at Cannes existed again this year, even though the basis for selection of American movies was revised. Prodded by George Stevens, Jr., director of the Information Service of the State Department, a committee made up of members of various screen guilds selected "Long Day's Journey" . . . as our official entry and "All Fall Down" and "Advise and Consent" to fill out the allowed quota. The latter two failed to impress, and even the former, for all its good acting, struck the festival experts as singularly uncinematic.

It is hardly a secret that the committee would not have presented "All Fall Down" or "Advise and Consent" if better films had been available. According to Mr. Stevens, "Lolita" and "The Miracle Worker" would have accompanied "Long Day's Journey if they could have been obtained for the festival. But "The Miracle Worker" had already been promised for San Sebastian festival viewing, and, as for "Lolita," the producers could not be argued out of an antifestival policy.

OUR film industry has, in the past, paid only lip service to festival participation, viewing Cannes, Venice, and Berlin as primarily extra outlets for publicity. The change in the thinking this year came too late to do us much good in the international forum. It is by now admitted that films provide something of a national image, and a film festival such as the one at Cannes, for all its hectic and sometimes idiotic side activity, emphasizes the universality of motion pictures as a cultural force. It provides, too, international recognition of the more original filmmaker, for cultural rather than commercial considerations predominate.

The presence of George Stevens, Jr., at Cannes had a certain significance. Plans are afoot to hold an annual film festival in Washington, and there is a good chance that one will be held there next year. It will have to do without the beach and its bikinis, but it will provide for us the main virtue bestowed by a film festival, the opportunity to see in our own backyard, so to speak, all the intriguing film activity of all the world. All may communicate in the language of film, and it is this compelling idea which animated the first festival at Venice some thirty years ago, and which was again present in the fifteenth Cannes festival this year.

And, as for that Soviet party: was not that significant, too? The guests "twisted" through most of the night, and for entertainment there were the Blue-Bell Girls of the Paris Lido, featuring their version of the can-can.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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EDUCATION IN AMERICA

Education Editor: PAUL WOODRING
Associate Education Editor: JOHN SCANLON

The New York Teachers' Strike

Our issue of May 19 on the New York teachers' strike brought a large volume of mail from teachers who felt that their position was not adequately presented and that their grievances were not made clear. Consequently, we are making this month's editorial page available to provide space in addition to our regular letters column for letters from New York teachers. The first begins below. This issue also includes, on page 55, an article by four teachers representing the point of view of the United Federation of Teachers. —P.W.

• • •

THE TEACHERS' PLIGHT

CONSIDER what would happen to education in America if lethargy should strike (unfortunate choice of words?) the teaching profession as it has the public at large. Yet it is happening and anyone can see it happening. The first step towards that lethargy is intimidation of people who care. We, the teachers of New York City, cared enough to risk dignity, good will, and security by striking on April 11, 1962. The intimidation has come from the public, from the politicians, and from the editorial writers; we even hesitate to use the word "profession" since the censure has been so severe. We cannot lay claim to a labor label because labor regards us as mavericks. Who ever heard of a labor union composed solely of egg-heads? This is a carry-over from the anti-intellectual days before President Kennedy started to invite Nobel prize winners to dinner. We teachers find ourselves neither fish nor fowl and the hope is that we will flounder.

We try to employ labor tactics to pursue professional aims. Perhaps we cannot have it both ways, but we must try to be expedient as everyone else does. We do not profess that the end justifies the means but we do declare that we will use the most dramatic way we know to challenge the complacency which permits the classroom to become an assembly line which turns out shoddy students.

The strike is an ultimate weapon which should not be used lightly. It is also an accepted weapon which in our democracy should not be denied lightly to any citizen. Surely a steel strike or a milk strike or a longshoreman strike is as much a strike against the public as is a teachers' strike. One is not more reprehensible than another. All strikes should be avoided. However, desperation and anguish may try men's souls to such an extent that even this last resort is employed. We, who used the strike in New York City, did not desert our "patients"; it was the Board of Education who ordered students to report as usual to classes which did not have teachers in them. Students have been excused from classes to attend basketball games, to lighten the load on public transportation crippled by strikes or snowfall, or to greet conquering heroes. They could have been excused from classes on April 11, except that the Board of Education was

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not considering the safety of the children so much as it was considering how to counteract the potential strength of the United Federation of Teachers. That strength is no longer potential; it is actual. And teachers have discovered that all the moral factors contributing to the righteousness of their demands never created so much of a stir as did their display of unity.

Mr. Woodring suggests that we have a no-strike pledge in our contract. Obviously he does not have much faith in the Condon-Wadlin Act. We take credit for having taught that lesson well. Oppressive, unjust, and unenforceable laws have no justification for being. It is a moot point whether legality takes precedence over justice or whether justice takes precedence over legality, but we believe that justice has the edge. If we were teachers in Hungary during its ill-fated rebellion, and had inspired our students to defy the injustice of the law of the land, editorial writers in America would have applauded our courage. But because Creon's laws were passed by the New York State Legislature, we are expected to bow obediently before injustice. We will be glad to include a "no-strike" pledge in an honorable contract. The Board of Education, however, seems most reluctant to offer one.

Unfortunately, the Board of Education hopes to overcome the inadequacies of our system with "dedication." Everyone recognizes that dedication means preserving the status quo—one step forward and two back; it is a comfortable illusion that doesn't cost any money. One of the things we were striking for in New York City was the right not to be dedicated. You are wrong when you say the dedicated teachers who crossed the picket lines have a right to be bitter. They have self-righteousness to dispel the wormwood which is the lot of us who cared enough.

One of the things we were striking against was this image the public would confine us in. We are expected to conform to the stereotype of Miss Dove and Mr. Chips because it is so comfortable for the public and the politicians. We must not get angry because pictures of angry people show faces distorted with passion and sounds from angry people are raucous.

Editorial writers speak of the "high pretensions of our calling" (*Washington Post* excerpt) which indicates the esteem they have for teaching. We are only pretenders. Perhaps they should listen to the children they call our "helpless victims." On April 11, we won *their* respect; on April 10, a day of uncertainty, they displayed open contempt.

Of course we were striking for money. Perhaps the world is too much with us, but it does cost a considerable sum of money to be a good teacher. Primarily our need is for leisure. We need time to *think*. The books we must read; the magazines we subscribe to (four years of *Saturday Review* at $20 can unsettle a balanced budget); the plays we must see; the courses we must take; the scenes we must visit; all, all cost. Does the public want teachers who consider these things as dispensable luxuries or does it want teachers who consider these things as necessary as food, clothing, and shelter?

Part of the resentment that the public has against teachers is their belief that we work only part time. It is difficult to erase this because we, of all professionals, seem singularly blessed by so many "vacations." We can only say that that time is not vacation time; it is convalescence. Teaching is arduous. While it yields tremendous satisfactions, it becomes unendurable trying to encourage enthusiasm and motivate young minds day in and day out. We can perform perfunctorily on run-down batteries; that is not good teaching. You can settle for it but you cannot pretend that is desirable.

Perhaps the layman will never understand the provocation which drove teachers to strike. Perhaps that strike was unnecessary, brought on by a policy of "brinkmanship" practiced by leaders who did not know their strength. But there are problems and there was a strike. Surely sensitive and informed people like Mr. Woodring want more than a "no-strike" pledge. Surely he will understand that a salary scale commensurate with the training and ability of excellent teachers is a prerequisite for having those excellent teachers. And he should be vociferous in demanding that classes be small enough to be effective. After all, that too, is a law of the land which is being winked at by the same people who are calling us outlaws. That this will be costly, we, taxpayers as well as teachers, know only too well. But, is there any expenditure more deserving than education? We think not.

Sara Anne Naddell, Chairman
Educational Welfare Committee,
George W. Wingate High School
Brooklyn, N. Y.

PURE BUNK!

Your editorial on the teacher strike was pure bunk! When the hell are the non-teachers going to stop beating the words "professional," "respect," and "security" to death? We teachers never use them! Only administrators and politicians use them! Now, add education writers. We want a just wage, good working conditions and freedom to operate as teachers of youth.

And who cares about public confidence? As if we ever had it! You've been faked out by the platitude makers!

Gus Franza,
Teacher of High School English.
Port Jefferson, N.Y.

REGARDING MR. RUBIN

The story of the New York teachers' strike was well reported in your issue of May 19, 1962. However, I am a bit disturbed about two things.

First is the position taken by Mr. Rubin, and echoed by many papers, that ". . . there can be no escape from the fact that this is a strike against one million children attending our schools." I'm not so sure of this. If the teachers had wanted to take action against children they would not have gone on strike, which implies a willingness to return once the issues are settled. Rather, they would have quit teaching. This is the ultimate weapon in the hands of the teacher. The fact that there has not been a massive list of resignations attests to the fact that the teachers were not striking against children. And the fact that they did return the next day to the frustrations should say something about their strong professional interest in the children.

Secondly, I find it interesting that so much concern is shown for the loss by the children of one day's schooling. A day or two out with a cold is not normally a catastrophe. One day out while the teachers parade is perhaps about as important in the long run.

What is more important to the education of the children is the long-term attrition of quality teaching due to poor morale. Unfortunately, it is much less dramatic and far more difficult to measure.

That the teachers were driven to strike is unfortunate. That the parents of the city let matters so deteriorate is more unfortunate. They must share the blame for this sad affair.

Dale O. Merrill.
Claremont, Calif.

Who is this public relations man from Columbia who finds Mr. Rubin projecting an "image of honorableness and grave concern for the public interest"? Many teachers I know found Mr. Rubin unctuous and hypocritical. Two of his television remarks were not misinterpretation, but, I felt, deliberate lies. (One, which you quote, was that the strike was directed against the children; the other was that the strike was caused by the UFT's insistence on $53 million for salary increases.) Mr. Rubin completely failed to send "a shiver down my back" or make me feel he wanted "to do nothing but good for teachers." Instead, his talk made me so angry I became even more determined to protest by striking on April 11th!

Why don't you do a real service to your readers by urging a campaign for desperately needed reforms? The opening of your article reveals some recognition of the terrible situation in New York City education; surely you would agree that the need for good teachers is one of the most urgent problems all over the United States. Here, for example, are two suggestions:

(1) At least half the members of the Board of Education should be teachers, on their regular salary, who continue to teach one hour a day. (These teachers would know how to get along without Cadillac, chauffeur, or salaried assistants, unlike the present members of the Board.)

(2) Allow no one in the educational system who does not teach at least one class per day, or pay him the clerk's salary he deserves. If all those supervisors, principals, co-ordinators, administrators, etc., can't teach, let 'em supervise building maintenance, cafeterias, and supplies, but not teaching and classroom problems.

I close with a compliment. In one

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sentence you *did* find the essence of the whole story: "But the strike was only a symptom."

MIRIAM S. PELLMAN.
Jackson Heights, N.Y.

. . . As for Mr. Rubin, he is still on probation; it will be time enough to praise him when he will have demonstrated his grasp of the job he has undertaken, his interest in first class education, and his ability to battle its real enemies: pusillanimous politicians, selfish business interests, and apathetic parents. One thing seems certain; teachers are not going to remain the timid, academic, hat-in-hand and stay-in-the-background creatures they have long been, and this is an insurance of better schooling for the children.

JOSEPH LEV.
Queens Village, N.Y.

WHAT THE TEACHERS VOTED ON

YOU STATED that of the 4,775 teachers (UFT members) who voted, 2,544 voted *for* a strike and 2,231 voted *against* a strike. As one of those 4,775 allow me to acquaint you and the nation with the following.

First: the vote was not taken to vote *for* or *against* the strike. Everyone had already made up their mind that because of the Board of Education's inability to meet the most basic needs of New York City teachers, a strike *would* be held unless the Board of Education could find a better way of easing the tensions which by April 10, 1962, had appeared.

Second: what those 4,775 teachers were voting for was whether or not to hold the strike on April 11, or wait a week. *No one voted against the strike.* However, 2,231 UFT members voted to postpone it. Those who voted for the strike to take place April 11 won the election. However, no one really lost.

SERAPH M. PETRUSA,
Active NYC UFT Member.
Flushing, N.Y.

A STUDENT'S VIEW

IN RESPONSE to the argument that the strike might have some sort of undefined catastrophic result upon the students, I can only offer my own feelings. The teachers' strike taught me a great lesson in ideals, and my opinion of the striking teachers has been increased tenfold. As a student at one of the New York City high schools, I can honestly say that my one day of vacation from classes was a more valuable class than the ones that I missed.

This strike by the teachers against the students of the New York City schools is supposed to have been an "immoral and illegal act." If so, I am glad that my teachers are immoral lawbreakers.

JACOB STONE.
Far Rockaway, N.Y.

SHOULD TEACHERS STRIKE?

DO TEACHERS want or like to strike? Was it a lunatic fringe that drove them on? NO! When disgust in a system becomes overwhelming, the most *human* response is to make apparent this disgust, no matter how harsh the action used to make this disgust apparent. It is done not because the action is wanted or admired, but because it becomes a necessity in "the fight for dignity."

It is not that the N.Y. teachers gained nothing in bargaining by their strike which matters. It is simply the human need to spit at the hypocrisy of those who tie the carrot of "professionalism" before teachers' noses. Contrary to what most people believe, teachers *are human.* They cannot sustain "dedication" (as if that were all a teacher needs to be a teacher) without a feeling of dignity.

Cut away all the pretty words and it becomes apparent that the N.Y. teachers are shouting for decent wages, decent treatment, and respect which is *not* and has never been built-in in any profession.

MITCHELL WOJTYCKI.
Chicago, Ill.

THERE IS A great movement afoot among the nation's labor leaders to organize teachers and white collar workers. The recent illegal teachers' strike was an attempt to create an image of militancy that might induce teachers to join up with labor unions. The leaders brought their followers to the brink of strike and then could not reverse the tide. The leaders never intended to strike for they well knew that the Condon-Wadlin law finally would have to be enforced even by a sympathetic administration. So the strike was doomed to failure from the very start.

Successful strikes against any government can only invite other groups such as policemen, firemen, etc., to do the same with resulting anarchy.

The failure of the illegal strike is a warning that such acts cannot be condoned and will not be rewarded. Cutting up the same amount of money after the strike as was offered before the strike, in a manner to try to convince some that they had won a great victory, has fooled few and antagonized many.

Future bargaining impasses should be submitted to arbitration and not used as political footballs by labor leaders who would organize teachers for their own purposes. Teachers should be led by teachers and not by the pawns of labor leaders lurking in the background.

EMIL TRON, TEACHER,
Brooklyn Technical High School
President, City Teachers Assoc.
New York, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The City Teachers Association, an organization of New York teachers, is an affiliate of the National Education Association.*

I WAS greatly surprised and deeply grieved by your attitude toward the recent New York City teachers' strike. A strike by any union is a terrible event; it is not something to be taken lightly. However, in certain circumstances, strikes are necessary and I believe that this was one of those times.

IRENE S. STRUM.
New York, N.Y.

THE FACT that only 2 per cent of New York teachers belong to the National Edu-

(*Continued on page* 71)

"They got their raise, and what did we get—more homework."

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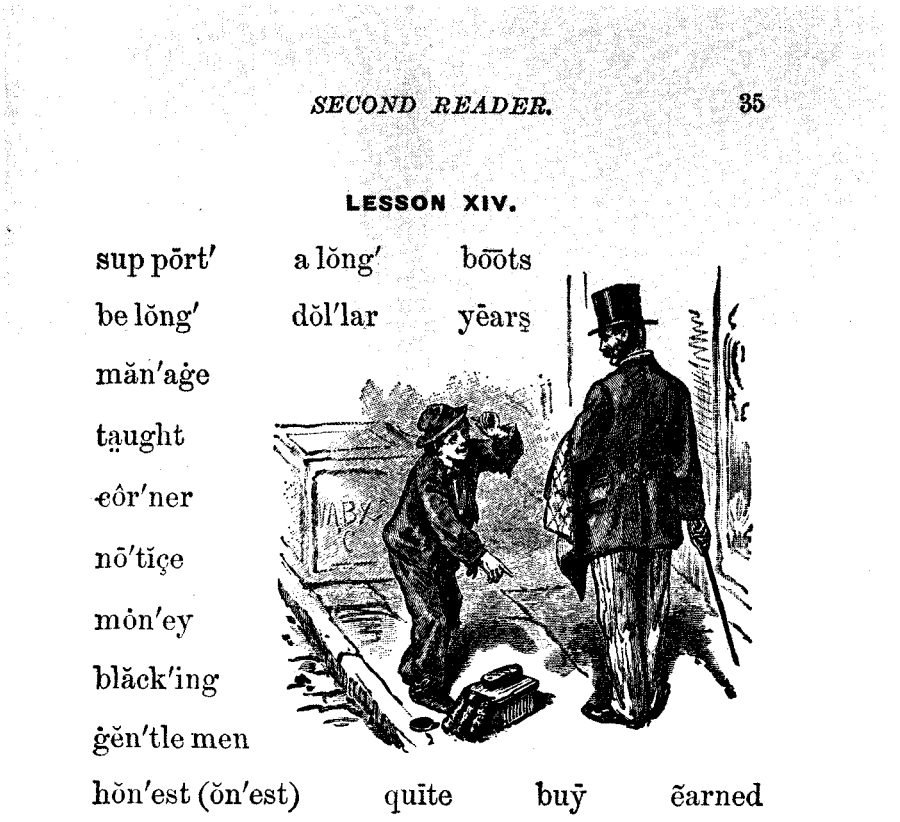
McGUFFEY AND HIS READERS

By HENRY STEELE COMMAGER



SECOND READER. 35

LESSON XIV.

sup pōrt′ a lŏng′ bo͞ots
be lŏng′ dŏl′lar yēarş
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HENRY, THE BOOTBLACK.

1. Henry was a kind, good boy. His father was dead, and his mother was very poor. He had a little sister about two years old.

2. He wanted to help his mother, for she could not always earn enough to buy food for her little family.

—*American Book Company.*

WHEN in 1891 William Venable wrote his classic "Beginnings of Literary Culture in The Ohio Valley," he found room for William Holmes McGuffey and his schoolbooks in a footnote. Within a generation such distinguished public figures as Hamlin Garland, Herbert Quick, and Mark Sullivan were to hail the McGuffey Readers as major influences not only in American education but in American morals and culture as well. Still another generation and the McGuffey Readers became the darlings of conservatives who found in them the very symbols and citadels of traditionalism, and used them to counter and repel all that they thought pernicious in "progressive" education.

In a perverse way the conservatives were right: the Readers were conservative, even pedagogically. William McGuffey—their chief producer—showed no awareness in his Readers, or in his college and university teaching, of those progressive educational ideas which had their origins in Germany, penetrated into France and England, and had spread to New England, where Bronson Alcott's Temple School anticipated by more than half a century the benign teachings of Jane Addams and John Dewey. Nor was there even an awareness of those new but entirely respectable ideas that Horace Mann was expounding in that wonderful series of annual reports to the legislature of Massachusetts. The McGuffey Readers were improvements on the Webster Readers and Spellers and on Lindley Murray's widely popular series of Readers, but they differed from these in degree rather than in kind.

One thing the McGuffey Readers shared with schoolbooks everywhere, and indeed with most literature and art of their day, was the notion that education itself was primarily moral, and only secondarily intellectual. It had long been taken for granted in England, even in the grammar schools

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and the universities (it was in this perhaps that English education differed most strikingly from the Continental), that the primary business of schools was to train character. The Puritans, far more interested in education than most of their contemporaries, added to all this a special emphasis on religious training. If Puritan schools were not designed to produce Christian gentlemen, they were certainly designed to produce Christians. The attitude explicit in the school laws of the Bay Colony was that "one chief project of ye old deluder Satan [is] to keep men from the knowledge of the Scriptures. . . ." This was the preliminary justification for the famous Act of 1647 requiring every town to provide elementary education for its children. The generation of the Founding Fathers looked to education to train character. Schools, Benjamin Rush thought, should be "engines for Republicanism." So, too, the Northwest Ordinance stated that as "religion, morality, and knowledge" were "necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of education shall forever be encouraged." McGuffey's generation took this principle for granted and carried it into the Ohio country and beyond. Even the great educational reformers of the Thirties and Forties did not reject or seriously modify this concept. Horace Mann himself thought education primarily moral, and insisted that intellectual training must always take second place after moral instruction; to this principle his great co-worker Henry Barnard readily subscribed.

Certainly what is most impressive in the McGuffey Readers is the morality. From the First Reader on through the Sixth, that morality is pervasive and insistent. There is rarely a page but addresses itself to some moral problem, points some moral lesson. This morality has sometimes been associated with the character and needs of the West, as if the Readers were themselves, somehow, a product of the Ohio frontier. Actually, the morality of the Readers was that of the Victorian age everywhere in the Western world. It can be read in almost all the children's books of that time—in the pious stories of Maria Edgeworth or Charlotte Yonge, of Mrs. Ewing and Mrs. Molesworth in England; in the scores of volumes written by our own Peter Parley (he was Samuel Goodrich) and by Jacob Abbott of "Rollo" fame, or in the Sunday School papers that the young were expected to read, or in the pages of the *Youth's Companion*. Thus the prospectus of that famous magazine asserted (1827) that "this is the day of peculiar care for Youth. Let their minds be formed, their hearts prepared, and their characters moulded for the scenes and duties of a brighter day." And when Franklin Edmunds launched a little series of books for boys he reassured anxious parents that "all stories of an exaggerated style and false sentiment will be avoided and nothing presented but what will be calculated to inculcate some moral lesson."

What was the nature of the morality that permeated the Readers?

It was deeply religious, and in those mid-century years in America, religion meant Protestant Christianity. More, it was a Christianity closer to Puritanism than to that Unitarianism which was even then making its way out of New England and into the Ohio country. God was omnipresent. He had His eye on every child every moment of the day and night, watched its every action, knew its every thought. He was a just God, but a stern one, and would not hesitate to punish even the smallest children who broke His commandments. The world of the McGuffeys was a world where no one questioned the truths of the Bible, or their relevance to everyday conduct, and where the notion that the separation of church and state required the exclusion of religion from the school-room or from school-books seemed preposterous. The Readers, therefore, are filled with stories from the Bible, and tributes to its truth and beauty.

Yet for all its preoccupation with religion, the morality of the Readers was materialistic and worldly. It taught a simple system of rewards and punishments. Virtue was rarely its own reward: the kind old lady found out that the vagabond she had befriended was really a rich nephew returned from the gold fields; the honest farmer was given five hundred dollars by his rich neighbor as a reward for his honesty; the poor boy who helped the old man across the street was promptly provided with a job, the little chimney sweep who resisted the temptation to steal a gold watch was adopted by its enraptured owner. Wickedness, too, was invariably detected and punished, and once again the punishments were material and physical. The disobedient boy drowned; the greedy boy found himself in want; the rude boy, the meddlesome boy, the inquisitive boy, failed to get the job, or forfeited the rewards that went to his more exemplary companions. Nothing was left to the imagination, nothing to chance, and nothing, one is tempted to say, to conscience. It is an intriguing—but unanswerable—question whether this kind of moral arithmetic eventually did more harm than good. Those who are today infatuated with the morality of the Readers might reflect that the generation most elaborately and persistently exposed to it—the generation roughly from the 1840s to the 1880s—was probably the most materialistic generation in our history.

It was a middle-class, conventional, and equalitarian morality, one that derived from Benjamin Franklin and his careful Rules of Good Conduct, rather than from the Puritan austerity of a John Adams, or the Enlightenment of a Jefferson. Industry, sobriety, thrift, propriety, modesty, punctuality, conformity—these were the essential virtues, and those who practiced them were sure of success. Success, too, for all the patina of morality that was brushed over it, was clearly material. It was a job, a farm, money in hand or in the bank. Failure was, just as clearly, the consequence of laziness or self-indulgence, and deserved, therefore, little sympathy:

> There is a class of people (asserted the Fourth Reader) who are the pest of every community, workmen who do not know their trade, businessmen ignorant of the first principles of business. They can never be relied upon to do well anything they undertake.

(*Continued on page* 69)

ECLECTIC EDUCATIONAL SERIES.

McGUFFEY'S

FIRST

ECLECTIC READER.

REVISED EDITION.

NEW YORK ✣ CINCINNATI ✣ CHICAGO
AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY

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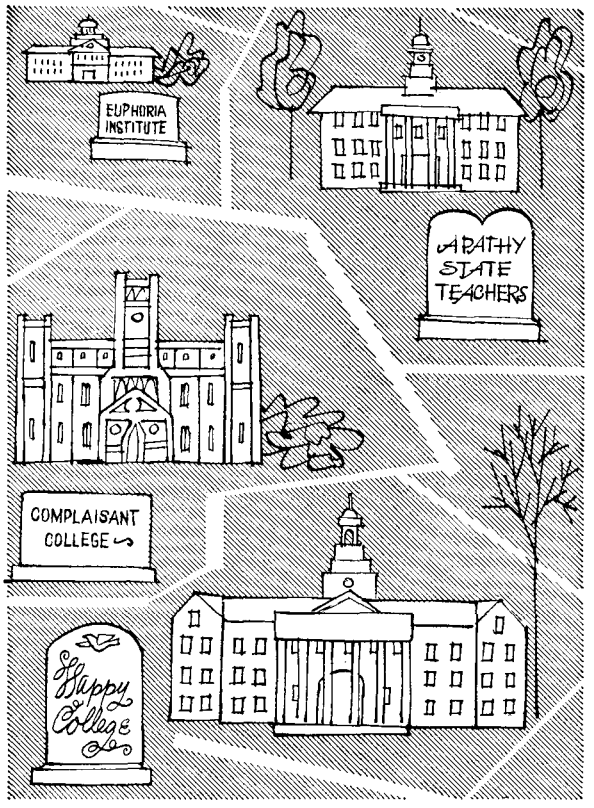
THE GRAVES OF ACADEME

The illumination of weaknesses is the first step in reform. The quality of education in many American high schools has been improved dramatically as a result of the vigorous critical attention given to secondary education in recent years, even though some of the attacks were unduly harsh and some were misdirected.

Colleges have not yet received the same kind of critical attention—perhaps because the professors were so busy telling us what was wrong with the high schools. But higher education, too, has its soft spots and many colleges have defects that should be and can be remedied, once they are brought to public attention. This portrait of "Happy College, USA," was written by a professor in such a college. For obvious reasons he has adopted a pseudonym, but both the college and the professor are real.



—Doug Anderson.

By A. LAMENT

THE most popular story circulating on the campus of Happy College last spring was about a group of irreverent students at an Eastern university who registered a dog as a freshman, attended class in his name, and at the end of four years got him a bachelor's degree.

To our undergraduates, such an Ivy League coup was a notable victory in the war against academic pomp and circumstance. To the faculty it had a grim pertinence that roused one jaded full professor to observe, "If they'd sent the dog to our college, he'd have been able to get through on his own."

Such pronouncements from insiders are partial indication of the fact that, when a student enrolls at Happy College, he is entering one of the several hundred colleges which knowledgeable educators privately classify as "easy," "inferior," or simply "bad."

These institutions are not easily identified; most of them are "accredited," some are private or church related, some are state supported, some are community or junior colleges, but they all have characteristics in common which distinguish them from the better schools in each of these same categories. Some of these characteristics are evident in the college catalogue; most are hidden—submerged like the treacherous parts of an iceberg.

Many of these "easy" colleges are impoverished, but some of the publicly supported ones are comparatively affluent. A disproportionately large number are rural, but some are found in large cities and have impressive architecture ranging from Academic Gothic to Ice Cream International. They are found in all parts of the country.

Happy College, like its most affluent fellows, has visible assets. Its grass and bushes are well tended. It has handball courts and sanitary showers. Classrooms have motion picture projectors, green or even pink blackboards, and approved lighting. The toilets always work; soap is always available in dispensers above the wash basins. The missing elements are less palpable: a stimulating faculty, an intelligent administration, qualified students, and an adequate library.

Most striking is the inadequacy of the library. A college on the ragged edge of respectability has in its library 60 to 100 volumes per student; the higher the ratio, the more reputable the school is likely to be. Happy College library has thirty volumes per student, a proportion which helps place us firmly in America's collegiate wasteland.

Any enterprising reader of a college catalogue can calculate the number of volumes per student if the school is brave enough to report figures of its library holdings. Less apparent is the plight of scholarly journals. At all the third-rate institutions—Apathy State Teachers, Euphoria Institute, Complaisant College and other recumbent cousins of Happy College—a periodical is likely to be judged by its popularity: the more numerous its readers, the more certain the renewal of its subscription.

The havoc created by a system where a periodical read by five people for ten minutes has an automatic advantage over one read by a single person for fifty minutes is analogous to the dismal effect that uncritical attention to audience ratings has had on television fare. Our local worship of such numerologies not only fosters the impression that the sum of contemporary knowledge resides in the slick magazines; it drives Happy College faculty members into time-wasting subtleties. Thus interested teachers and their students make periodic forays to the library to check out and return seldom-used items in relays organized solely to raise usage levels to a point where periodicals in

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specialized areas of the sciences and humanities can compete in campus readership tallies with *Life* and *The Saturday Evening Post*.

Unfortunately, the undergraduates seem to match their library in quality. A graph of their scholastic achievements sags ominously at its weaker end, a sag populated not merely by the uneducated but by the uneducable as well, for in pursuing a "healthy student body size," easy colleges tend to develop such holes in the bottom of their entrance requirements that they become like Robert Frost's definition of home: a place "where, when you have to go there, they have to take you in."

The defense offered for such laxity is not that the ranks of the witless are swollen with late-blooming geniuses but that any college can do something for any student and ought to try. Critics of this view point out that not only are colleges highly inefficient as sociological vats for aging and mellowing the raw by-products of society, but that large numbers of poor students have a deleterious effect on good ones, not to mention their professors, and that the cost of subsidizing education for bad students is exorbitant.

Choked with mediocre students and worse, the Happy Colleges become extensions and duplications of the secondary schools. Thus they bear some responsibility for the much publicized inadequacy of American secondary education. By littering their programs with remedial courses, by taking the worst graduates from the worst high schools and juggling requirements accordingly, Happy College and its easy fellows stimulate the abandonment of rigorous secondary training, thus plunging high school curricula into the wilderness of "life adjustment."

SOME of the most self-conscious of the easy colleges have faced their errors and have attempted to eliminate embarrassing collegiate middens such as the remedial sub-Freshman English course. The result has been heartening, for entering students soon begin to be better prepared. The truth seems to be that, within reason, high schools will do what they need to do to get students into college. But lest anyone grow overconfident, there are still rising on the academic horizon such intellectual mutations as sub-sub-Freshman English—a course for those whose impediments exceed even the vast deficiencies fondled in the normal subnormal course.

Because it is possible to enter college without demonstrating either learning or aptitude, it is hardly surprising that many students at America's easy colleges are suffering from an education so incredibly bad that the harrowing details jar the imagination. One instructor at Happy College tells of a class of freshmen in which a number of students had great difficulty doing rudimentary research work in the library. A brief investigation disclosed that they were ignorant of the sequence of letters in the alphabet and thus could not locate books the library had catalogued in alphabetical order.

Such woeful inadequacies account for the fact that students at Happy College lack even the dubious talent of being able to cheat adroitly, for their inability to read makes them inefficient peekers. One professor maintains that in any room full of cheaters, Happy College students reading from their neighbors' papers will always stand out—they move their lips.

With such cripples in the background, an average student with a creditable secondary education glitters, a fact which gives him and some of his teachers an exaggerated opinion of his talents and accomplishments. Calculating grades, a hazardous job at best, then becomes doubly difficult.

Instructors fresh from more rigorous academic climates soon discover that, when they apply standards quite above the low level of those at Happy College, enraged students are quick to object. One student denounced her professor because he had failed her in spite of the fact that she had attended class regularly. He lacked, she observed, the wisdom and experience to realize that at Happy College, *F* was given to students who were always absent, and *D* was given to students who did failing work but came to class.

In spite of their reputation, America's inferior colleges do acquire some excellent students. Poverty, perversity, and misjudgment can be relied upon to bring in a small proportion, although any superior student who is not grimly self-determining runs the risk of being corrupted by the low level of achievement which surrounds him. Teachers at Happy College, rather than confront a student with work that may be beyond him and thus traumatic, are directed to make all tasks possible. An administrative decree has pointed out that a good teacher never presents students with problems which they cannot solve. As a result, at the end of four years in classes where all things are possible for everyone, better than average students have learned to loaf. Of all the charges made against Happy College, this is the most serious: in its role of adolescent rest camp and buffer against the world's cruelty, it allows the precious little talent that comes its way to atrophy.

Evidence of a similar scholastic myopia is noticeable in the small proportion of Ph.D.'s on the faculties of America's easy colleges. The ratio is significant not merely because Ph.D.'s usually have more learning to impart, but because they tend to gravitate to and remain at better schools. Though there are notable exceptions, generally when such a ratio falls well below half, a college begins to slide toward academic limbo. The Happy College catalogue reveals that less than one-third of our faculty have Ph.D.'s, a fraction which aligns us comfortably with the rest of the nation's bad colleges.

FOR the possessors of advanced degrees, promotion is theoretically achieved through good teaching; but that is hard to assess, so progress up the academic ladder is likely to come through more measurable things: a record of good attendance, prompt return of papers, regular appearance at student functions, the habit of keeping class the full hour, and the possession of that ambiguous quality, "maturity." At such schools professors traditionally find it wise to join service clubs and attend meetings as eagerly as lawyers and insurance salesmen prowling for customers.

Such criteria create havens for the inept and a high degree of transience among younger faculty members. The regularity and speed of their departure are plainly evident in the constantly changing list of faculty which appears yearly in the college bulletin. Comparing this year's staff with that of two years ago shows that not only have almost one-third of the total Happy College faculty left, but among well-trained newcomers with Ph.D.'s in the humanities, the turnover is closer to half.

More significant but seldom discussed and never published is the fact that, like fastidious waiters who refuse to eat in the bad restaurants which employ them, Happy College faculty members send their children elsewhere for an education. Some parents assert their children want to go away to school, a common enough desire—but faculty members at other schools rarely send their children to us.

The new vocationalism, evident everywhere in American education, is epidemic in the third-rate colleges. Students are encouraged not to learn how to write but how to compose business letters, not philosophy but salesmanship. It is assumed that education is something which happens to a person in his first twenty-five years of life and that when education is over, students should have been made so commercially attractive that they will be

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able to compete in the job market. Study of the humanities, which presupposes that education is a life-long occupation, is much undervalued and often highly criticized precisely because it can be so difficult a study for those interested mainly in learning a trade.

WORSHIP of the useful and practical reached its peak at Happy College when it was proposed that we prepare our students for their future by instituting a course in home maintenance as a requirement for graduation, the rationale being that, while a man can be a success without knowing about history, it is essential that he know how to fix things around the house.

Students are the victims of rules they didn't make and an unbalanced curriculum they didn't design. At better-known colleges, mathematics courses alone might equal or outnumber those in physical education; at the easy colleges, the opposite is true. The physical education staff at Happy College offers about eighty courses (the obscurity of the descriptive prose in the college catalogue makes an exact tally impossible), more than all those in physics, chemistry, and mathematics combined. The departments of education, physical education, and business together offer over 200 courses, a total exceeding all those given in anthropology, political science, philosophy, German, Spanish, French, chemistry, physics, mathematics, economics and history.

More students are enrolled full time in philosophy than in physical education, but more than twice as many faculty members teach physical education as teach philosophy, a malproportion matched by the fact that the 15 per cent of our student body enrolled in vocational courses receives the attention of 30 per cent of our faculty.

To make such strange proportions work, Happy College follows in the tradition of other inferior schools and chooses not to observe some conventional requirements. Freshmen need not take a full year of Freshman English, an option most endearing to those who need it most. A move to require some students in humanities to add the usual foreign-language study to their programs met with numerous administrative obstructions. The decision finally handed down was that such a requirement could not be introduced unless a poll of the students showed they would not object. Foreign languages won, which surprised everyone.

To balance our sins of omission, we exhibit still another characteristic of inferior colleges—bustling staffs of activity directors and counselors. Students are counseled when they play, when they work, when they study, as well as when they go crazy. Traditions are carefully selected and fostered, for undergraduate puerility is so richly nurtured that students are rendered incapable of acquiring respectable traditions on their own.

No one is called stupid any more. That is undemocratic. Inadequacies are psychogenic and capable of being tuned out if counselors can get a hold on the right knobs. Consequently, America's third-rate colleges now play a therapeutic role, with the result that students sprout the symptoms of patients in analysis, including use of the psychoanalytic jargon which carries over from counseling sessions. Students "relate" to their instructors and have well-chronicled repressions and aggressions to explain misbehavior and inadequacies. There is such an infinity of neuroses available to choose from that *angst* has replaced the dying grandmother as an excuse for absence from class.

Nonetheless, all is not hopeless for the mass of American colleges. The press of students may permit some chronically impoverished schools to become more demanding of themselves and their students, and improved salaries may attract better people into teaching.

BUT to expect a little money and much congestion to bring any permanent improvement is like waiting for atomic war to resolve the problem of urban congestion. Instead, present problems will be magnified beyond solution. The bigger the crowd, the more likely it is that the doors to college will open wider—at both ends—that college degrees will no longer indicate excellence but merely length of attendance. In addition, the increased demand for teachers is less likely to make teaching attractive to intelligent people than it is to force schools to grow more and more tolerant of inadequate faculty members.

What is needed is a clear definition of directions, a survey of just what our colleges provide, not what they pretend to provide or even believe they provide. It is a job tailored for the talents and the money of our large foundations, and while even if it were well done it would not resolve all dilemmas, it could do as much for America's colleges as the foundation-supported Flexner Report did fifty years ago to expose the evils and raise the standards of medical education.

Such an investigation would not merely provide immediate correction of some expensive folly masquerading as college education. Its findings could foster the inclusion of demanding requirements in any future federal legislation subsidizing higher education.

There was never a time when a class of institutions set up to do so much permitted itself to do so little to start humans on the life-long job of developing historical perspective, knowledge of the world, and an awareness of man's achievement. Throughout life, men have needed such knowledge desperately. Now, with the prospect of life's abrupt end, they need it even more.

Footnotes To History

As the 1961-62 academic year passes into history, it might be appropriate to call attention to several noteworthy records established on various college campuses:

• • •

A student at Union College in Schenectady claimed a new world record by keeping a cigarette lighter flame alive for 83 minutes, 30 seconds.

• • •

Nearly a hundred students at California Polytechnic staged a telephone talkathon that lasted 504 hours, which they claimed was 46 hours better than the former mark set by students at Texas Tech.

• • •

Four Fordham students, reviving a campus cultural activity that flourished two decades or so ago, swallowed fifty-seven goldfish.

• • •

Eighty students at Miami University in Oxford, Ohio, engaged in a see-saw endurance contest, teeter-tottering in relays for 144 hours.

• • •

In what was billed as the first intercollegiate elephant race in history, a four-and-one-half ton pachyderm named Sonita, wearing the colors of Harvard, lumbered to victory over entries from 15 other colleges at a California oat field christened for the occasion Dumbo Downs.

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TEACHERS VIEW THEIR STRIKE

In this article, four teachers in the New York City School System, all members of the United Federation of Teachers, present what they believe to be the true feelings of most of those teachers who went on strike April 11.

By AARON BENDER, ARTHUR FEINBERG, HARVEY GOLDENBERG, and ED SVIGALS.

WE CONTEND that teachers have a philosophic and moral right to strike. We teachers believe that when all other remedies have proved to be ineffective, teachers have the right in a free society to withhold their services. In the history of the West, there are numerous examples of challenges to unjust laws. Moreover, at the present time, the strike weapon is employed by teachers in many of the most democratic countries of the world. During the same week in which the New York teachers' strike occurred, teachers all over Italy walked off their jobs. Israel recently had a protracted strike of its secondary school staff, and the strike weapon has been used by teachers throughout the United Kingdom. Thus, what raises a storm of outrage on this side of the Atlantic, is accepted far more maturely on the other side. On the other hand, strikes of any kind are forbidden by such oppressive governments as the Soviet Union and Spain. We find it odd that the exercise of the right of teachers to strike in New York evokes a sanctimonious outcry from many who should know better.

We believe that the Condon-Wadlin (anti-strike) Law is both oppressive and unenforceable. It is more suited to a totalitarian society than to a free state. If the employee in a free society has the right to strike, why should this right be denied to the teachers? Further, two recent teacher strikes in New York have demonstrated that this law cannot be applied without destroying the school system. It may be easy to fire twenty or thirty thousand teachers. Who will replace them?

It should be noted that the challenge to the Condon-Wadlin Law follows the procedure employed in the testing of any law under the Constitution. Our challenge of this law grows out of the same American tradition under which people fought against oppressive segregation laws in the South, and against religious restrictions in other parts of the country.

Why then did the teachers exercise their right to strike on April 11? The reasons are many and complex. One of them is certainly economic in nature. For years there has been an ever-accumulating sense of frustration and rage directed against the city and state governments, the Board of Education, and the public for their indifference to the plight of the teacher. As many of those who condemned the strike had pointed out previously, the salaries of the New York teachers lagged behind salaries in neighboring communities. At one time, New York could boast of paying the highest salaries in the metropolitan area, indeed, in the entire country. This position has been undermined because of inflationary forces and lack of adequate salary increases.

The strike of April 11 also reflects a revolt of the teachers against the growing bureaucracy in the New York school system. In the face of a critical teacher shortage, the ranks of the supervisory group have increased to inordinate proportions. The 4,000 supervisors in New York City constitute a larger group than the entire supervisory staff of the school system in France. The presence of this huge bureaucracy has tended to create an impersonal school atmosphere in which the teacher is continuously frustrated in his efforts to teach. A considerable part of the teaching day is taken up with clerical work in order to meet the demands of the hierarchy. Moreover, in the face of a critical teacher shortage and an imminent strike, the Board chose to allocate millions to create a much higher salary scale for supervisors instead of meeting teacher needs.

Much has been written about the trying conditions present in the New York teaching situation. Mr. Hechinger ably catalogued many of them and further detail is not needed here. The day-by-day battle against these conditions of overcrowding, obsolete buildings, problem students, and textbook inadequacies helped considerably to hone the edge of frustration.

The strike of April 11 was called by the United Federation of Teachers, which is the legally designated collective bargaining agent of the teachers of New York. It won this legal status as a result of an election in which the United Federation of Teachers received more than two-thirds of the votes cast. Contrary to the implications of the press coverage, the vote to strike was carried overwhelmingly. Seventy-two hundred teachers voted to strike; two hundred voted in the negative. The strike vote was secret and all union members were eligible to vote. We are proud that this is a truly democratic union.

THE actions of the Board of Education, headed by Max Rubin, instead of resolving the conflict, helped to inflame it. Max Rubin's reference to the strike as an immoral action created deep resentment, and masked the failure of the Board to use its great influence to bring about fundamental improvement in the school system. He and his colleagues on the Board of Education had a unique opportunity to offer their resignations in order to dramatize the absurdity of the bargaining situation in which the mayor and the governor were playing political football. Surely such a dramatic gesture could have averted the strike and united the teachers with the Board of Education.

As a direct result of the strike, the mayor and the governor found thirteen million additional dollars and New York City teaching positions will now carry the highest maximum salaries of any major city in the country. Talented people will be attracted to the system and those already in will not be reluctant to stay. The United Federation of Teachers, which sponsored the strike, now has greater union solidarity than ever before, and is enjoying a growth in its membership.

We believe that it was the most dedicated teachers who were on strike on April 11. It was these teachers who saw a deteriorating school system and had the courage to fight for their convictions. In conclusion, we affirm that the strike of April 11 was in the interest of better schools for the children of New York City.

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Who Should Pay for the Ph.D.?

By RICHARD G. FOWLER, *research professor of physics, University of Oklahoma.*

WHATEVER one's views on federal financing of education, a strong and urgent case can be made for nation-wide support of graduate study. At this level education presents a problem of national scope that can be handled effectively only by the federal government.

Such a sweeping declaration can be amply documented by figures on the foot-loose nature of graduate students and those who have completed graduate study. Take my own quite typical case. I was born in Michigan, educated in that state's schools, and then left to do my productive work as an educated adult in Oklahoma. Who should pay for my education? The citizens of Michigan actually paid for it, but Oklahoma —or perhaps the nation—is reaping the benefits. Or consider the even more complicated case of my friend who was born in Nebraska, educated in Ohio, and now is working in Tennessee.

Nor are these cases unusual. Four out of every five persons holding Ph.D. degrees in the United States are now working in states other than that in which they were educated. The same proportion are not working in the state in which they were born. Three in four did not receive their graduate education in the state of their birth. And three in ten are working in states which failed to balance the export to other states of Ph.D.'s they trained with a corresponding import of people with equal training. In short, highly educated manpower is as much a commodity in interstate commerce as autos or wheat.

Small wonder that hidden resentment should exist in state legislatures against adequate financing of graduate education. But a society which depends for its existence—not to mention its comforts—upon the productivity of scientists and scholars can ill afford half-way measures. The haphazard, hand-to-mouth, pinchpenny way in which we finance the state-supported graduate schools that account for the bulk of our highly trained men and women, is little more than a grisly version of Russian roulette. It results in over-worked professors who can give only a fraction of the time they should to being experts in their field, and overworked students who can give only part-time attention to the mastery of their intricate subjects.

Universities which maintain graduate schools have a two-fold aim, to safeguard and impart the wisdom of the past, and to add to the storehouse of knowledge for the needs of the future. The first aim, the "schoolhouse" aim, is widely recognized by benefactors, regents, trustees, legislators and other persons involved in the accumulation and distribution of money for higher education. The second aim is apparently realized clearly only by those who have themselves attended graduate schools and participated in the exciting, time consuming, and expensive game of research discovery.

Teaching loads in state universities are generally based on the needs of the undergraduate program, as being the real reason for the existence of the university in the eyes of the paying public. Thus, when state universities seek money from their legislatures they receive their appropriations on a dollars per student basis without regard to whether the student is a freshman or a graduate student finishing his Ph.D. degree. This is exactly the same formula used in financing grade school education, although recognition *has* been given to the fact that higher education as a whole is more expensive by an increased per student allotment over the grade school figure.

APPARENTLY it is widely felt by those who provide the money that high school is a good local investment because the high school graduate remains in the local community; that the four-year college is a good state investment because the bachelor graduate generally remains in the state in which he was educated; but that graduate school is neither a good state nor local investment because master and doctor graduates rarely stay where they are educated.

What are the actual facts concerning the migration of our population at various education levels? A very large fraction, perhaps as large as 95 per cent, of the graduates of our high schools who do not go on to college, remain for their life work relatively near to the local community in which they were educated. To the extent to which they move short distances from their home community, they provide an argument for existing programs of state aid to the local school districts, since they earn their livelihood and pay their local school taxes in another district than that which financed their study.

The great majority of college graduates who do not go on for graduate study also remain in the state in which they were educated, although it is relatively common for them to move from one town to another within their state. It is thus reasonable that states should give strong support to their basic, four-year colleges by taxation.

I HAVE surveyed two representative institutions for which the data were easily obtainable. The first institution has among its graduates 40,000 who were originally natives of the state in which the institution lies, and who did not later go on for graduate study. Of these, 65 per cent remained in that state. Even this large percentage is probably an underestimate of the facts for the United States as a whole, since this is a state university rather than one of the many local four-year colleges which account for so many of our bachelor's degrees. For example, a recent survey of an average midwestern liberal arts college, from which a graduating class of 150 went out in the 1930s, shows that 71 per cent of these persons are still within their Alma Mater's state.

When we come to consider the graduate colleges and where their graduates finally reside, definite information can be gathered by use of national directories, and the situation is vastly different. A count of 1,000 Ph.D.'s in the natural sciences, social sciences and humanities selected at random from "American Men of Science" and the "Dictionary of American Scholars," showed that only 21 per cent of the "scientists" and only 23 per cent of the "scholars" remained in the state in which they were educated. An interesting sidelight is that only half of these, in either case, were also born in the state in which they work.

Thus a dramatic change takes place in the habits of Americans as their educational level increases. While nine out of ten high school graduates remain in the state that educated them, and two out of three among the four-year college students also remain in their state, only one in five persons who receives post-graduate training remains.

The large amount of migration found among highly specialized Americans

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indicates two things. (1) They are a *national* rather than a *state* asset, because they go to the areas where their services are most needed regardless of state affiliation. (2) They are a tax loss to the state which educated them, which is only made up to the extent that they are matched by educated strangers. Both of these facts indicate the need for broad federal support of graduate education. It is the nation as a whole which profits by these people, while only the federal government can tax people wherever they reside, to ensure that graduate education is supported wherever it is needed. From the statistics cited we can estimate that the federal government's proper share in the program of higher education is about 30 per cent of the cost of undergraduate education and 80 per cent of the cost of graduate education.

Even though it can be argued from these figures that the area of federal support extends even down into the four-year colleges, let us continue to concentrate on the problems of graduate education. The extent of the federal responsibility in this area is so great that the nation should properly assume all the direct costs and expect that only incidental overall administrative expenses of the program would be borne by the states. Included in direct costs should be professors' salaries, libraries, general services, buildings, research space, research equipment, and travel.

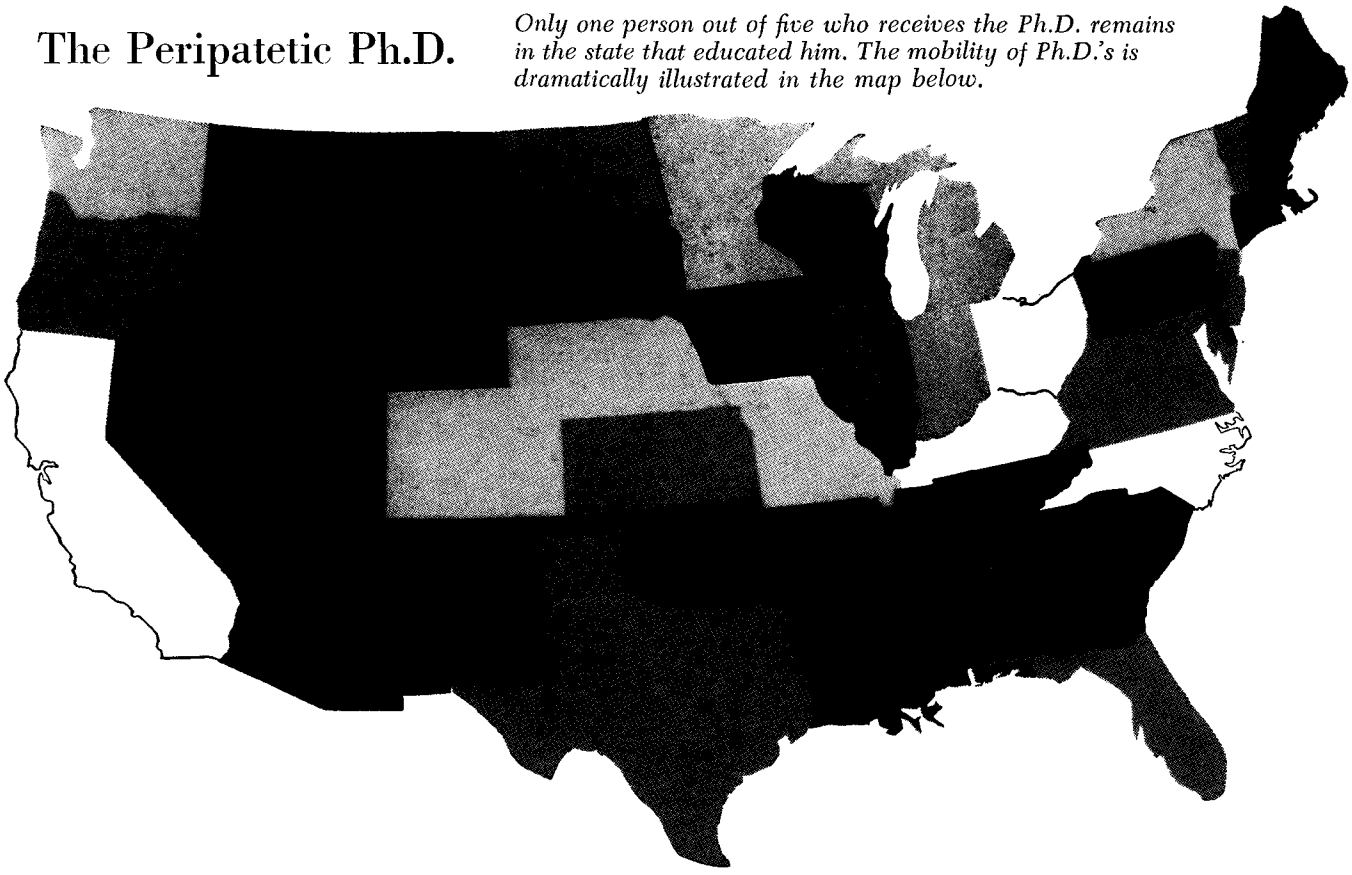
At first, this would seem to involve a great deal of money. In actual fact we are speaking of a remarkably small sum. Based on a recent study of costs in a group of average American universities including auxiliary funds available for sponsored research, and amortization of building space, the present public subsidy toward educating an average graduate student is not more than $1,500 per year. This figure does not include the cost of student subsistence covered by fellowships and assistantships. In the past year America graduated about 10,000 doctorates and 80,000 masters. The former take an average of four years, the latter an average of a little more than one year to attain their degree. This implies an overall subsidy of around 160 million dollars per year. Such a sum is, however, an insufficient expenditure and should be increased at least two-fold as soon as possible to provide more professors so that all will have the extra time needed to offer superior instruction.

The problem is a more urgent one than at first it seems. Two factors make it so. The easy-going belief that the numbers of graduate students were so few that they could be handled by overtime activities of the staff may have been true in the Twenties and Thirties, but as many students have received Ph.D. degrees in the past ten years as in all prior history. As the impact of these costs has begun to come home to state legislators, the quest for funds has generated considerable pressure to raise out-of-state fees drastically on the principle that a state's chief responsibility is to its own citizens. This strikes directly at the graduate students, since as we have seen, they are largely from out-of-state. Both of these factors bode ill for future graduate education.

This is *the* federal area of responsibility in education. Federal aid should use the rifle approach instead of the shotgun.

The Peripatetic Ph.D.

Only one person out of five who receives the Ph.D. remains in the state that educated him. The mobility of Ph.D.'s is dramatically illustrated in the map below.



COLOR KEY TO STATES

- Imports five Ph.D.s for every one who moves out
- Imports two for every one who moves out
- Imports 1½ for every one who moves out
- Exports five Ph.D.s for every one who moves in
- Exports two for every one who moves in
- Exports 1½ for every one who moves in
- Import-export ratio is in balance

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Miss Blanding's Dream House

By ELAINE KENDALL, *a frequent commentator on the lively arts.*

ON MAY 8, 1962, The New York *Herald Tribune* ("Who Says A Good Newspaper Has To Be Dull?") gave a fair-sized chunk of its front page and better than a column of its twentieth page to certain remarks made in a college assembly by Miss Sarah Gibson Blanding, president of Vassar College. The New York *Times* of the same date ("All The News That's Fit To Print") carried no story at all from Poughkeepsie, for reasons that may or may not have anything to do with the legend on the masthead. In the strictly temporal sense, Miss Blanding's comments were not news. On April 4, more than a month earlier, Miss Blanding had announced that Vassar College would not condone sexual promiscuity and/or excessive drinking, and that any student who felt that she could not abide by this "innate" standard should withdraw voluntarily from Vassar before she is asked to leave. Further, she indicated that those young women who found themselves at variance with this code might do well to seek an education elsewhere.

It took a month for this intelligence to find its way to the *Herald Tribune,* but once there, the story made up in provocativeness what it lacked in Timeliness. *Is* it news when a college president advises the undergraduate body to behave itself? Not in the classic, "man bites dog" sense—college presidents, deans, and chaplains are always making such admonitions to the students. (The really startling speech would be one suggesting that the girls lose no time in embarking upon a program of promiscuity and general debauchery.) What was genuinely newsworthy in the story, however, was Miss Blanding's unequivocal statement that girls who cannot or will not uphold these standards of chastity and temperance should withdraw from college. Since trains, buses, and bicycle paths south from Poughkeepsie have not exactly been choked with refugees during the past month, we may assume one of two things: either Vassar is not a den of iniquity at all, or no one in the student body takes the statement seriously. Miss Blanding said that there had been no increase in incidents involving Vassar girls and no rise in pregnancies among unmarried students. "We are no worse than any other college. This is a problem all over the country." Nevertheless, Miss Blanding is the only college president so far who has suggested that teetotal virgins be segregated from their opposites for educational purposes. Besides being awkward and expensive, this may well be unconstitutional. Would there be separate but equal facilities? What would become of the moderates? Wouldn't everyone know who went where? And finally, hasn't it been established that we are entitled to equal academic opportunities, regardless of race, creed, color, or—sex? Abstinence may make the heart grow fonder, but no one has ever said that it does anything special to the brain.

Presidents and deans of most other colleges have discreetly declined to comment upon the *Tribune* story. In answer to the question, "Do you suppose the other six women's colleges (among the Seven Sisters) will follow suit?", the press bureau of my own college answered, "You know how difficult it is to get all seven of us to agree on anything." (That is about as noncommittal as one can get without actually quoting the Fifth Amendment.) The general tone of these conversations was that, while the other women's colleges were unanimously in favor of chastity and temperance, they were not yet prepared to expel those students whose academic excellence exceeded their moral discretion. Universities and colleges have always reserved the right to exclude, at any time, any student whose conduct is "unsatisfactory" (Bryn Mawr), who "in the opinion of the college authorities should not remain at Wellesley," "whose presence is deemed detrimental" (Vassar), who "is not considered to be in sympathy with its ideals and standards" (Mt. Holyoke), or "who is felt not to be a desirable member of the student body" (Radcliffe). Up until now, the words "unsatisfactory," "undesirable," "detrimental," and "unsympathetic" have been enough, but apparently they are enough no longer. Miss Blanding has only made the spirit flesh. Not only does one not steal, cheat, or otherwise blacken the name of one's school, one promises to remain *virgo intacta* and sober as well. No others need apply.

Last fall, the Vassar College government association asked that the not very ambiguous sentence "The college expects every student to uphold the highest standards" be explained more fully. The "No promiscuity, no excessive drinking" speech was made in answer to that request. What used to be a gentlemen's (or more properly, a ladies') agreement, has now been spelled out and codified. Interestingly enough, the question of temperance is almost as embarrassing as that of chastity, because the original money to establish Vassar came from a brewery. The intention of Matthew Vassar was

© 1960 by Anne Cleveland and Jean Anderson
"The Educated Woman," E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc.

"She's only a freshman, but you can tell she's lived."

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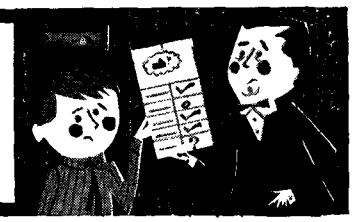
that the college bearing his name should be to women what Yale and Harvard were to men. Vassar, in May of 1962, 101 years after that statement, is over a barrel in every sense.

The real issue here is not the touchy moral one of "Should they or shouldn't they?," but the more debatable "Should they be denied a Vassar education if they do?" Enforced chastity may not be a bad idea but it is certainly unrealistic. No one has yet proved that there is an unfavorable correlation between sex experience and academic achievement, although we may certainly expect the social scientists to get to work on it at once.

Isn't it rather late in the day to attempt to turn Vassar into a cloister, or in the harsher words of one of the interviewed students, "The Poughkeepsie Victorian Seminary for Young Virgins?" There must be thousands of alumnae who suddenly feel like Hester Prynne, only the scarlet letter is a dusty pink V.

Under the circumstances, one can only describe student opinion as "divergent." Fifty-two per cent of the girls stand firmly behind the president, forty per cent (is their stand as firm?) disagree with her, and a wretched eight per cent are undecided. (Those have always been the ones to worry about—the girls who can't make up their minds.) Reactions to the inevitable questionnaires vary from the defiant extreme of "What I may do privately and discreetly is entirely my own concern," to a ladylike "Social mores concern everyone with whom one comes in contact." There was a cynic who said that "If the speech were taken seriously, probably two-thirds of the student body would withdraw," and a supercynic who preferred the word "irresponsible" to Miss Blanding's "immoral" in describing pre-marital sex relations, but added "Birth control is not *that* effective." She is, of course, dead right, and a girl who is worrying about the effectiveness of birth control will have a difficult time in keeping her mind on the quantum theory. This much has certainly been proven by the school psychiatrists, deans and counsellors, who have been busier during the past few years than ever before. They are all in agreement that while chastity begins at home, it shouldn't end there. The ivory tower is no longer 99 and 44/100 percent pure. The problems of undergraduates have gone far beyond eyestrain and athlete's foot, but no edict will ever get them back to where they were, or where they should have been. Aspirin and gentian violet were the standard college infirmary issue not so long ago—now it's advice and help of a more complicated sort.

Report Card



DOMINUS VOBISCUM. When Sister Rita of the Sacred Heart was inaugurated as third president of the College of Great Falls in Montana last month, she received a congratulatory message in Latin from Peter Sammartino, president of Fairleigh-Dickinson University in New Jersey, containing this fervent prayer: "*Te ne officia nummum congerendorum operosa, neve series infinita cenarum gallinacearum, neve acres alumnorum admonitus prohibeant, academica vita diuturna sanaque frui.*" Which, translated, means: "May neither the laborious duties of raising money, nor the endless round of chicken dinners, nor the bright suggestions of alumni prevent you from enjoying a long and happy life."

THE LONE RANGER RIDES AGAIN. The one-hundredth annual convention of the National Education Association, to be held in Denver next month, will have a Western theme, according to the lead article in the pre-convention issue of *NEA News*. "Attire will be gay and casual with Western shirts, levis, and squaw dresses in abundance," the article says, and the password will be "Hi, neighbor!"

"IF IT'S NOT TOO MUCH TO ASK . . ." The Educational Supplement of the *Times* of London recently reprinted without comment the following caution sent undergraduates at King's College, Cambridge: "Gentlemen may be disposed to allow that a modest pride in the appearance of the College is not an entirely obsolete virtue, and therefore that nocturnal exploits which involve disfiguring the lawns with unsightly lines or designs are to be eschewed."

A MATTER OF DEGREE: A perennial campus problem which seems to be more acute in spring than in other seasons of the year drew official comment from three widely scattered sources recently. Vassar girls were bluntly warned by their president, Sarah Gibson Blanding, that sexual promiscuity would not be tolerated. The dean of Phoenix College in Arizona, noting that "the Ides of March seem to agitate human hormones, especially among the fine young students on any college campus," posted this admonitory notice: "Ambulatory or stationary osculation is beyond the pale." The headmaster of Forest Fields School in Nottingham, England, took a sterner view. "I realize, of course," he said, "that it would be unnatural for my pupils not to talk and walk with each other, but I draw the line at holding hands."

"LIFT NOT THE FESTAL MASK . . ." Bob Sealander, a student at Bowling Green State University in Ohio, recently observed in a letter to the editor of *The B-G News:* "It occurred to me the other day that it would be a very humane thing for this year's commencement speakers not to frighten our June graduates by telling them the world is theirs."

MAKEUP EXAMINATION. Three months ago, after Col. John Glenn had become the first American to orbit the earth, we reported in this space that he was the only U.S. astronaut who did not have a college degree. It turns out that we were wrong, and so was the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, which had supplied us with the information. M. Scott Carpenter, who last month duplicated Glenn's feat, didn't have one either. A check with NASA and the University of Colorado, where Carpenter did his undergraduate work, produced this explanation: Although NASA's official biography of Carpenter said he received a bachelor's degree in aeronautical engineering from the University of Colorado in 1949, he actually hadn't because he had flunked one course (in Heat Transfer). He was in the process of taking this course over again when the Navy appointed him an air cadet on the mistaken assumption that he had completed his work for the degree. Carpenter didn't disabuse the Navy of this notion, and accepted his appointment. When the Navy loaned Carpenter to NASA for Project Mercury, his records indicated he had the degree. After Carpenter's successful voyage through space, the University of Colorado immediately set out to repair his academic deficiency. On May 29 he received the University's "Recognition Medal" and, since there was general agreement among the faculty that he had certainly satisfied the requirements of the Heat Transfer course during his harrowing trips around the earth, he also received his degree in aeronautical engineering. —JOHN SCANLON.

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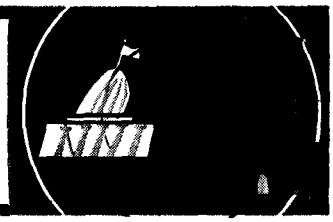
While School Keeps



THE U.S. OFFICE OF EDUCATION announced recently that it will establish an information clearing house next fall to help public school officials plan for desegration. According to Robert M. Rosenzweig, Assistant to U.S. Commissioner of Education McMurrin, the new organization will serve not only Southern school officials, but also those in the North and West who face similar problems. Plans call for a relatively small operation which will depend on local consultants and make available information about communities that have already gone through the process of desegregation successfully.

The decision to set up the clearing house grew out of the findings of a survey of school superintendents in nine Southern states. All officials questioned in the survey, including those from two states where no desegregation has yet taken place, indicated that help would be welcome. According to the report of the survey, all realized that "desegregation is inevitable if public education is to be maintained. And all seem strongly resolved to maintain public education and therefore to accept some desegregation."

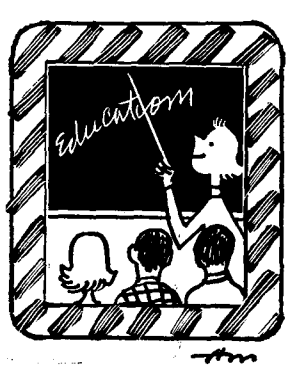
WILLIAMS COLLEGE is initiating a ten-year study of students who fail to meet its highly competitive admissions standards, as measured by high school grades and scholastic aptitude and achievement tests, but who display other qualities of character and talent that promise to enrich the student body and the college. Up to 10 per cent of its entering freshmen will be drawn from those who are not conventionally outstanding, but who exhibit exceptional individual characteristics. Their records will be compared over the years with those of a control group admitted on the usual grounds of academic achievement in an effort to discover broader criteria for college admissions.

The Williams College project parallels a number of other efforts to find a more sophisticated basis for determining who should be admitted to the better colleges. The soul-searching in higher education is wide-spread as the College Board scores push higher each year and the realization grows that, valuable as they are, test scores cannot always identify the potentially creative and productive individual. No solution is in sight, but awareness of the problem is growing.

THE PROJECT ON INSTRUCTION, sponsored by the National Education Association, has just published the third of four status studies as a prelude to the major project volumes scheduled for publication during the 1962-63 academic year. First of these was a small "Preliminary Report" which described the project, how it came into existence, how it is organized, and what it plans to accomplish. The second, "The Scholars Look at the Schools," was released last month and reports on a Discipline Seminar in which distinguished scholars and educators explored the major ideas in the various disciplines that should be included in the instructional program, and their relationship to the structure of knowledge and the ways of knowing.

The current volume, "The Principals Look at the Schools: A Status Study of Selected Instructional Practices," surveys nearly 1500 elementary and secondary school principals who represent a cross-section of the nation's schools, to determine the degree to which recent innovations have been accepted in the schools, and the degree to which they may spread by 1965.

The single most important change reported by the principals is the shift in recent years toward greater emphasis on subject-matter. Other changes reported concern the growing use of electronic classroom tools and variations in school and classroom organization. For instance, the principals expect a rise in the use of language laboratories, by 1965, of 160 per cent in elementary schools and 137 per cent in high schools. The use of teaching machines will increase by 240 per cent in elementary schools and 400 per cent in high schools. Classroom TV, nongraded elementary schools, team teaching, and foreign language teaching in the elementary schools are all slated for wider use according to the report. The shift away from the self-contained classroom appears to be in full swing, but the revolution will be far from complete by 1965. Even with dramatic percentage rises in the use of new tools and techniques, most innovations will appear in a minority of the nation's schools.



Fourth volume in the project's series, to be published this month, is "Current Curriculum Studies in Academic Subjects," which will describe many of the major studies, both completed and in progress, in the various subject areas. All publications in the series are available from the National Education Association, 1201 Sixteenth St., N.W., Washington 6, D.C.

THE FRESH, BRIGHT, NEW IDEAS that promise to reshape the nation's schools so dramatically in the 1960s, are far less modern than most of the school principals surveyed by the Project on Instruction probably think, according to a monthly bulletin called "For School Board Members," published by Croft Educational Services. While browsing through old books in the New London (Conn.) Public Library, editor William E. Dickinson came upon *An Ideal School: or, Looking Forward,* published in 1901 by an old-time Ohio school superintendent named Preston W. Search. Among the innovations to which he looked forward in the golden future of the "ideal school," Superintendent Search describes nongraded courses of study that would allow pupils to advance at their own rate, foreign language instruction in the elementary school, and college-level studies for able high school students. He also envisioned ranch-style school buildings, green chalkboards, picture windows, radiant heat, and air conditioning.

Contemporary "liberals" in education who are eagerly welcoming innovation and change may be given pause by the discovery that education's brave new world was not only sighted, but thoroughly charted, more than a half century ago. And, as editor Dickinson points out, educational "conservatives" may be equally chastened by Superintendent Search's strictures on schools in the good old days, which he says were marked by "dead time and profitless tasks."

A STUDENTS' TRAVEL GUIDE to low-budget touring was published this last spring by Stanford University students under the title, "The Vagabond." Written by thirty veteran student trav-

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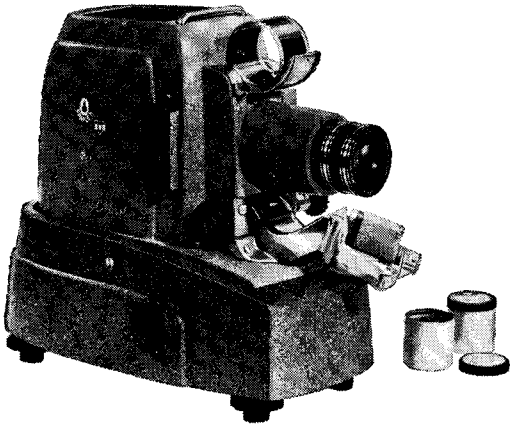

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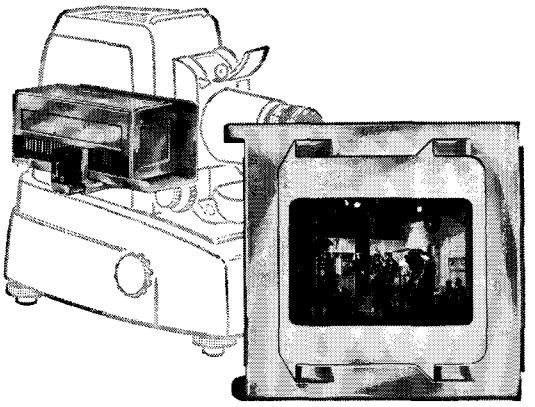

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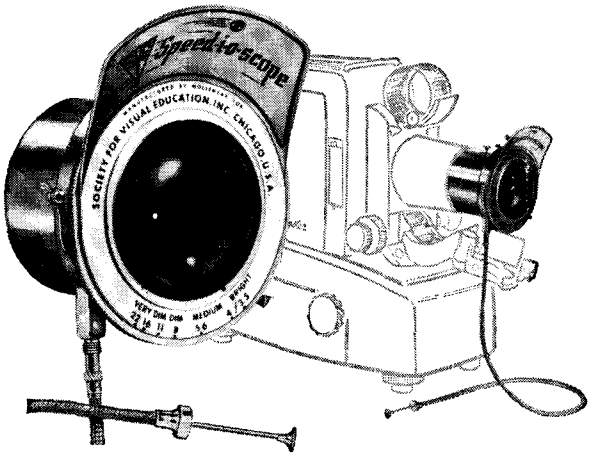

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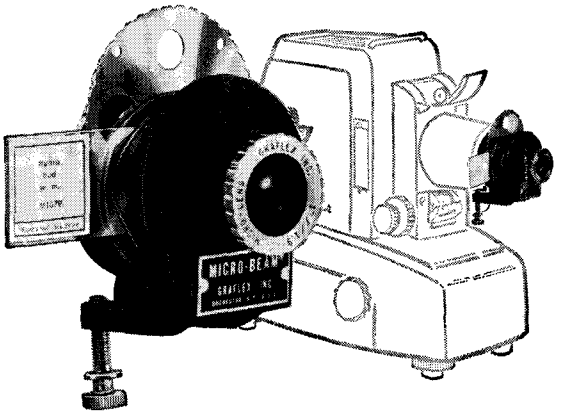

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elers, the sixty-page booklet supplies some evidence to confirm the assertion of one contributor that "Europe can be 'done' on an average of $2.50 a day, Russia and the Iron Curtain countries cost slightly more, all other areas cost between 90 cents and $1.50 a day." Some of the trips taken by contributors include a three-month junket by bus through twenty Latin American countries, a steamer and hitchhiking trip to Timbuktu, and an around-the-world trip last year through Africa and most of Asia. The foreword indicates the point of view of the guide, "The style of travel suggested often presupposes a shortage of money and a wish for something different. This book also assumes a desire to learn as much as possible about others and a maturity sufficient to put up with minor discomforts. Given such an attitude it is difficult to have an unsuccessful trip." Copies of "The Vagabond" are available at $1.10 from SOIS, Box 3690, Institute of International Relations, Stanford, California.

"ADMISSION TO INDEPENDENT SECONDARY SCHOOLS" is the title of a little pamphlet designed to answer many of the preliminary questions of parents who are considering independent schools for their children. Published by The Secondary School Admission Test Board (c/o Educational Testing Service, 20 Nassau Street, Princeton, N.J.), it explains the general admissions procedures and suggests sources for further information. It also calls attention to the Secondary School Admission Center (P.O. Box 34, Suffield, Conn.) which operates between May 1 and August 15. The Center does not provide individual guidance and may be contacted by mail only. Its function is to allow candidates to file credentials and records for inspection by schools which still have space available.

SCHOOL DISTRICTS IN NEW YORK are often grossly overcharged for legal services in connection with local school bond issues, according to a recent study by Dr. Frederick Shore at Teachers College, Columbia University. It is common, Dr. Shore found, for attorneys to base their fees on a percentage of the bond issue—one-half of one per cent in many cases. This practice he considers unreasonable since there is no necessary relationship between the size of a bond issue and the amount of legal work required. Of the 271 bonds issues studied during a thirty-month period from 1958 to 1960, 80 per cent required only routine legal service.

Attorneys for nearly 60 per cent of the school districts studied asked for a percentage of the bond issue. Their fees ranged from $250 to $38,513, with a median of $5,700. Slightly more than one-fourth worked for a flat fee which ranged from $300 to $20,000, with a $5,000 median. Only nine per cent asked to be paid according to the amount of time they gave to the job and charged fees ranging from $225 to $3,166 for an average of $2,350. A few made no charge at all, donating their professional knowledge to the schools as a public service.

On the basis of his study Dr. Shore recommends that local school districts secure the services of a special bonding attorney for counsel and guidance to avoid legal difficulties and to insure success of the bond sale.

CENSORSHIP IN THE NATION'S COLLEGES is the subject of a recent report of the Committee on Civil Rights of the New York County Lawyer's Association. The report describes a wide range of recent cases in which academic freedom was abridged by the colleges themselves and recalls a variety of historic attempts to curtail both student and faculty freedom to discuss important current issues during the nineteenth century. The association recommends in its "A Report on Campus Censorship" a definition of academic freedom: "The right of teachers and students to seek after knowledge for the purpose of establishing truth."

FRIENDSHIP UNIVERSITY was opened a year ago by the Soviet government to provide higher education for students from underdeveloped nations. Americans have since been highly curious about the institution, but have rarely been allowed a look at anything but the outside of its front door. One American whose persistence in requesting a tour

of the University paid off is Martha B. Lucas, former president of Sweet Briar College and currently director of the Institute of International Education's Office of University Relations, who reports on her visit to the University in the May issue of the I.I.E's magazine of educational exchange, "Overseas," (800 Second Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.).

One of the interesting facets of Miss Lucas's report concerns the language training provided for students with no knowledge of Russian. During their first year students from the Far East, Near East and Africa study little else. They spend four or five hours during the day with an instructor, part of the time in a language laboratory which looks "for all the world like the streamlined new language lab at Harvard." Another three hours or so at night are spent in practice alone in the lab. By the second year students are expected to be ready to handle all of their studies in Russian at a normal teaching pace. This is in contrast to the problem of foreign students in the U.S. where the imperfect knowledge of English of many is a serious impediment to learning—and in many cases adequate facilities for teaching English as a foreign language are not available at the colleges they attend.

LEHIGH UNIVERSITY juniors and seniors with outstanding records in the College of Business Administration will have an unusual opportunity to gain practical experience in investment procedures—and perils—in an ingenious new "laboratory." A $20,000 gift to the university is earmarked for use as capital for the purchase of securities by students who will comprise a Board of Investment Counsel. One of their number will be elected chairman and the board will make all investment decisions, keep accurate accounts, file the necessary tax returns, and make regular reports on the status of the fund. A Board of Trustees for the fund will be composed of faculty members who will give advice on over-all investment policy, but will not have veto power over investment decisions. The student board will be responsible for all transactions during the academic year—faculty members will manage the fund during the summer months.

The donor, Jack J. Dreyfus, Jr., a Lehigh graduate and senior partner in the New York investment firm of Dreyfus and Company, has agreed to maintain the fund at the $20,000 level for an initial three year period in case its value decreases. After that time the university may use income from the fund for scholarships or for general expenses. —JAMES CASS.

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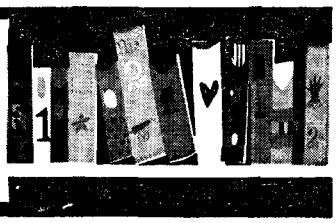
the Editor's Bookshelf



"LIMBO," "PURGATORY," AND "PARADISE" are the three categories of colleges described in a book titled, with a bow to Dante, **The Profane Comedy** (Macmillan, 234 pp. $5). The author, Kenneth E. Eble, is an Assistant Professor of English at the University of Utah. He is a graduate of the State University of Iowa and taught at Upper Iowa University and Drake University before taking his Ph.D. at Columbia.

Eble describes Limbo with the fervor of one who has been there and somehow managed to escape. "These colleges, usually small ones, located in areas where small towns dot the countryside, have little money with which to compete with the larger, better-endowed, or state supported schools. Faculties are secured at the lowest possible rates, and incompetence is tolerated to a higher degree than is consistent with high standards. Their educational philosophy is one which permits piety, loyalty, and devotion to substitute for intellectual effort, discipline and accomplishment. They tend to drive out the young and keep the old. At the heart of many of them there lurks the suspicion that the intellect is inevitably corrupting."

As for the faculties of these colleges of Limbo, "The men tend to be conservative, sometimes embittered or warped for various reasons, often compulsively gregarious, or withdrawn into ineffectuality. The women, and they comprise a large portion of these faculties, are likely to be genteel, quiescent, and not up to the rigors of the Ph.D. The administration is usually pious, hidebound, and without intellectual interests. The atmosphere is student-oriented, close in manners and morality, quiet to the point of dullness, and intellectually soporific."

Although his statistics are vague, it appears that most of the colleges assigned by Dr. Eble to Limbo are church-related, liberal arts colleges with enrollments under 500. (Eble's basis for deciding which colleges to assign to the outer darkness differs somewhat from that of the author of "The Graves of Academe," which appears on page 52 of this issue.)

The fact that Dr. Eble places most state colleges and state universities in a higher category will not surprise Western readers but may puzzle those familiar with the academic pecking order of New England. As Eble sees it, educational Purgatory is a place large enough to accommodate not only the state universities but the great majority of private universities including half the Ivy League, and a large number of middle-grade liberal arts colleges. The colleges of Purgatory have not yet found Paradise but at least they have a chance of redemption.

As compared with the colleges of Limbo, those of Purgatory are less pious and they attract stronger faculties by paying higher salaries and allowing more intellectual freedom. They have much better buildings, libraries, and laboratories and they offer a wider variety of courses including vocational ones. This variety is one of their weaknesses. "Because of its ability to meet every conceivable occupational interest, the college of Purgatory ensures all who arrive that salvation awaits the successful climb onward and upward. Though the high drop-out rate suggests that grace will be denied many, the failure to push on is often one of difficulty in finding the path rather than of being unable to surmount its difficulties. The credit system which prescribes the way to a bachelor's degree is as complex, regular, and accessible as the theory of the treasury which prescribed the way to medieval salva-

From "The Profane Comedy," by Kenneth E. Eble

"The attractiveness of the small school often lovingly described in reminiscences about college days is somewhat lost on college youth today. The city promises jobs, diversion, excitement, and status. Its enticements are constantly present, through movies, television, and the commonplace experience of driving into the city for a night of fun. Rural life has suffered and so have the colleges which were founded to make it easy for rural youth to gain an education."

• • •

"Character building, like moral victory, seems to be the peculiar province of wretched colleges and losing football teams."

• • •

". . . though 'they do it at Columbia' is still a persuasive argument for the adoption of practices at many colleges, what they do at Columbia is not likely to startle the world by its daring."

• • •

"The remedial program is a reflection of the basic issue in American education: the urge to educate to a high degree the entire populace and the difficulties of doing it."

• • •

"No one can win the confidence of editors of campus literary magazines . . . They are, in the manner of literary youth, dedicated to getting life as they see it into the pages of their magazines. A literary magazine's span of untroubled existence is that period between an editor's appointment and the appearance of S-E-X in its pages. The period is always short."

• • •

"The war between college faculties and administrations is one of higher education's longest inconclusive struggles."

• • •

"Bring together a large number of students reluctant to learn, a faculty reluctant to teach, an administration reluctant to administer, and a public reluctant to let any of these activities go on without suspecting treason, and bureaucracy is the result. For only a bureaucracy can render learning harmless and yet preserve the appearance of accomplishment."

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tion. Indulgences are sold in popular units of 3 hours per semester, and salvation is granted at 128 hours."

Paradise, as Eble sees it, is a thinly populated place that includes only half the Ivy League and none of the women's colleges. It is occupied by Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Columbia, Chicago, Hopkins, California, "some Big Ten schools," and "a scattering of undergraduate liberal arts colleges like Reed, Swarthmore, or Oberlin." But as Dr. Eble describes these institutions, life within does not sound very paradisaic. He quotes a colleague who once pointed out that the "U" of these universities often stands for "ulcer," and says, "Only in a secular Paradise could one find the bitchiness which often marks faculty relationships, the disdain frequently accorded the students, the maneuvering for position and prestige, the grudging acceptance given outsiders, and the mild corruption of human values which power and high position and rare intellect can bring." If this be Paradise it hardly seems worthwhile to try to get out of Purgatory.

Because Professor Eble has many harsh things to say, his book will be classified as a criticism of the colleges, but this is an informed and basically a sympathetic examination, by an insider, and it concludes with a series of recommendations for the improvement of the higher learning in America.

SINCE WORLD WAR II, the schools have been swept by two waves of criticism. The first, which began during the period of McCarthyism, grew out of an almost pathological fear that subversion was sweeping the land. It took the form of attacks on academic freedom, critical examination of textbooks, and a search for subversive teachers. During this wave, the classroom teachers and professional educators who defended the schools had the full support of academic scholars and other intellectuals throughout the nation.

The second wave, which began a little later and continues today, stemmed from different causes and has been carried along by a very different group of critics. During this wave, those who defend the schools have been sharply criticized by many academic scholars and other intellectuals who have demanded higher standards, more rigor, and more intellectual emphasis throughout our educational system.

In **The Ax Grinders,** (Macmillan, 260 pp. $5.00) Mary Anne Raywid, an Assistant Professor of Education at Hofstra College, correctly identifies the two waves and says, "If the motif of the First Wave of contemporary attacks on education can be summed up in the charge of 'un-Americanism,' the motif of the Second Wave is 'anti-intellectualism.' " She then sets out to prove that the two waves were closely related and that the leaders of both groups were irresponsible ax-grinders.

Although she gives some attention to logical fallacies in the criticism, Dr. Raywid is concerned primarily with the motives of the critics. She says, "Nowhere does this book attempt to answer or refute the charges of the critics," and the result is that her case is almost entirely *ad hominem.*

Some of the leaders of the first wave of criticism deserve all the harsh things that Miss Raywid has to say about them. Particularly between the years of about 1948-53 many schools came under attack from individuals and groups that were bigoted and paranoid. Some of the critics who demanded the privilege of censoring textbooks had neither the competency nor the right to do so, and some of those who favored a return to the Three R's seem to have been more interested in reducing taxes than in improving education. The author has collected a considerable amount of information about these groups and presents her case against them vigorously and persuasively.

Unfortunately she does not stop here. She next turns her attention to the second group of critics—those who demanded higher standards and a greater intellectual emphasis in the schools—and says "the typical member of the new group is the liberal arts professor." She adds that the Council for Basic Education is the dominant spokesman for this group.

In attempting to prove that the intellectual critics too were "ax grinders," Miss Raywid greatly weakens her case. The term "ax grinder" has a specific meaning. The parable about the innocent boy who was taken in by a man with an ax to grind has become a part of American folklore—an "ax grinder" is one whose motives are not what they seem to be—and consequently a book titled "The Ax Grinders" must stand or fall on the author's ability to demonstrate convincingly that those described have ulterior motives. Unfortunately for the author of such a book, the assessment of human motives is one of the most difficult tasks ever faced by a psychologist.

As evidence of the ulterior motives of the Council for Basic Education, Miss Raywid informs her readers that a minor foundation from which the Council has received assistance has also given support to right-wing organizations. Despite her denial, this surely seems to be an attempt to establish guilt by association, and rather remote association at that.

As evidence that the two waves of criticism were ideologically related she reports that critics of the two groups checked some of the same blanks on a questionnaire which she submitted to them. But motives cannot safely be inferred from the nature of the criticism or of the recommendations made for improving the schools. The critic who wants history taught as a separate subject may be a chauvinist but he may, on the other hand, be a distinguished historian who thinks history is important and that it is neglected in core programs. And he may be right. The parent who insists on better teaching of phonics may conceivably have ulterior motives but it is entirely possible that he only wants to make sure that his child learns to read. In controversies over the curriculum it cannot safely be assumed that the educators are always right and that their critics always are wrong or have concealed motives.

It is fair enough for an author to point out, as Miss Raywid has done, that when distinguished scholars talk about the elementary and secondary schools they sometimes lose their scholarly objectivity. Some of the academic critics have distorted the evidence and have reasoned from the exceptional case. Others have not been adequately informed, and some have failed to understand the problems of teachers who must deal with children of all levels of capacity.

However, Miss Raywid has offered no convincing evidence that the intellectual critics have any motive other than that of bringing about improvements in the schools. By making very serious charges against a group made up in large part of liberal arts professors, in a book called "The Ax Grinders," she has contributed to a widening of the already tragic gulf that separates professors of education from the liberal arts professors in many universities. The fact that her book is based upon a dissertation accepted for a doctoral degree in education will make it more difficult to heal the breach.

—P.W.

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BOOK REVIEW

Leap to Knowledge

"On Knowing: Essays for the Left Hand," by Jerome S. Bruner *(Belknap Press, 165 pp., $3.75), is a collection of occasional pieces on education by the author of "The Process of Education."*

By FRANK G. JENNINGS

"HE who knows that he knows is a wise man, follow him." So goes an ancient proverb, variously attributed to the Chinese, the Hindu and other sages of the East. Within the compass of yet another small book, Jerome S. Bruner deals with how we take the measure of reality as we seek to know it; how teaching and learning are shaped by this act and, finally, how what we tell ourselves that reality is, influences our actions and our commitments to them.

This book had its beginning in what the author calls "occasional pieces done for the left hand" which signifies the dreamer, the intuitor, the hunch-follower, the artist. There is a danger in this approach to the writing of a book. A jumbled mosaic of good intentions incompletely realized is a more than likely result. An unevenness of style and intention is probable. A dulling of the sharp points as they clash against each other, is the not unusual consequence. But by some antic combination of skill and sense, Bruner has avoided all of these pitfalls. I can attest to one reason, having read all but one of these essays in their earlier form. He has reworked his material and in every instance managed a happy wedding of ideas and intent. I must add, however, one minor complaint: Mr. Bruner has been seduced upon a few occasions into verbal inventions that do not serve him very well. The man has style. It is enough.

The first part of the book is a presentation of the author's credentials both as a scientist and an amateur of the human situation. He is at home with an art-experience, be it his own confrontation of a novel, a painting, or a cathedral. His comments about the nature of myth have an exciting clarity as he writes of its "externalizing tendency." This is the way in which myth makes manageable the internal terrors that grow as man confronts an imperfectly known world. "In time," says Bruner, "and as one comes to benefit from experience, one learns that things will turn out neither as well as one hoped nor as badly as one feared. Limits are set. Myth, perhaps, serves in place of or as a filter for experience." It is a means whereby we domesticate causality and yet it is a means that becomes dangerous when it no longer relates to reality.

> In our own time, in American culture, there is a deep problem generated by the confusion that has befallen the myth of the happy man. It reflects itself in the American personality. There still lingers the innocent Christian conception that happiness is the natural state of man—or at least of the child and of man as innocent—and that it is something that we have done or failed to do as individuals that creates a rather Protestantized and private unhappiness . . . A generation of playwrights has destroyed the remnants of Horatio Alger, replacing it with the image of Arthur Miller's salesman, dying by entropy, an object of compassion.

We are no longer a "mythologically instructed community" and so we have turned elsewhere for our teaching. It is the novel, Bruner says, which has replaced the great unifying myths. And he draws upon wide reading from Conrad to Camus to make his point. The great quests are still with us, the quest for certainty, for identity, and for the meaning of life and death. With the erosion of the instructing myth, "death has become the machine stopping." In fact, "one reads drug advertising with the sense that death must be an error on the part of the consumer."

And what has all this got to do with education, with teaching and with the school? It has to do with the joining of techniques to compassion, with knowing what is appropriate, what is adequate behavior as we face the world of daily endeavor and experience. We must organize our awareness and our appreciation of our human capacities, and we must teach and learn toward those great ends.

"Education is a process that cannot, I think (says Bruner) be separated from what it is one seeks to teach." It must employ the "canny art of intellectual temptation." It must be focused upon the act of discovery for, "discovery, like surprise, favors the well-prepared mind." And, as we have come to expect from Bruner, he has a relevant hypothesis to offer:

> Emphasis on discovery in learning has precisely the effect on the learner of leading him to be a constructionist, to organize what he has encountered in a manner not only designed to discover regularity and relatedness, but also to avoid the kind of information drift that fails to keep account of the uses to which information might have to be put. Emphasis on discovery, indeed, helps the child to learn the varieties of problem-solving, of transforming information for better use, helps him to go about the very task of learning. So goes the hypothesis: it is still in need of testing. But it is an hypothesis of such important human implications that we cannot afford not to test it—and the testing will have to be in the schools.

The essay on "The Act of Discovery" from which the above hypothesis has been taken is alone worth the price of the book. There are some sharp comments about the traditional view of motivation in learning that have long been needed. So too is the comment that the "principal problem in human memory is not storage but retrieval." His comments on the teaching and learning of mathematics are especially apt. "My own observation is that discovery in mathematics is a byproduct of making things simpler." Bruner also suggests, rightly, I think, that the educated man in the next century will have to be bilingual in a special sense, "concise and adept in both natural language and mathematics."

Throughout this book, as in his previous work, there is an immanent celebration of what the goals of the human enterprise can be. He speaks of delight as an intrinsic element in every act of discovery. He speaks of work as a cognate form of joy. He speaks of expectation in the same way in which William James did and he is unequivocal in his belief that education is the fundamental method of social change.

We in this country have been especially fortunate in having the best of our psychologists devote their sharpest talents to the problems of education. Inevitably they address themselves to the largest issues and Bruner is firmly in that great tradition. He closes with this:

". . . it is in developing the arts of peace that we shall find an expression for the new images that the century has produced. Until then, we shall not become the full beneficiaries of the change that science has wrought. A people who feel that they are living at the full limit of what is possible will have no crises of identity. Our challenge now is to use those portions of fate that we have taken over."

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Maddening and Magnificent

"The Preparation of Teachers: An Unstudied Problem in Education," by Seymour B. Sarason, Kenneth Davidson, and Burton Blatt *(John Wiley, 124 pp., paperback $1.95, cloth $3.95).*

By GORDON C. LEE, *dean, College of Education, University of Washington.*

THE THREE authors of "The Preparation of Teachers" have provided the educational profession with a very valuable statement that is, at one and the same time, misleading, maddening, and magnificent. This short book, or long essay, is essentially a report of an investigation which they conducted into the character of current programs of teacher education, and a description of a somewhat novel seminar for prospective teachers which they devised and directed.

Two of the authors are professors of psychology and one is a professor of special education (i.e., the teaching of children with some physical, mental or emotional deficiency of consequence for learning). Their book presents one central argument: that the teacher requires constantly to know and to apply a variety of psychological perspectives and insights; but that the prevailing programs of teacher preparation are quite inadequate, indeed irrelevant, to this necessity. The inescapable corollary to this judgment is indicated by the book's subtitle, for the writers there suggest that the preparation of teachers is "an unstudied problem in education."

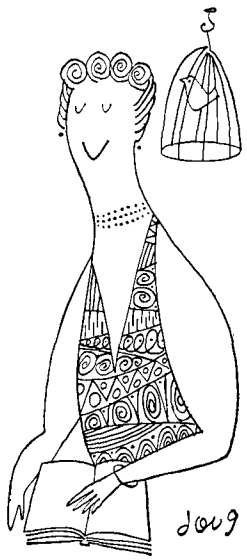
The present reviewer, passionately as well as professionally engaged in the business of trying to prepare teachers more effectively, would like to see this book read by every prospective teacher and every one of his professors (and, indeed, every parent). The strictures or reservations which follow here must not be permitted to overshadow the several moments of truth and brilliance which this report can show. As Professor Arthur Coladarci of Stanford says in his perceptive foreword, "it is difficult to gainsay that the assumptions, methods, and curricula that define programs for preparing teachers are largely of uncertain validity." This book offers important suggestions for the reduction of that uncertainty.

But it must be noted that, in a few rather vital respects, the book is misleading:

(1) The preparation of teachers is hardly "an unstudied problem," as reference to Borrowman, Cottrell, Woodring, Bestor, or Armstrong demonstrates, though it is hardly deniable that precise, systematic, research-supported principles of teacher education are lacking.

(2) The Sarason report seems to argue that the training of teachers should be governed basically by the nature of the existing school or classroom situation; by implication, a study of the ideal is unprofitable and little attention is paid to any elements in the teacher education process beyond the obviously "practical" experiences: observation and practice teaching. The process of teacher education is here studied only partially.

(3) Most misleading, however, is the underlying commitment to teaching as a business which can and indeed must be scientifically analyzed, quantified, and organized. With reference to practice-teaching, the authors state: "What are desperately needed are studies which have as their aims a detailed description of what goes on between neophyte and supervisor, an explication of the principles which presumably underlie the ways in which this learning experience is structured and handled, the values implicit in these principles and their execution, the efficacy of the experiences which do or should precede practice teaching, and the development of procedures that would allow us to evaluate the effects of practice teaching on the neophyte teacher, procedures which would be better than private opinions." To this reviewer, the foregoing excerpt epitomizes the book's general position. Granted that the practice-teaching program can certainly stand scrutiny and reform, let us not deal with it as though its fundamentally aesthetic, creative dimension were of small consequence, as though matters essentially individual should, or could, be transmuted into applicable generalizations. That way lies tragedy and disaster.



As a report from, and in part for, scholars, this book is somewhat maddening. For one thing, it shows a tendency to over-generalize. The authors write, "In what ways are teachers taught how to create a psychological climate in the classroom to enable children to appreciate and function on the basis of the principles previously discussed? Here again we find that, at best, the prospective teacher is 'told' about these principles, and neither in the college classroom nor in the practice-teaching period is the manner in which these principles are implemented by the student the focus of attention." Again, it is reported that, in general "the master, critic, or supervising teachers have no special qualifications for the supervisory role, that is, they are chosen because they are considered good teachers and not because they have had special training in supervision." Nowhere in the book is the basis for the authors' observations made clear; with how many programs of teacher education are the authors really familiar, and how many have they actually observed in action? The book is also exasperating in its allusions to a variety of very significant problems in teacher education which it does not go on to explore in any useful way. The authors rightly question the timing of this or that component of the teacher training process, decry the plethora of anti-educational chores in a teacher's day, and wonder about the average teacher's capacity to talk intelligently with parents; but they offer little in the way of counsel on how these matters should be dealt with.

Nevertheless, in one very vital sense "The Preparation of Teachers" is a magnificent book. It is full of provocative, imaginative insights which, if attended to, could make a vast difference in the nature and quality of American teacher education. Its central thesis—that the crucial psychological role and responsibilities of the teacher are left largely untouched by current patterns of teacher training—is eloquently conveyed. "The teacher is a kind of psychological diagnostician and tactician

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vitally concerned with how children acquire and utilize knowledge and skill." But prevailing approaches to teacher education reflect "the concept that education consists primarily of what we put into children rather than what we can get out of them." Through a description, devastatingly accurate, of a teacher's day and a report, most cogent, of several observations of elementary school classrooms, the authors illuminate these contentions. But it is in flashes of sharp, bold commentary, some almost incidental, that the book's greatest value lies. Here are a few samples:

"[The] supervision accorded the student teacher focuses far more on the technical or engineering aspects of teaching (for example, lesson plans, special projects, curriculum materials) than on such matters as the arousal of curiosity, eliciting the contribution of the children's ideas, and the recognition of individual differences among children in terms of how this must influence the techniques of teaching."

* * *

"However one defines creativity, an essential characteristic is the capacity to tolerate a new idea or conception and give it overt expression."

* * *

"The value of the liberal arts and sciences lies not only in the knowledge which they contain and produce, but in the spirit of inquiry which is their hallmark. *The communication of this spirit to children is not guaranteed by the amount of knowledge the teacher (college, high school, and elementary) possesses.*"

* * *

"For example, teachers frequently fail to distinguish between an observation of overt behavior and an inference about covert behavior."

* * *

"It is essential to our approach to expect that students will and must struggle, because learning to think independently and to utilize one's own intellectual resources is never easy, particularly when previous learning has been of the passive, dependent variety."

Professors Sarason, Davidson, and Blatt have performed a signal service in focusing our attention upon one very inadequately studied aspect of the preparation of teachers. They have called upon us to adapt that process far more directly and rigorously to emotional and psychological realities, of children *and* their teachers. They charge us to re-examine and re-design much of what we tend to accept uncritically in the education of teachers, and they offer us some very useful advice. This, then, is a book which anyone interested in education will read with much profit.

New Books

COMPARATIVE EDUCATIONAL ADMINISTRATION. *Edited by Theodore L. Reller and Edgar L. Morphet. Prentice-Hall.* 438 *pp.* $7.95. A report on the organization, administration, and financing of education in representative countries around the world.

A GUIDE TO STUDY ABROAD. 1962-63 Edition. *By John A. Garraty and Walter Adams, with Introduction by Lyndon B. Johnson. Channel Press, N.Y.* 288 *pp.* $5.95. A comprehensive handbook for students and teachers that examines over 500 year-abroad and summer school offerings, from the secondary school to graduate levels.

PRAIRIE VIEW. A Study in Public Conscience. *By George Ruble Woolfolk. Pageant Press, N.Y.* 404 *pp.* $5. The story of the only state-supported Negro college in Texas with a general commentary on the development of higher education for the Negro in Texas during the period from 1878 to 1946.

TEACHING MORAL AND SPIRITUAL VALUES. A Parents' Guide to Developing Character. *By Grace Langdon and Irving W. Stout. John Day Co.* 124 *pp.* $3. Two educators set forth ten basic values and tell how parents can impart them to their children.

FINANCIAL ASSISTANCE FOR COLLEGE STUDENTS: UNDERGRADUATES. *Compiled by Richard C. Mattingly. U.S. Office of Education, Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, (Washington 25, D.C.).* 360 *pp. Paperback,* $1.25. Detailed information on the financial assistance available to prospective college students at nearly 1800 colleges.

IMAGINATIVE TEACHING IN ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS. *By David Mallery. National Association of Independent Schools (84 State Street, Boston 9, Massachusetts).* 67 *pp. Paperback,* 75 cents. A description of programs for gifted children in the elementary grades developed in various private schools.

PURITAN PROTAGONIST: President Thomas Clap of Yale College. *By Louis Leonard Tucker. University of North Carolina Press (Chapel Hill, N.C.).* 283 *pp.* $6. A biography of the first president of Yale College, 1740-1766.

THE LEARNING PROCESS AND PROGRAMMED INSTRUCTION. *By Edward J. Green. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* 288 *pp.* $4. A discussion of conditioning principles and programming techniques in education.

HELP YOUR CHILDREN PREPARE FOR COLLEGE. *By Jean and C. Burleigh Wellington. Ronald Press.* 230 *pp.* $4. Tells parents how they may help encourage proper learning by their children at every age level from preschool through high school.

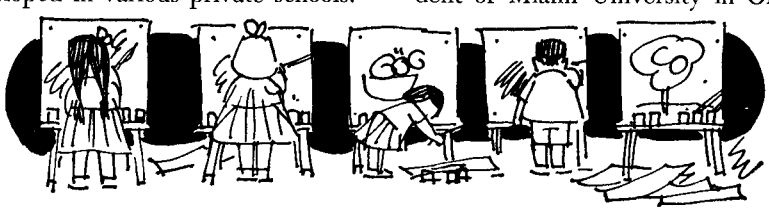
THE CULTURALLY DEPRIVED CHILD. *By Frank Riessman. Harper.* 140 *pp.* $3.95. A pioneer study of the underprivileged—with imaginative proposals to effect their adjustment to American education and life.

THE PROFANE COMEDY. *By Kenneth E. Eble. Macmillan.* 234 *pp.* $5 (See Editor's Bookshelf.)

ON KNOWING: ESSAYS FOR THE LEFT HAND. *By Jerome S. Bruner. Belknap Press.* 165 *pp.* $3.75. (Reviewed in this issue.)

THE CHANGING COLLEGE PREPARATORY CURRICULUM. *College Entrance Examination Board. (c/o Educational Testing Service, Box* 592, *Princeton, N.J.)* 81 *pp. Paperback,* $2. Report of a conference on recent curricular innovations at the high school level, and those still needed.

THE ACADEMIC COMMUNITY: AN ESSAY ON ORGANIZATION. *By John D. Millett. McGraw-Hill.* 265 *pp.* $5.95. A realistic picture of the academic community in operation, by the president of Miami University in Ohio.



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McGuffey

Continued from page 51

> They are always making blunders which other people have to suffer for, and which react upon themselves. They are always getting out of employment, and failing in business. To make up for what they lack in knowledge and thoroughness, they often resort to trick and fraud, and become not merely contemptible but criminal.

In all this the Readers performed for a rural America pretty much the function that the Alger books were to perform for an urban America.

THE McGuffey morality had many similarities to that of Dr. Pangloss: no matter how distressing things might seem, all was for the best. The workings of Providence, the arrangements of society, the vicissitudes of the economy —all would come right in the end. Does the widow starve? It is not her fault, to be sure, but neither is it the fault of society, and if she bears up, charity will take care of her. Are orphans bereft? Society has no responsibility for them, but there is always some great-hearted man who will come to their rescue or some kind woman who will adopt them. Does the laborer lose an arm or a leg in the factory? The kind employer will reward him. Is the upright man out of work? That is one of the hardships of fate but, if he is willing to turn his hand to anything, someone will surely recognize his virtues and give him work. Life is full of hardships, but be of good cheer. God watches over His own, most men are kindly and generous, and in the end virtue will be rewarded.

All this was in the spirit of self-reliance and of individualism, and reflected, too, that distrust of the State which was implicit both in much of Puritanism and in Jeffersonianism. Yet the heirs of the Puritans in New England—even the author of "Self-Reliance"—did not carry that virtue so far, or forgive the State from any responsibility for the operation of the economic order. McGuffey, and his collaborators and successors, lived in the midst of the greatest reform era in our history—an era when all the institutions of society were being called before the bar of Reason and asked for their credentials, and when the State was required to take on some responsibility for the welfare of the "dangerous and perishing classes." But the Readers show no awareness of this ferment of ideas, confess no temptation to challenge existing institutions, and reveal no inclination to enlarge the concept of social or political responsibility.

In nothing are the Readers more Victorian than in their pervasive sentimentality. As in so much Victorian literature —on the European continent as in England and America — sentimentality washed over children, dogs, and horses, found expression in flowers and trees, adored the primitive (especially in Nature) and romanticized the farmer. Even its piety was romantic. Curiously enough it was fascinated with death, and even children were expected to ponder the moral implications of death. One is sometimes reminded of Poe's definition of the perfect subject of a poem as the death of a beautiful maiden. Surprisingly, Poe himself is represented in the Readers only by "The Raven."

What of the contribution of the Readers to education? Here they performed a signal service, but it was not the service most commonly attributed to them by their admirers, and perhaps not even the service designed by those who wrote and edited them. For it was intellectual rather than moral, and cosmopolitan rather than nationalistic.

We have only to turn to most of the textbooks and readers current in mid-century America to see how great an improvement the McGuffeys inaugurated. That improvement was not merely pedagogical—the Rhetorical Guide, for example, the elaborate exercises, the careful vocabularies, the rich body of illustrations. More important was the marked improvement in the content itself. The best examples of this are the Fifth and Sixth Readers—the first to include a really substantial selection from literature.

What is striking about the Readers—it was probably not so much a product of policy as of habit—was that they made so few conscious concessions to immaturity. There was no nonsense about limiting the vocabulary to familiar words, for example. There was no effort always to be entertaining, and no policy of easy familiarity between young and old. There was no drawing back from many of the harsher experiences of the grown-up-world. If the McGuffeys did not ransack literature quite as thoroughly as Hamlin Garland and Herbert Quick seemed to remember (the Readers are notable for the classics that they leave out as well as for those they put in), they did draw generously on modern English classics, and on such American books as might be supposed to be classics, and they took for granted that the young would understand them, or that teachers would explain them—something publishers never appear to think of today!

A second major educational contribution of the Readers was their cosmopolitanism. It is customary to emphasize the ardent Americanism of the Readers, and Richard Mosier, in his "Making the American Mind," has devoted a persuasive chapter to this theme. Certainly an emphasis on nationalism would not have been surprising, for this was the period of national self-consciousness everywhere, of Manifest Destiny, of the apotheosis of the Founding Fathers and the rediscovery of the Pilgrim Fathers, and of the struggle for Union. The temptation to use the Readers to inculcate patriotism and nationalism must have been well-nigh irresistible. In so far as the Readers drew on the classics of American literature and politics they did doubtless contribute something to cultural nationalism. But what is astonishing is how little of this there really is. Though the original volumes of the Readers appeared when men could still remember the Revolutionary War and the War of 1812—McGuffey himself lived through that war, and on the Ohio frontier, too—there is no ardent hostility to Britain, no execration of George III, no atrocity stories about the Indians. And though new Readers, and revisions of old Readers, poured from the presses all through the era of the Mexican War, of Manifest Destiny, and of Young America, the Readers reflect none of this. Even the Oregon Trail and the gold rush to California were not allowed to ruffle the serenity of their pages. Even more startling is the fact that those who later revised the Readers—the 1879 edition of the Fifth Reader is a good example—managed to avoid the Civil War! Aside from Francis Finch's "The Blue and the Gray"—a masterpiece of impartiality—the war might never have happened as far as the Readers are concerned. The editors even brought themselves to omit the whole body of Civil War songs—"Battle Hymn of the Republic," "Tenting Tonight," "Maryland My Maryland," the "Conquered Banner," and all—though these were already the common property of the people, cherished then as now.

IN THE substantial attention the McGuffeys gave to American literature, in the celebration—or at least the affectionate recollection—of Washington and Franklin, Patrick Henry and Daniel Webster, they contributed no doubt to fostering a sense of patriotism in the young. But there was no deliberate attempt to do this. The McGuffeys perhaps realized—what so many of our professional patriots do not realize—that in a sound and fortunate society patriotism can be trusted to take care of itself.

A more important contribution to nationalism was equally uncalculated, though by no means fortuitous. It lay in providing the school children of the mid-nineteenth century with a common body of allusion and a common frame of

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reference. Justice Holmes said of John Marshall that part of his greatness was in being *there*. So, too, we can say that part of the greatness of the McGuffey Readers was that they were *there* at the right time. They were *there* to be read by millions of children from all parts of the country, from all classes, of all faiths. They gave to the American child of the nineteenth century what he so conspicuously lacks today—a common body of allusions, a sense of common experience and of common possession. That, no doubt, was what made the Readers so cherished in retrospect. They were always there to be remembered and quoted, and you could be reasonably sure that your audience would share your recollection and recognize your quotation.

HERE they are—to be taken seriously, to be taken humorously—but always to be taken and to be remembered: the boy who stood on the burning deck whence all but he had fled; the captain's daughter strapped to the mast in the "Wreck of the Hesperus"; the old oaken bucket; the story of Mr. Idle and Mr. Toil which had the simplicity of an Andersen fairy tale; Whittier's "Fish I Didn't Catch" which was so useful as an aphorism; Abou Ben Adhem, whose name led all the rest; the easy rhymes of "The Melancholy Days" are come the saddest of the year; the declamations of a Patrick Henry; the wild courage of Arnold of Winkelried ("Make way for Liberty he cried, Made way for Liberty, and died"); the simple morality of the "Psalm of Life"; the touching story of Maud Muller and the proud Judge: "Of all sad words of tongue or pen/ the saddest are these, it might have been"; and even a bit of Shakespeare, just enough to whet the appetite.

It is here that the Readers made, perhaps, their greatest contributions, and it is here that they have something to teach us. For one of the things that has disappeared from much of current study of literature and history on the elementary level is this common body of allusion and of reference. That our children, today, are better taught than were their luckless predecessors is generally conceded, though we are sometimes puzzled that we have not produced a generation of statesmen as distinguished as the Founding Fathers—products of rural academies and embryo colleges—or a generation of men of letters as distinguished as that of the Golden Day—products, again of frontier schools, village academies and struggling colleges. But even those most confident of the virtues of our current educational practices, and most proud of our textbooks—so handsomely printed, so lavishly illustrated, so elaborately provided with pedagogical apparatus that they leave nothing to either the child or the teacher—may wonder what has happened to that body of common knowledge that was in fact common in an earlier generation.

ALL of this was a benevolent, not a chauvinistic, expression of nationalism—pride in the virtues or the beauties of the nation, not in its prowess, or its superiority to other nations. Indeed the effect of the Readers was cosmopolitan rather than parochial—something those infatuated extremists who seek to exploit them for chauvinistic purposes might ponder. Children exposed to them—particularly to the Fifth and the Sixth—could not fail to have a lively sense of the past, and of the rich cultural tradition of other nations. The Greeks were here, and the Romans, William Tell and Arnold Winkelried, Hamlet and Shylock, and the Highland clansmen. Irving described the Alhambra, and Southey celebrated the Battle of Blenheim, and Thomas Campbell provided a sample of the Scots dialect (not surprisingly, the Scots were favorites of the McGuffey brothers) and Charles Wolfe lamented the death of General John Moore fighting Napoleon in Spain: "We carved not a line, we raised not a stone but we left him alone with his glory." Above all, the Readers provided an introduction, and more than an introduction, to the literature of England, and that literature, with its far-flung imperial interests, has always been cosmopolitan. Where McGuffey's great predecessor Noah Webster, set himself to eradicate Anglicisms from the American language, and to foster a sense of American cultural independence ("America must be independent in literature, as she is in politics") the McGuffeys refused to be distracted by cultural chauvinism. They saw no reason why political independence should cut young Americans off from their cultural heritage, and they deliberately gave to generations of boys and girls growing up on the prairies of the West a sense of membership in a larger community of history and literature.

The McGuffey Readers, then, are far more than an historical curiosity. They played an important role in American education, and in American culture, and helped shape that elusive thing we call the American character. If they did not themselves provide the stuff of culture and morality, they were one of the chief instruments for weaving this stuff into the fabric of American life. Their contribution was, on the whole, beneficent.

*He Needs Help

The walls of Demetrios' house in the slums of Athens are cracked. Icy winds blow right on his face while he sleeps. His blanket is threadbare. He eats one meal a day—bread dipped in oil.

Demetrios' mother has tuberculosis and is hospitalized. His father, a rag man, earns $13 a month. Demetrios does not pray for a blanket or more food. He prays to grow up quickly so that he can help his parents.

XPEIAZETAI BOHΘEIA*

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Education Letters

Continued from page 49

cation Association is not an indication that they don't believe that a professional organization can help them solve their problems. It is an indication of teacher morale and of the ineffectiveness of the NEA in New York City. How can we consider ourselves professionals when we have to punch time clocks like factory workers? What other "professionals" receive such intense investigation—from the regular collection and inspection of lesson plan books to the observation of lessons by chairmen, principals and visiting supervisors? The most forceful negation of the image of the teacher as a professional is the salary scale. How can you command the respect given to other professionals such as doctors when you are paid less than ditch diggers? Why aren't teachers paid according to the traditional professional criterion: the fee is proportional to the preparation, responsibility and skill required to do the job? Dedication makes the profession more rewarding, but dedication becomes difficult when you must hold two jobs to support your family. We do not doubt that teachers are professionals; we would just like to be treated and paid in accordance with professional standards.

SHELDON HANFT,
Teacher of Social Studies.

New York, N.Y.

THE TEACHERS did not strike *against* the children, they struck *for* the children. They struck to get them better schools; more textbooks and materials; for classes of sensible size; for more teacher time assigned to teaching and less to police duties—duties which were the direct outcome of the inept and parsimonious administration of the schools.

You concede that the teachers' grievances are legitimate but you decry the resort to a strike to dramatize them. The strike was not teacher created, it was forced upon them by the ones who now condemn them for their courage and whose only palliative for the intolerable conditions was a sanctimonious appeal to "professional pride."

HARRY ALLEN FELDMAN,
High School Chairman
(Retired).

New York, N.Y.

IT HAS BEEN my experience as the wife of a teacher that those teachers loudest in protest of union activity are either (a) teachers (usually women) with an additional source of income (usually their husbands') who just can't understand what all the complaining is about, or (b) neurotic martyr types who thus satisfy their own need to be exploited at the expense of others with a normal amount of self-esteem and the strength to stand up for what they deserve. Do we want, I wonder, to have our children educated by the smug and maladjusted?

NANCY CATALANO.

Woodland Hills, Calif.

MR. WOODRING parrots the NEA line of "no strike" under any conditions. To assure boards of education that never—no matter what they may do to us—will we withhold our services, even for a few hours, is to encourage them to ignore with impunity any demands teachers may make. While going on strike may be distasteful to all teachers, such action may at times be the only way of saving a school system. The NEA solution is for teachers not to sign their contracts—in other words, to quit—in cases of extreme dissatisfaction. We'd rather stay and fight.

EDWARD A. IRWIN,
President, Local 1021,
National Vice President,
American Federation of
Teachers.

Los Angeles, Calif.

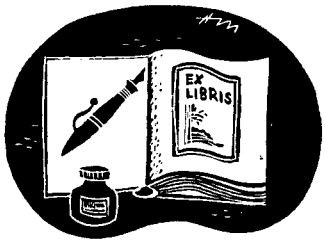
YOUR ARGUMENTS against a teacher's right to strike seem a little forced. If his position is so important that his right to use this tool of collective bargaining is preempted "in the public interest" then why is he not (1) paid a salary in the $20,000 range (minimal) as an indication of the importance of this position? (2) treated as a social equal by bankers, doctors, and other professional men?

At the same time, the argument that "the children go untended" is utter nonsense. The job of the teacher is teaching, not baby-sitting. Let the parents arrange for the care of the children during the time of any properly advertised strike.

About the only point worthy of consideration in the entire editorial is legality. The particular strike mentioned was clearly illegal. The obvious remedy: change the law.

GERALD MEIKE.

Ann Arbor, Mich.



IN YOUR editorial on the New York teachers' strike you write that teachers cannot have it both ways. "They cannot expect professional status and the respect and security that goes with it, and at the same time demand the right to exercise the ultimate economic weapon of a labor union." With this I wholeheartedly agree. However, what you fail to realize is that at present, teachers in the New York system enjoy neither "professional status" nor full-fledged unionism.

It would be well to admonish professionals to act as such if they are being accorded professional courtesies. At present, New York teachers are treated in many schools as little better than hired hands, who know nothing about their jobs, and have the mentality of the children they are teaching. While such a situation exists, I think it is unfair that we should expect them to act as professional saints. Teachers are human, yet in many instances are not even accorded this dignity. They are burdened with classes 50 per cent larger than neighboring suburban classes, have students assigned to their classes in excess of the limits, work under crude and intolerable conditions, with barely enough materials, and to top this, are shamefully paid. Mr. Woodring would do well to reconsider if these people are enjoying "professional status, respect, and security."

MELVIN UROFSKY.

Parkchester, N.Y.

IF TEACHERS constitute a professional group, they should be receiving an appropriate salary and the requisite prestige in the community. Since they obviously DO NOT have either item today—despite all their high-mindedness—then they must be merely a segment of the labor force and be permitted to "exercise the ultimate economic weapon." To inveigh against a group fighting for its economic rights is to attempt to deprive it of its legitimate participation in a democratic culture.

VINCENT LANIER,
Associate Professor,
Education Fine Arts,
University of Southern
California.

Los Angeles, Calif.

A WAVE of teacher strikes across the country would have the fine effect of awakening the public and restoring public respect for teachers as people; people who have earned the right to a decent standard of living.

HAROLD HUNTER.

Los Angeles, Cal.

I HAVE NOTED that your editorial deplores the teachers' strike because it is so unprofessional. As a teacher who has been through two one-day strikes in New York, I resent this kind of thinking and find it hard to see any logic in it.

It is about time to stop shedding crocodile tears about the damage done to the children, parents, and community by the strike. Instead you should congratulate those teachers who had the courage to strike for a living wage and for the very things that in the long run will improve our schools by attracting gifted people to the professional job of teaching.

SIDNEY PILATSKY.

Flushing, N.Y.

TEACHERS do not strike "against the government"; they strike against *misgovernment!* Government is the will of the people; misgovernment is their negligence. When this negligence affects the schools to the degree that teachers find it necessary to strike, they strike not "against the kids" (as the sentimentalists cry), but for youth and against negligence. The proper education of youth is the most important business of the state.

A strike is rebellion. Rebellion against negligence and injustice is everywhere a fact. According to the Declaration of Independence it is also a natural right. Not all the pious oaths and intimidating statutes of a democracy can prevent rebellion against misgovernment long-continued. We honor the Founding Fathers precisely because they did strike—and "against the *government.*" Nor do we cry that they

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struck against the people because death and destruction spread over the land.

CONNOR REED.

Seattle, Wash.

Do YOU not realize that most of those twenty thousand non-striking teachers are spineless, weak, timid teachers who fear to fight for their rights? Do you think these non-striking teachers you commend will refuse to accept the gains made by the courageous other twenty thousand teachers? No! The non-strikers want better working conditions and better salaries too; but they selfishly and cowardly reasoned that the striking teachers can carry the burden for them too!

JANET MAYER.

Flushing, N.Y.

MR. HECHINGER omits mention of a Delegate Assembly held in March, at which strike was voted for April 10, if by that time only token progress had been made regarding salary increases and improved conditions for teachers and pupils. The general membership concurred with an overwhelming majority vote on March 27. By the time April arrived, more than three months of talk had failed to produce tangible progress.

Was it extreme to desire preservation of the original strike date of April 10, (changed by delegates to April 11, at the urgent request of ranking UFT officials) when teachers by that time had gained nothing from negotiations?

MRS. MERYL R. SACHS,
Teacher, NYC School System.

New York, N.Y.

SATURDAY REVIEW and other leaders of opinion may well feel that the New York City teachers lost a certain professional aura in adopting strike tactics. This is regrettably true, but what else can teachers do when all their efforts in gentlemanly negotiation and all the efforts of their friends in the press and the government are unable to raise their salaries to truly professional levels?

FREDERICK S. LIGHTFOOT.

Hollis, N.Y.

PERHAPS another report is in order which will show (1) the national picture of how elected officials use our education system as a political football and (2) a study of the menial jobs teachers perform during their spare time to maintain a proper living standard.

AART SLINGERLAND.

New York, N.Y.

DIGNITY

THE PHOTOGRAPH printed on page 56 of your May 19th issue is as phony as the plea for dignity which it makes.

I was present when this photo was taken. It was made at James Madison High School in Brooklyn. The photo was taken and posed for at the request of a newspaper photographer. It was at his request that the teacher removed her shoes and sat on the curb. Of such stuff is accuracy and true representation made!

Your whole article is based on the false premise that New York teachers are "treated like laborers." This is so specious that it is laughable to anyone who has ever taught in the city schools. It makes a good slogan for those who wish to mislead the public.

There are many fine, hard-working, scholarly teachers in the city school system. But it would be fatuous to deny that there are also many who fail to meet the minimum standards of performance which should be expected. The irony of the situation lies in the fact that all—regardless of ability, effort, character, or "dignity"—receive the same salary. It is interesting to note that in the past twelve years, not one single individual out of 40,000 teachers has been dismissed for incompetence. It is stretching the imagination to believe that all 40,000 were equally competent. The plain truth is that the supervisors of the city schools have failed to do their duty. They have been too busy trying to be popular. The result has been to equate *all* teachers with the least able and hence to reduce all teachers to a very common denominator.

The schools need to have teachers with dignity, yes. But dignity is not gained by taking one's shoes off in public and sitting on a curbstone.

GEORGE TOBIN.

Brooklyn, N.Y.

WHO IS COMPETENT?

I DO NOT think that Mr. Woodring is competent to present any evaluations of any teacher activity. The only one who can is a classroom teacher who is in touch with the situation—not a Board of Education president, not a *New York Times* editor with a biased outlook—not a college official. Actually, the only ones who can speak about our schools with any truth are the classroom teachers.

SHEPERD STIGMAN.

New York, N.Y.

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It Wasn't a Miracle

By JOHN SCANLON

The dramatic story of Helen Keller's early education, and particularly her extraordinary leap from animal-like isolation to the "miracle" of communication with another human mind, is well known to most Americans, but in the motion picture "The Miracle Worker," now appearing at first-run theaters in Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Los Angeles, it is told with such moving skill and sensitivity that no teacher or parent—or for that matter, anyone else interested in education—ought to miss it. In fact, the experience of seeing this film ought to be an integral part of the preparation of every prospective teacher.

Hundreds of scholarly treatises have been written on what educators call "the learning process," but nowhere in the opinion of this writer has the ecstasy of comprehending been so powerfully portrayed as in "The Miracle Worker." And, in a very real sense, it was not a "miracle." It was induced not by supernatural intervention but by the determined effort of a most unusual teacher. Consider the obstacles she had to surmount:

*Her pupil couldn't hear, speak, or see. She was little more than an animal, and a vicious one at that. She feared and hated her teacher, because she recognized in her a will stronger than her own, and at least once she tried to kill her in a fit of rage.

*Her pupil's parents were not only over-indulgent, they were embarrassed by their offspring and smothered her with permissiveness.

In the jargon of educationists, Helen Keller was truly an "exceptional" child. But she wasn't hopeless.

She *did* have a mind that was capable of reflecting on the messages brought to it by her three functioning senses—smell, taste, and touch. And she did have that priceless possession, curiosity, which too often gets educated out of children by the formal processes of schooling.

These were the only raw materials the teacher had to work with—these and her own iron determination to strike the spark of understanding in the mind of the child. Her eventual success so beautifully and movingly portrayed in the film, is an unforgettable experience.

Anne Bancroft as the teacher and Patty Duke as her pupil have achieved rare artistry in revealing the essence of the wondrous "miracle" that takes place when two minds, the one reaching out with knowledge and the other groping for an understanding of it, finally establish contact.

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The Awards pictures will be chosen by the following judges, all distinguished in the field of photography:

Norris Harkness—Past President, Photographic Society of America, syndicated columnist, and leading authority on photography.

Ivan Dmitri—Leading color and magazine photographer, Director of Photography in the Fine Arts.

Leopold Godowsky—Co-inventor of Kodachrome.

The important thing is to read the complete rules below, and start sending in your entries now, either color or black-and-white.

Deadline for entries is October 15, 1962.

SR's 1961 PHOTO CONTEST WINNERS

Jane Justin Impastato of Pelham Manor, N. Y., 1961 winner of the grand prize for color. Mrs. Impastato won a round-trip to Paris with her photograph of the "Kashmiri Madonna."

John Beyer of Merrick, Long Island, 1961 winner of the grand prize for black and white. Mr. Beyer's photograph of a scene on the Nile in Luxor, Egypt, won a round-trip to Tokyo.

PHOTO AWARDS

➡

Saturday Review

25 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

Should the Grand Prize winners prefer some other trip than the ones outlined above, the equivalent for one or two persons can be arranged on request.

Award Rules

1. The contest is strictly for amateur photographers. Anyone is eligible except employees of Saturday Review, members of their families, and individuals who personally, or any members of whose families, are engaged in the manufacture, sale, commercial finishing, or professional use of photographic goods.

2. Pictures must have been taken after July 1, 1961, during a trip away from home for either holiday or business purposes.

3. Black-and-white photographs

a. Prints must be submitted in glossy prints 8 x 10 unmounted.

b. On the back of the photograph must appear: name and address of photographer; make of camera and film used in taking the picture; date and place it was shot.

c. Developing and printing may be done by a photo-finisher or the entrant. No composite pictures such as multiple printing or montages are eligible. No art-work or retouching on prints or negatives from which they are made is permitted.

d. No negatives should be submitted.

e. No prints will be returned.

4. Color photographs

a. Transparencies must be originals and must be mounted in cardboard.

b. Color prints must be 8 x 10, unmounted.

c. Stereos are eligible. Only one transparency need be sent.

d. The same data must be given as specified above for back-and-white prints and must be written on the mount of each transparency or on the back of each print.

e. Transparencies and color prints will be returned to entrant only if accompanied by return postage.

5. Saturday Review assumes no responsibility for negatives, prints or color transparencies, but reserves the right to publish within its own pages as part of the Awards competition any pictures submitted, whether winners or not.

6. To enter the contest, mail no more than two black-and-white pictures and/or two color pictures to this magazine's World Travel Photographic Awards Department. All pictures must be postmarked no later than October 15, 1962, to be eligible for judging. **IMPORTANT: NO MORE THAN FOUR PICTURES, TWO IN EACH CATEGORY, CAN BE SUBMITTED BY ANY ONE ENTRANT.**

7. Pictures will be judged on photographic quality and originality in choice and treatment of subject. The decision of the judges will be final.

8. Before receiving a final prize, the entrant must sign a statment that his picture, or any closely simiar picture of the same subject or situation, has not been and will not be entered by him in any photographic contest other than the one conducted by this magazine, and has not been and will not be offered for publication in any manner prior to January 5, 1963. Winning pictures become the property of Saturday Review.

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TV and Radio

(*Continued from page* 28)

their generalization. The trick, I think, was the quietness, which television, in the main, abjures to its loss. George Schaefer (Hallmark "Hall of Fame") and Lewis Freedman (Du Pont "Show of the Week") have a dialogue in the May issue of *Television Quarterly*, the Journal of the National Academy of Television Arts and Sciences. The two television producers discuss drama on the small screen; and both, I was interested to note, make a point of this "quietness." Freedman says: ". . . good drama . . . must have a sound of reality—almost in its quietness, perhaps—but a sound that tells you, the moment it begins, that it's real." Schaefer, talking about his production of "Victoria Regina," says: "The first scene consisted of just the three characters . . . sitting in the library reading the Bible and talking about the king who was going to die. It was a scene that was considered so static and dull that it wasn't even done in the stage version." And his colleague adds: "But it had that quietness of something that's going to be important."

The Casals concert had that important quietness. Mr. Englander was perceptive enough to sense it and to quiet his cameras. It was a bright moment for music on television. Of course, one must have a Casals and his peers to pull it off perfectly. But perhaps television generally could take the cue and attempt less frenetic pictures and more meaningful sound. This has been the excellent contribution of Standard Oil's ten-week "Festival of Performing Arts," which David Susskind and James Fleming have produced with style and imagination. The first program of the series, which presented Paul Scofield, the British actor, and Joy Parker, his wife, in an hour of poetry and dramatic readings, set this quiet tone successfully, especially in their performance of the amusing first canto of Byron's "Don Juan." For its continuing service to television's small army of quiet-minded viewers, a quiet "thank you" to Standard, Humble, and Esso.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

THE VISITOR

By Donald W. Baker

WHEN I saw my aunt in the gray sack
Of the asylum, I knew that she was the visitor.
She had come back briefly to sit with me
On the grass under the maples and eat
My mother's chicken sandwiches and cakes.
She had come back from my grandfather's
House in Dublin. Or she had come back
From my great-grandfather's Scottish garden.
Or she had come back—I dared to wish this—
From Nantasket Beach, where she had bought me
A strip of tickets to the flying-horses.
But I thought that probably she had come back
From her switchboard at the New England T & T.
We talked quite rationally of the weather,
And of the good doctor, and of the attendants
She didn't like. And all the while we spoke
She kept twisting and twisting and twisting
A strand of her hair that had suddenly—
Suddenly for me—become stone white.
At four o'clock they rang a bell somewhere.
The visiting hours were over, my aunt said.
Then I noticed that around us was a crowd
Of chosen people, like myself, being visited
By men and women in gray sacks, like my aunt.
She was permitted to walk with me to the gate,
Along the gravel drive, out into the sun.
She did not say goodbye, as she had not said hello.
But before she turned away, utterly docile,
She kissed me on the lips, as if I were still
A child, and I saw that the lines around her eyes
Were tight as drawstrings on small, gray sacks.
Then I knew that she had not come back from anywhere,
But had only paused in an endless, aimless journey,
Which she had already begun again.

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(Continued on page 76)

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(Continued from page 75)

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MAINE LAKE—Secluded woods, beach, boat, motor. Sleeps 12. $150 week. Box X-727.

WATCHUNG MOUNTAINS—Year round house. Swimming, tennis, seclusion. Commute NYC. July, July-August. PLainfield 6-5811 N.J.

HOW ABOUT GETTING AWAY from it all? Coastal Maine hilltop farmhouse, good condition, no luxuries, boiling spring, 6 rooms, 2 fireplaces, wood stove. Wilderness, eagles, herons, blueberries, fall hunting. 1 mile Bagaduce waterfront, 5 miles from Blue Hill. $100 monthly. Box Z-42.

UNUSUALLY BEAUTIFUL Vermont site: Pond, cottage, fireplace, conveniences. $75 weekly. Box Z-47.

MAINE—Waterfront Cape Codder, furnished. 4 bedrooms, 1½ baths, electric kitchen, fireplace. Sandy beach. Available August 27th through September. Reasonable. Box Z-6.

PRIVATE ISLAND, cottage. Upper Michigan. Location exceptional. Long ships passing close. Electricity, telephone, golf, fishing. Season. Will sell. Box Z-48.

100 MILES NORTH NYC, 5 double bedrooms, 5 baths, electric kitchen, porch view, cool mountain climate. Exclusive. Swim, fish, golf, tennis. $600 month plus utilities. August, September. References. Box Z-58.

HOUSES WANTED

WORRY-FREE HOUSE/apartment caretaking, September '62-June '63, NYC vicinity, exchanged for housing by attorney, 31, returning graduate school, and expectant wife, 27, Chicago Latin schoolteacher. References. Box Z-45.

APARTMENTS FOR RENT

Furnished

LOWER FIFTH AVENUE. 2½. Charming decorator's apartment. Air-conditioned, elevator. Long or short lease. $228. SPring 7-1654 NYC.

EAST END AVENUE, NYC—3½ large rooms suitable for 2 or 3, from July 11th to August 31st. References required. $400. Box Z-53.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Summer Rental

NEW LONDON, NEW HAMPSHIRE. Quiet, modern apartment for one. Box Z-49.

APARTMENTS WANTED

RECORD REVIEWER needs 4½-5 really soundproof rooms convenient to or in Manhattan, about July 1st. Will consider sublease. Box X-950.

AMERICAN DIPLOMAT, wife, 3 children, require suitable furnished apartment for home leave Manhattan mid-August to mid-October. Must be reasonable. Box X-953.

ROOM AVAILABLE

COLUMBUS, OHIO. Room. OSU area. 165 East Norwich. Phone 291-2332.

OFFICE SPACE AVAILABLE

LITERARY AGENCY has attractive suite, 2 rooms, to sublet to professionals. Park Avenue near Grand Central. Use of receptionist, waiting room; unusual facilities. $220. Telephone LExington 2-0081 NYC.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

FOR RECREATION OR RETIREMENT—Attractive building sites, adjoining lake. Fine mountain views. All utilities. Paved highway. Half mile to village in heart of Vermont. John Macleod, Wallingford.

FOR SALE: Secluded-retreat land, no neighbors, just nature. L. C. Agard, R.F.D. 2, Stafford Springs, Connecticut.

CAMPS

TAMARACK TENNIS CAMP—White Mountains of New Hampshire. Boys and girls, ages 10-16. $440 a month. Openings in August only; 2 or 4 weeks. Limited enrollment. Write Jack Kenney, Franconia, New Hampshire, for folder.

BACK LOG CAMP, Sabael, N.Y. 126 wooded acres on Indian Lake, Adirondacks, managed by Quakers for 67 years, attracts those who, for love of unspoiled wilderness, do without electricity, outboards, radio; live in airy wood-floored tents, with family-style meals, in company of civilized, educated persons. June 30th September 4th, $70 weekly, all inclusive; reductions for families. Brochure. Mrs. Henry Cadbury, Haverford, Pennsylvania.

IDEAL FOR FIRST TIME CAMPERS: Appel Farm Art & Music Center for Children 6 to 17, unique combination of family life, music, arts, fun. Professional instructors. Inquire, visit, reserve now. Appel Farm, Elmer, New Jersey.

WASHOE PINES RANCH. Western Study. History, nature. Ghost camps, pony express, wagon trails. Dig fossil fish, snap young antelope. YOUR horse, pool, home ranch in ponderosa-jeffreys. Ages 9-14. July-September. Month $650. Week $165. Dr. & Mrs. R. G. Miller, Rt. 1, Carson, Nevada. GRanite 2-1728.

VACATIONS

THE VILLAGE GREEN Luxury Motor Hotel. An entirely new experience in the art of living. Combines a Swiss Chalet atmosphere with the mood of Oregon's timber country. Swimming, bowling, golf, cocktail lounge, exquisite cuisine. Write to Harry Ringland, your host, The Village Green, P.O. Box 277, Cottage Grove, Oregon.

INTANGIBLES, REFRESHINGLY MAINE. Art and theatre minded meet at Hillcrest Inn. Brochure. Hilda, Phil Richards, Shore Road, Ogunquit, Maine.

THE MANOR in Asheville, North Carolina, welcomes creative people. Pleasing rates, beautiful surroundings.

PELICAN COVE—Florida Keys. Immaculate oceanside apartments, beach, swimming, fishing, skindiving, shelling, birdwatching, loafing. Literate, congenial company on balmy tropical isle. Tom and Carolyn Brown, Islamorada.

PEMAQUID SEMINAR, 6th year: Stimulating and informal vacations for thinking people. Writing, lectures, discussions. For 1962 pamphlet write: Box 386, Damariscotta, Maine.

ROAD'S END, Lake Pleasant, Hamilton County, N.Y. Secluded and beautiful, directly on lake. Nature lover's paradise. Open until late autumn. Reasonable. Modern conveniences. Write for booklet.

COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills. Trout stream. Casual, intimate; luscious food. Swimming pool—horses, golf, lake nearby. Country auctions, summer theatre. Lewis & Mary Fisher, Bantam, Connecticut.

WINDY HILL, R.D. Box 160. Walden, New York. Informal, friendly. Music, books, sports, natural lake. Telephone Newburgh: 562-1232.

WATERVILLE INN—For nearly a century a resort unchanged in its essential character. In the White Mountain National Forest. Comfortable Inn, golf course, swimming, tennis and miles of pleasant hiking trails along streams and cascades. Folder. Advance reservations requested. Waterville Valley, Campton P.O., New Hampshire.

NORTHERN MICHIGAN—The perfect family vacation spot on Walloon Lake. Excellent family-style meals. Carl Skornia, Boyne City, Michigan.

VACATIONS

THE IMPROBABLE INN for artists (and compatible personnel) 21-40 years. Lodging, studios, one-world cuisine. $50 weekly. Bay Street Studio, Boothbay Harbor, Maine. Brochure!

WINHALL MOUNTAIN LODGE, an oasis of peace and beauty in the lofty Green Mountains. Charming Alpine chalet. Panoramic view. Delightful informal atmosphere. Superb continental cuisine. Swimming, sports. Brochure. Manchester, Vermont.

MOOSEHEAD LAKE. One of New England's famous resort hotels, cottages. AAA. Golf course, fishing, water skiing. Excellent Maine food. Cocktail lounge. No hay fever. Informal. Moderate rates, June to mid-September. Squaw Mountain Inn, Greenville Junction 8, Maine.

***PICTURE-BOOK* VILLAGE** off beaten path. Relaxing historic Inn. Small-town events. Pool, 5 acres grounds, brook. Folder. The Tavern, Grafton, Vermont.

LAMKIN LODGE, Good Hart, Michigan. Distinctive American Plan Summer Resort on Lake Michigan's Shores. Brochure Available.

DEPENDABLE WEATHER among other simple luxuries at our beach cottage colony in St. Croix. Village at Cane Bay, Christiansted, Virgin Islands.

BELGRADE. Seven large, crystal-clear lakes. 400 square miles of woodland, streams and countryside. Good fishing, vacationing, fall hunting. Write for free booklet. Specify accommodations desired and when. Belgrade Lakes Region, Inc., Belgrade 7, Maine.

SUMMER on nearby farms and hotels for families. Call LOrraine 8-0700 NYC.

DETERMINEDLY old-fashioned. You'll probably like it. We do. American Plan. Folder. The Holmeses, Albonegon Inn, Capitol Island, Maine.

SPLASH. In the good old simmertime, this is a great place to cool off in the surf. Chalfonte-Haddon Hall on the Boardwalk, Atlantic City, N.J. If you live within 400 miles of our hotel, call 609-344-5131 collect for reservations.

IF YOU CARE ENOUGH to get the very rest you need, you'll shun the redundancies of "resorts," seek serenity, solitude and the sea, and find The Island Inn, Box R, Monhegan Island, Maine. Open June 25th.

LITERATE VACATION FUN—in Unique Sarasota. 17th and 18th Century Comedy Festival, July 13th through August 30th in enchanting Asolo Theatre on grounds Ringling Museum of Art. Congreve, Moliere, Paisiello, Pergolesi, and Commedia dell'Arte. 3rd Season! Plus fabulous beaches, fishing, golf. Relaxed atmosphere, intellectual stimulation. Low summer rates. All in the Sarasota County Vacation Area: Sarasota, Venice, Englewood, and their beautiful Keys. Write Sarasota County Chamber of Commerce, P.O. Box 308R, Sarasota, Florida, for Festival schedule and information.

THE FALES, Williamstown, Massachusetts. Quiet informal country life, excellent food.

IF I WERE AN ASPIRIN . . . I'd like to be taken to Gurney's Inn, so I could loll on the shelf, and not be swallowed up in the tensions of city life. If you're people, you'll find Gurney's the ideal prescription for relief from the cares of the day. At least 3 out of 4 doctors recommend relaxation, and the place to find it fast, fast, fast, is at Gurney's. That is, Gurney's contains not just one but a combination of vacationer-tested facilities . . . ambrosial cuisine . . . gracious hospitality . . . luxurious accommodations in hostelry or private cottages . . . a delightful setting for relaxation in the sand of our cool Montauk beach . . . and a variety of sports facilities in the immediate area. Be pampered, come to Gurney's Inn, "On the Brink O' the Beach" at Montauk, L.I., MOntauk 8-2345. Write Dept. S-13 for brochure.

ANTIGUA . . . Loveliest of Isles—HAWKSBILL BEACH HOTEL, 4 jet-hours from New York. Cool, beautiful, on mile of superb beaches, motor boating, sailing, water skiing, tennis, French cuisine. Luxury at $26 double, Modified American Plan now through December 14th. See your travel agent or write Box 166, Pleasantville 2, New York. For immediate reservations call collect 914 ROgers 9-7900.

CANADA—PERCE. The Gaspe's wonder spot by the sea. A family hotel catering to transients and weekly guests since 1912. Old-world charm. For the family and the creative. American and European Plan. Write Perce Rock House, Perce, Province of Quebec.

(Continued on page 78)

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 77)

GOOSE COVE LODGE on Deer Isle, Maine. In East Penobscot Bay. Sailing, fishing, hiking and picnics. Trained naturalist for nature lovers. An artist's paradise. Write for brochure. Dr. R. A. Waldron, Owner-Manager, P. O. Sunset, Maine.

UP-ISLAND on Martha's Vineyard, you're away from frantic joy-mills, free as a gull. Picturesque harbor to paint, beautiful beaches, tennis, cycling, scholarly retreats. Modern cottages for 2 to 6 guests. New England home cooking at its best. Lower June rates. Menemsha Inn, Menemsha 5, Massachusetts.

IF YOU LIKE LAKES in a mountain setting, you'll like Holl's Inn! If you like lovely, spacious guest rooms with maximum privacy, you'll like Holl's Inn! If you like delicious food with gracious service, you'll like Holl's Inn! If you like wines and cocktails, you'll like the old world atmosphere of the cocktail lounge! 150 acres on beautiful Fourth Lake in the Adirondack Mountains. Delightful for family vacations. Sailing, swimming, tennis, golf. Professionally managed since 1935. For rates and color folder, address: Oscar Holl, Inlet, N.Y. Phone Eagle Bay 2941.

SNOWBIRD MOUNTAIN LODGE, Robbinsville, N.C. Exotic mountaintop location bordering Great Smokies. Small, secluded, informal. Folder.

THE CLIFF HOUSE AND MOTEL, Bald Head Cliff, Ogunquit 5, Maine. Swimming pool. Quiet, informal. Cocktail lounge. Social and sports activities. Reasonable with or without meals. Brochure. Maurice Weare, Manager.

LA ORILLA, Islamorada, Florida Keys. Villas for lazy living. Quiet, tropical Paradise. Day-Week-Month.

LOSE YOURSELF at Snow Mountain Inn, West Dover, Vermont, in the warmth of '62. New pool, tennis, music festivals. Write for brochure beyond words.

KINAPIC LODGE, Lake Kezar, Lovell, Maine. American-Jewish Cuisine. Cottages, private bath. Golf, Tennis, Beach, Skiing. Couples, Families $88+ weekly. DEwey 9-5730 NYC.

INDOLENCE — BUSTLE — PRIVACY — TOGETHERNESS! 40 miles of lake shore; all sports; 4 music Festivals—25 concerts; Summer Stock. Adirondack setting! Sleeping bags through mansions. Brochures. Vacation Bureau, Schroon Lake, N.Y.

RANGELEY LAKE invites you to view it from one of our individual lodges. Kitchens, all conveniences. Folder. Rangeley View, Box 185, South Shore Drive, Rangeley, Maine.

TUILAUVENT—Maple Road, Brewster, New York. Telephone 9-8106. Only 50 miles from NYC, a beautifully located and secluded country place. Ideal for relaxing weekends and vacation. Comfortable rooms. French cooking. Moderate rates.

MOST UNORGANIZED VACATION for individuals seeking relaxation. 220 acre Pocono Mountain hideaway. Housekeeping apartments. Pool. WEDGEWOOD, Canadensis, Pennsylvania.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD—Painters, writers, naturalists, lovers of privacy—housekeeping cottages available. Write: "Horizon Murals," Vineyard Haven, Massachusetts.

COLONIAL LONG ISLAND. Vacation this summer in Amagansett. The Ocean Dune Apartments offer luxuriously furnished, charming two and four room suites with kitchenettes, daily maid service, private sun decks, swimming pool and private beach. Rates, application and brochure on request: BOulevard 9-7299 or Dial 516-AM 7-3406.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN, directly on beautiful beach, tropical setting. Excellent international cuisine, best in Mexico. $16.80 double occupancy, American Plan. Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

LIKE THE COUNTRY? Come to Graymont, seven miles from Middlebury College. Write for brochure. R.D. 2, Middlebury, Vermont.

RIVERSIDE HOTEL, Ogunquit 2, Maine. Perfect seaside relaxation. Art Colony. Beach. Playhouse. Bountiful meals. Folder.

VACATIONS

KANDAHAR LODGE, MANCHESTER, VERMONT. Delightful vacationland in a secluded setting of rare, natural beauty. 2,150' high in the Green Mountain National Forest. Restful, informal, sports. Heated swimming pool. Private pond, sandy beach. Excellent food, accommodations and genuine hospitality. Brochure. Sue & Alex Zoesch invite you.

YOUR KIND OF PLACE? They say we are unique for Tanglewood area. Maine-like rustic Lodge, cottages, private cabins. Deep woods, glorious lake, 50 literate people, house party atmosphere, outdoor Hi-Fi, square dancing, unorganized sports, more. Not really a resort, but a "way of life" kind of thing. Probably your cup of tea. Straightforward folder. Chanterwood, "Berkshire Hideaway," Lee, Massachusetts.

BOOT AND RACQUET RANCH, Elgin, Arizona. Great tennis; superb riding; 5,200' elevation in mountains makes ideal summer climate. Excellent facilities available. Brochure.

FORTYISH OR MORE? Exquisite loafing in beautiful Pocono Mountains. Private lake, swimming pool, varied activities, wonderful cuisine. 72nd season. Color brochure S. The Woodside, Cresco, Pennsylvania.

ISLAND VIEW HOUSE—Chebeague Island, Casco Bay, Maine. Brochure. VIctor 6-4059.

PISGAH FOREST INN. High, cool, log fires, friendly hosts. Trails in Natural Wilderness. Phone Asheville 253-0771. Box SR433, Candler, North Carolina.

GREEN SHADOWS INN, OLD LYME, Connecticut. Open all year.

BLUEBERRY HILL! June days! Nothing whatever to do. Lucullan food. The Mastertons, Brandon, Vermont.

WATCH ROCK LODGE, Adirondack, N.Y. On Schroon Lake. Spacious rooms, Jewish-American Cuisine, Sports. Instruction: Dancing, Water Skiing. Sand beach. Excellent children's Day Camp. Family Plan Special. Weekly $66 and $78, child 2/3. FLushing 8-8830 NYC.

AVALOCH, LENOX, MASSACHUSETTS. Across the road from Tanglewood, relaxed informality and wonderful vacation activities. Ask about our nine day week, June 29th-July 8th.

DELAWARE INN, Stamford, N.Y.—your own personal "Shangri-La." Only 3 hours NYC off Thruway. An historic Inn founded in 1813. Peaceful views, picturesque farmlands, large, comfortable rooms, fine food, cocktail lounge, 18 hole golf nearby. American or European Plan at sensible rates. Write or call OLiver 2-4351.

SPARHAWK HALL, a beautiful hotel by the salt water's edge. 51st year. Bulletin B, Ogunquit, Maine. Mrs. Lilla M. Reynolds, Owner-Manager.

STEPHANIE AND PHILIP BARBER invite you to vacation luxuriously, calmly, actively, lazily, musically, flexibly at WHEATLEIGH in Lenox, Massachusetts, where a countess once dwelled. Do write—we'll send the Wheatleigh, the jazz, the folk, the Tanglewood folders, yes.

CREATIVE PEOPLE, NATURE LOVERS: Find peace, quiet, summer-fall beauty, charming old-world home, individualized cooking. "House on the Hill," Worcester, N.Y.

WHITNEYS' . . . Charming Inn off beaten path. Rooms, Cottages, Motel. All seasonal sports. Famous food. AAA. Open Summer and Winter. Folder tells all. Bill & Betty Whitney, Jackson 10, New Hampshire.

FAMILY VACATION! Aloha Manor, Lake Morey, Fairlee, Vermont. Child sleeps with parents or in camp (2-16 years). Swimming, sports, trips. Free pony riding. Excellent food. Golf nearby. Booklet. Mrs. Harriet Gulick Pierce, Box S. Or phone 802-333-4478.

LONG VIEW LODGE, Long Lake, N.Y. Modern hotel and cottages, high Adirondacks. Boating, fishing, private sand beach. Informal. Home style meals. Moderate rates. Booklet S. NYC phone: WIsconsin 7-2611.

BRANDON INN, on village green near library. Real New England food. Elevator. Restful 2-acre garden lawn. Folder. Brandon 2, Vermont.

TRAVEL

WHEN YOU'RE IN NEW YORK, the greatest vacation city in the world, stay at Beekman Tower Hotel and make the most of it! Magnificent views . . . delightful accommodations . . . wonderful location. Best of all, you can afford it! Enjoy cocktails in the famous Top o' the Tower Cocktail Lounge (26 stories high in the sky!) and dinner in the Turtle Bay Dining Room. Rates for single rooms with semi-private bath as low as $7.50. Group rates available. If you're driving to New York, write BEEKMAN TOWER HOTEL, 49th Street, at First Avenue (3 Mitchell Place), New York 16, New York for SR map showing how to avoid city traffic.

CRUISE ABOARD YOUR OWN YACHT all months except August and September. Windward and Leeward Islands. Summer trade wind cool and calm, comfortable craft, congenial Captains, cordial crews, conservative cost. Cable or correspond (airmail). V.E.B. Nicholson & Sons (Antigua) Ltd., Box 103, Antigua, The West Indies.

ANTIGUA . . . Nelson's Old Naval Dockyard. THE ADMIRAL'S INN—small, friendly—Old world atmosphere in unspoiled setting—Temperate summer climate, spectacular scenery—Boating center of the Caribbean. Handsome 200-year-old brick building, modern comforts. Low summer rates. Cable or airmail Box 103, Antigua, W.I.

LAST CHANCE, EUROPEAN TOUR. Eleven countries. Excellently arranged. July 17th, all-inclusive, $987. About 5½ weeks. Only 2 vacancies left. Dr. Sharton's Transatlantic Tours, 1148 W. North Shore Avenue, Chicago 26, Illinois. Telephone RO 4-1657.

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GREENWICH VILLAGE, U.S.A. Stay at the Hotel Albert, East 10th Street and University Place, NYC. Kitchenettes available. Moderate rates. Call ORegon 7-0100.

VIRGIN ISLANDS, U.S.A. Enjoy your Caribbean Holiday on the beautiful seaside terraces of famous Grapetree Bay, St. Croix. All resort facilities and special rates at $5-$7 daily until November 30th.

FREIGHTER TRAVEL. Ford's Freighter Travel Guidebook gives complete information on hundreds of lower cost trips you can take on passenger carrying freighters from U.S. and Canadian seaports to all parts of the world. New 19th edition shows where they go, how long they take, what they cost, gives addresses of Steamship Lines, everything needed for planning vacation travel. 106 pages fully illustrated, price $2.50 postpaid. (No C.O.D.s). Ford's Freighter Travel Guidebook, Dept. 19, 2031 Glendon Avenue, Los Angeles 25, California.

MEXICO. Write today for free official information letter and illustrated folders. MEXICAN GOVERNMENT TOURISM DEPARTMENT, Paseo Reforma 35, Mexico City, D.F.

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EXPLORE OFFBEAT MEXICO. Write Mr. Jordan, 265 West 14th, NYC 11, Suite 614, ALgonquin 5-3410.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1472

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Ratify (less familiar form of the word).	77 196 188 180 95 151 56 178
B. An agent.	129 73 190 146 185 66 136 109
C. Skeppist's soft instrument for removing his little charges from their home (2 wds.).	170 143 189 97 48 108 88 101
D. After that time, constantly.	25 117 2 191 179 29 212 111 75 34 57
E. Month of the year introduced by Numa.	115 164 54 23 98 84 4 169
F. Quick, informational summary (comp.; not in WNI, but commonly heard).	161 87 156 183 173 83 16
G. Away from the city (comp.).	157 55 38 74 62 21 205 7 123
H. Shuffled; scratched from wear.	69 159 37 119 51 118 148
I. One skilled in the Polynesian art of coloring the skin.	116 90 124 158 3 50 163 33 135
J. Showy but worthless-looking.	5 120 153 203 160 22 35 134 10
K. Remove the outer epidermis in making chamois leather.	113 140 91 182 145 167 187 64
L. Aristocrat.	15 172 103 106 197 168 206 131
M. Popular tipple made from a grain (2 wds.).	162 171 126 174 70 67 194 210 138

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Most courageously persistent colloq.).	1 137 92 89 68 192 82 72 141
O. Admonished with pressure.	6 41 86 139 71 12 175 19
P. Specifying a current tax in our interest which nevertheless reduces the figure of one's salary.	144 122 204 28 200 47 130 165 133 112 93
Q. Upon the behest (3 wds.).	104 36 149 125 198 100 79 85 142
R. Any orchid of the genus *Cycnoches* with a certain characteristic.	155 127 8 32 46 43 176 199
S. Snobbish (comp.).	150 11 107 128 81 166 44
T. Power which faith became by ripening, acc'g to Wordsworth in "The Excursion".	24 20 76 181 65 152 52 31 202
U. Most trimly neat and tidy.	209 60 14 80 39 96 195 53
V. Iranian people who live in the Pamir, on slopes of Hindu Kush.	13 132 78 147 30 184 45 207
W. Proverbially said to be better than one (2 wds.).	193 121 40 177 110 154 49 59
X. Without the limits or sphere belonging to something (2 wds.).	114 94 61 9 208 17 58 211 105
Y. Apprenticeship.	42 63 186 18 99 201 102 27 26

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

		1 N	2 D	3 I	4 E	5 J	6 O		7 G	8 R	9 X	10 J	11 S	12 O	13 V	14 U	15 L
16 F		17 X	18 Y	19 O	20 T	21 G		22 J	23 E	24 T	25 D	26 Y		27 Y	28 P	29 D	
30 V	31 T	32 R	33 I	34 D	35 J	36 Q	37 H	38 G	39 U	40 W	41 O		42 Y	43 R	44 S		45 V
	46 R	47 P	48 C	49 W		50 I	51 H		52 T	53 U		54 E	55 G	56 A		57 D	58 X
	59 W	60 U	61 X		62 G	63 Y	64 K		65 T	66 B		67 M	68 N	69 H		70 M	71 O
72 N		73 B	74 G	75 D	76 T	77 A	78 V	79 Q	80 U		81 S	82 N		83 F	84 E	85 Q	
86 O	87 F	88 C	89 N		90 I		91 K	92 N	93 P	94 X	95 A	96 U		97 C	98 E	99 Y	
100 Q	101 C	102 Y	103 L		104 Q		105 X	106 L	107 S	108 C	109 B	110 W		111 D	112 P	113 K	
114 X	115 E		116 I	117 D	118 H		119 H	120 J	121 W		122 P	123 G		124 I	125 Q	126 M	
127 R	128 S	129 B	130 P	131 L		132 V	133 P	134 J	135 I	136 B	137 N	138 M		139 O	140 K		141 N
142 Q	143 C		144 P	145 K	146 B	147 V	148 H		149 Q	150 S	151 A	152 T		153 J	154 W	155 R	
156 F	157 G	158 I		159 H	160 J	161 F	162 M	163 I	164 E	165 P		166 S	167 K	168 L	169 E		170 C
171 M		172 L	173 F	174 M	175 O	176 R		177 W	178 A		179 D	180 A	181 T	182 K	183 F		184 V
185 B	186 Y	187 K		188 A	189 C	190 B	191 D		192 N	193 W	194 M		195 U	196 A	197 L	198 Q	199 R
200 P	201 Y	202 T	203 J		204 P	205 G		206 L	207 V	208 X	209 U	210 M		211 X	212 D		

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

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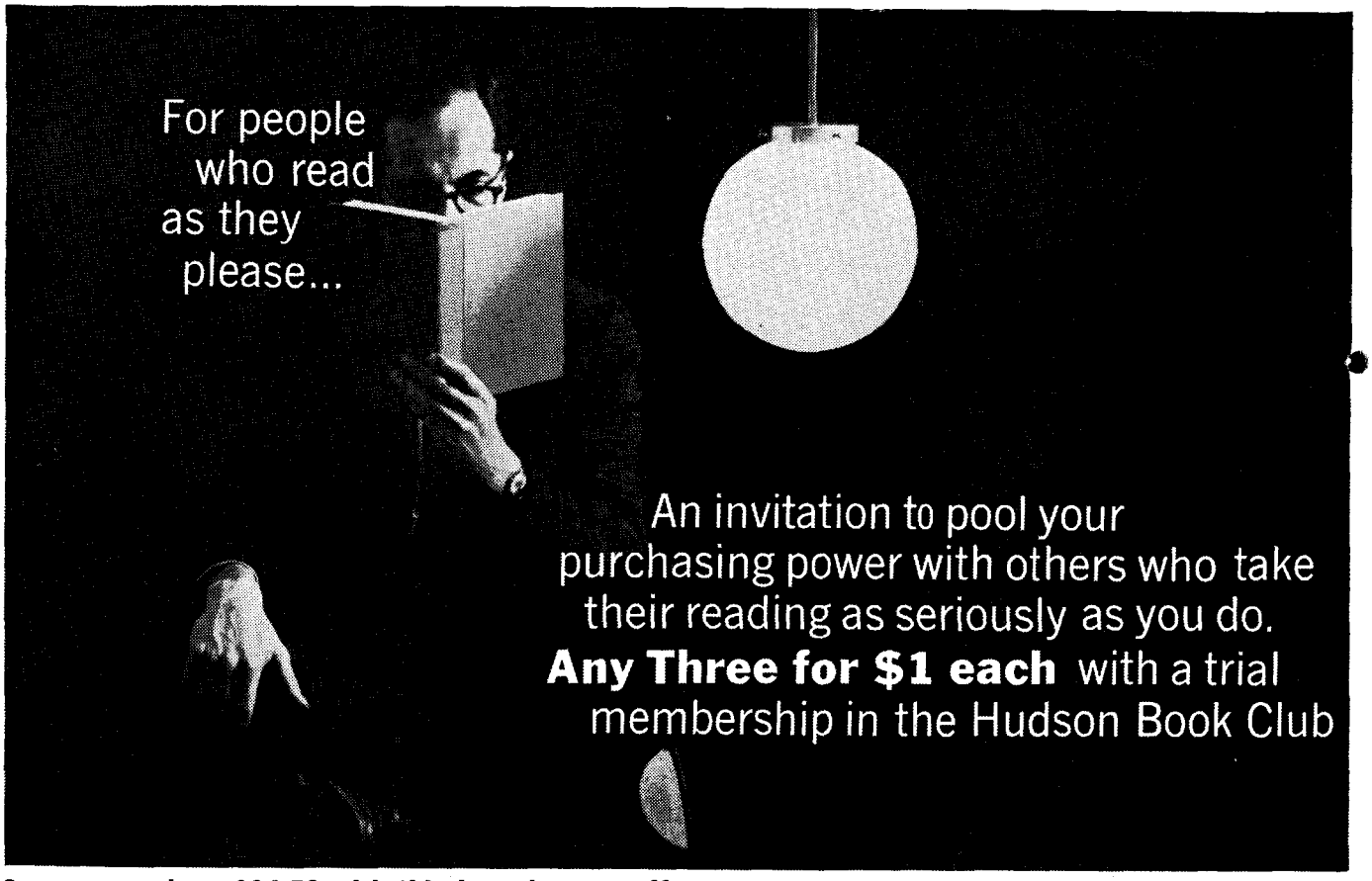
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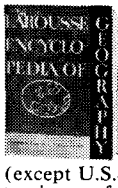

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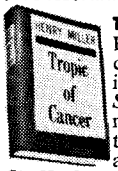

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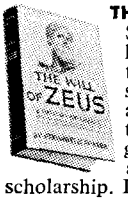

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